

A 992. d. 7

SUPPLEMENT TO THE WORKS

OF THE
Most celebrated
MINOR POETS.

NAMELY,

E. of Roscommon,	Sir Samuel Garth,
— Dorset,	George Stepney, Esq;
— Hallifax,	William Walfsh, Esq;
— Godolphin,	Thomas Tickell, Esq;
Lord Somers,	and
Dr. Sprat, Bishop of	Ambrose Phillips, Esq;
Rocheſter,	

To which are added,

Pieces omitted in the Works of

Sir John Suckling,	Dr. King,
Mr. Otway,	and
Matthew Prior, Esq;	Dean Swift.

L O N D O N :

Printed for F. COGAN, at the *Middle Temple Gate,*
Fleet Street. MDCCCL.

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SUPPLEMENT

W O R K S

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To the PUBLICK.

SINCE the publication of the two former volumes of this undertaking, several gentlemen have been so good, to point out such pieces as were omitted therein, and assisted us with others which were never before collected, and some not before printed. To these we have annexed, what our Great Rival promised; those poets * of which there are but small remains. To this advantage over our adversary, (notwithstanding his pretensions of perfection † and pre-eminence) the reader will also perceive more poems of Roscommon, Dorset, Stepney and Tickell, than are to be found in his edition. And in order to inhance the Value of the Volume, there are sundry pieces of Dean Swift inserted, not to be met with in any edition of his Works, tho' inferior to none. These additions have swell'd our book to a size greatly superior to the price; but we chose to waive the consideration of gain, rather than incur the imputation of having protracted the work with a prospect of increasing our profits. As to the executive part of these productions, which has the air of elegance, or seems the growth of Grub-street, is left to the decision of every judicious gentleman.

* See his advertisements in May and June last: Plainly design'd to deceive the publick, and prejudice our property.

† After a diligent search, we can find no other pieces written by those authors than what are here inserted.

Advertisement to his edition.

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A
SUPPLEMENT
TO THE
WORKS
OF THE
Minor Poets.

PART I.

B

SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

WORKS

OF THE

Minor Poets.

PART I

ADDITIONS TO THE WORKS

OF THE
Earl of ROSCOMMON.

The SIXTH ODE of the THIRD BOOK of HORACE.

Of the Corruption of the Times.

THOSE ill your ancestors have done,
Romans, are now become your own;
And they will cost you dear,
Unless you soon repair

The falling temples which the Gods provoke,
And statues lully'd yet with sacrilegious smoke.

Propitious Heav'n, that rais'd your fathers high,
For humble, grateful piety,
(As it rewarded their respect)
Hath sharply punish'd your neglect;
All empires on the Gods depend,

Begun by their command, at their command they end.

4 Additions to the WORKS of the

Let Crassus' ghost, and Labienus tell,
How twice by Jove's revenge our legions fell,
And, with insulting pride,
Shining in Roman spoils, the Parthian victors ride:

The Scythian and Ægyptian scum
Had almost ruin'd Rome,
While our seditions took their part,
Fill'd each Ægyptian sail, and wing'd each Scythian dart.

First, those flagitious times
(Pregnant with unknown crimes)
Conspire to violate the nuptial bed,
From which polluted head
Infectious streams of crowding sins began,
And through the spurious breed and guilty nation ran.

Behold a ripe and melting maid,
Bound prentice to the wanton trade;
Ionian artists, at a mighty price,
Instruct her in the mysteries of vice;
What nets to spread, where subtle baits to lay,
And with an early hand they form the temper'd clay,

Marry'd, their lessons she improves
By practice of adult'rous loves,
And scorns the common mean design,
To take advantage of her husband's wine,
Or snatch, in some dark place,
A hasty illegitimate embrace:

No! the brib'd husband knows of all,
And bids her rise when lovers call;
Higher a merchant from the straits,
Grown wealthy by forbidden freights,

Or

Or city Cannibal, repairs,
Who feeds upon the flesh of heirs,
Convenient brutes, whose tributary flame,
Pays the full price of lust, and gilds the slighted shame.

'Twas not the spawn of such as these,
That dy'd with Punick blood the conquer'd seas,
And quash'd the stern Æacides;
Made the proud Asian monarch feel
How weak his gold was against Europe's steel,
Forc'd ev'n dire Hannibal to yield;
And won the long disputed world at Zama's fatal field.

But soldiers of a rustick mould,
Rough, hardy, season'd, manly, bold,
Either they dug the stubborn ground,
Or through hewn woods their weighty strokes did sound.
And after the declining sun
Had chang'd the shadows, and their task was done,
Home with their weary team they took their way,
And drown'd in friendly bowls the labour of the day.

Time sensibly all things repairs;
Our fathers have been worse than theirs;
And we than ours; next age will see
A race more profligate than we
(With all the pains we take) have skill enough to be.

TRANSLATION of the following Verse
from LUCAN.

Victrix Causa Diis placuit, sed Victa Catoni.

THE Gods were pleas'd to chuse the conqu'ring
side,
But CATO thought he conquer'd when he dy'd.

ODE upon SOLITUDE.

I.

HA I L, sacred solitude! from this calm bay,
 I view the world's tempestuous sea;
 And with wise pride despise
 All those senseless vanities:
 With pity mov'd for others, cast away
 On rocks of hopes and fears, I see 'em toss'd
 On rocks of folly, and of vice I see 'em lost:
 Some the prevailing malice of the great
 Unhappy men, or adverse fate
 Sunk deep into the gulphs of an afflicted state.
 But more, far more, a numberless prodigious train,
 Whilst virtue courts 'em, but alas in vain,
 Fly from her kind embracing arms,
 Deaf to her fondest call, blind to her greatest charms,
 And sunk in pleasures, and in brutish ease,
 They in their shipwreck'd state themselves obdurate
 please.

II.

Hail sacred solitude, soul of my soul,
 It is by thee I truly live,
 Thou dost a better life and nobler vigour give:
 Dost each unruly appetite control:
 Thy constant quiet fills my peaceful breast,
 With unmix'd joy, uninterrupted rest.
 Presuming love does ne'er invade
 This private solitary shade;
 And, with fantastic wounds by beauty made,

The

The Joy has no alloy of jealousy, hope, and fear,
The solid comforts of this happy sphere;

Yet I exalted love admire,

Friendship, abhorring fordid gain,

And purify'd from lust's dishonest stain:

Nor is it for my solitude unfit,

For I am with my friend alone,

As if we were but one;

'Tis the polluted love that multiplies,

But friendship does two souls in one comprise.

III.

Here in a full and constant tide doth flow

All blessings man can hope to know;

Here in a deep recess of thought we find

Pleasures which entertain, and which exalt the mind;

Pleasures which do from friendship and from knowledge
rise,

Which make us happy, as they make us wise:

Here may I always on this downy grass,

Unknown, unseen, my easy minutes pass:

'Till with a gentle force victorious death

My solitude invade,

And stopping for a while my breath,

With ease convey me to a better shade.

Part of the fifth Scene of the second Act
in Guarini's *Pastor Fido*.

AMARILLI.

CARE felice beato

E voi solinghi, e taciturni horroni

8 Additions to the Works of the

Di riposo, e di pace alberghi veri.
 O quanto volentieri
 A riuederui i torno, e se le stelle
 M'hauessier dato insorte
 Di viuer à me stessa, e di far vita
 Conforme à le mie voglie;
 Io già co campi Elisi
 Fortunato giardin de semidei
 La vostr'ombra gentil non cangerei.
 " Che se ben dritto miro
 " Questi beni mortali
 " Altro non son che mali:
 " Men' hà, chi più n' abbonda,
 " E posseduto è più, che non possede,
 " Ricchezze nò, ma lacci
 " De l'altrui libertate.
 " Che val ne più verdi anni
 " Titolo di bellezza,
 " O fama d'honestate,
 " E'n mortal sangue nobiltà celeste;
 " Tante grazie del cielo, e de la terra.
 " Qui larghi, e lieti campi
 " E là felici piagge,
 " Fecondi paschi, e più fecondo armento.
 " Se'n tanti benì il cor non è contento?
 Felice pastorella,
 Cui cinge à pena il fianco
 Pouera sì, ma schietta.
 E candida gonnella.
 Ricca sol di se stessa,
 E de le grazie di natura adorna,
 Che'n dolce pouertate
 Nè pouertà conofce, nè i disagi
 De le ricchezze sente,
 Ma tutto quel possiede
 Per cui desio d'hauer non la tormenta;

Nuda sì, ma contenta.
Co doni di natura
I doni di natura anco nudrica;
Col latte, il latte annua
E col dolse de l'api
Condisee il mel de le natie dolcezze.
Quel fonte ond'ella beue,
Quel solo anco la bagna, e la consiglia;
Paga lei, pago il mondo:
Per lei di nembi il ciel s'oscura indarao,
E di grandine s'arma,
Che la sua pouertà nulla paenta:
Nuda sì, ma contenta.
Sola una dolce, e d'ogn' affanno sgombra
Cura le sta nel core.
Pasce le verdi herbette
La greggia à lei commessa, ed ella pasce
De sue begli occhi il pastorello amante,
Non qual le destinaro
O gli huomini, o le stelle,
Ma qual le diede amore.
E tra l'ombrese piante
D'un favorito lor mirteto adorno
Vagheggiata il vagheggia, nè per lui
Sente foco d'amor, che non gli scopra,
Ned'ella scopre ardor, ch'egli non senta,
Nuda sì, ma contenta.
O vera vita, che non sà che sia
Morire innanzi morte.

P R E F A C E

TO THE

A R T of P O E T R Y.

I Have seldom known a trick succeed, and will put none upon the reader; but tell him plainly that I think it could never be more seasonable than how to lay down such rules, as if they be observ'd, will make men write more correctly, and judge more discreetly: but Horace must be read seriously or not at all, for else the reader won't be the better for him, and I shall have lost my labour. I have kept as close as I could both to the meaning, and the words of the author, and done nothing but what I believe he would forgive if he were alive; and I have often ask'd myself that question. I know this is a field.

Per quem magnus equos Aurunca flexit alumnus.

But with all the respect due to the name of Ben. Johnson, to which no man pays more veneration than I; it cannot be deny'd, that the constraint of rhyme, and a literal translation (to which Horace in this book declares himself an enemy) has made him want a comment in many places.

My chief care has been to write intelligibly, and where the Latin was obscure, I have added a line or two to explain it.

I am below the envy of the criticks, but if I durst, I would beg them to remember, that Horace ow'd his favour and his fortune to the character given of him by Virgil and Varius, that Fundanius and Polio are still valued by
what

what Horace says of them, and that in their golden age
there was a good understanding among the ingenious, and
those who were the most esteem'd were the best natur'd.

ROSCOMMON.

DE

ARTE POETICA

LIBER,

AD PISONES.

HUMANO capiti cervicem pictor equinam

Jungere si velit, & varias inducere plumas,

Undique collatis membris: ut turpiter atrum

Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne:

Spectatum admissi risum teneatis amici?

Credite, Pisones, isti tabulæ fore librum

Perfimilem, cujus, velut ægri somnia, vanæ

Fingentur species: ut nec pes nec caput uni

Reddatur formæ. Pictoribus atque poëtis

Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas:

Scimus, & hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.

Sed non ut placidis coëant immitia, non ut

Serpentes avibus gementur, tigris agni.

Inceptis gravibus plerumque & magna professis

Purpureus, latè qui splendeat, unus & alter

Affuitur pannus: quam lucus, & ara Dianæ,

Et properantis aquæ per amœnos ambitus agros,

Aut

12 Additions to the W O R K S of the

Aut flumen Rhenum, aut pluvius describitur arcus.
Sed nunc non erat his locus : & fortasse cupressum
Scis simulare. Quid hoc ? si fractis enatat exspes 20
Navibus, ære dato qui pingitur ? amphora cœpit
Institui ; currente rota cur urceus exit ?
Denique fit, quod vis, simplex duntaxat & unum.

Maxima pars vatum, pater, & juvenes patre digni,
Decipimur specie recti, brevis esse laboro, 25
Obscurus fio : sectantem leviam, nervi
Deficiunt animique : professus grandia, turgēt :
Serpit humi tutus nimium, timidusque procellæ :
Qui variare cupit rem prodigaliter unam,
Delphinum sylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum. 30
In vitium ducit culpæ fuga, si caret arte.

Æmilium circa ludum faber imus & ungues
Exprimet, & molles imitabitur ære capillos :
Infelix operis summâ, quia ponere totum
Nesciet, hunc ego me, si quid componere curem, 35
Non magis esse velim, quam pravo vivere naso,
Spectandum nigris oculis, nigroque capillo.

Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, æquam
Viribus, & versate diu, quid ferre recusent,
Quid valeant humeri, cui lecta potenter erit res, 40
Nec facundia deferet hunc, nec lucidus ordo.

Ordinis hæc virtus erit & venus, aut ego fallor,
Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici
Pleraque differat, & præsens in tempus omittat.
Hoc amet, hoc spernat promissi carminis auctor.

In verbis etiam tenuis cantusque serendis :
Dixeris egregiè, notum si callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum, si fortè necesse est

Indiciis monstrare recentibus abdita rerum,
 Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis 50
 Continget : dabiturque licentia sumta pudenter.
 Et nova fictaque nuper habebunt verba fidem, si
 Græco fonte cadant, parce detorta. quid autem
 Cæcilio Plautoque dabit Romanus ademtum
 Virgilio Varioque ? ego, cur acquirere pauca 55
 Si possum, invideor ? quum lingua Catonis & Enni
 Sermonem patrium ditaverit, & nova rerum
 Nomina protulerit ? licuit, semperque licebit,
 Signatum præsentem nota procudere nomen.
 Ut sylvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos, 60
 Prima cadunt : ita verborum vetus interit ætas,
 Et juvenum ritu florent modò nata, vigentque.
 Debemur morti nos, nostraque ; sive receptus
 Terra Neptunus classes aquilonibus arceat,
 Regis opus, sterilisve diu palus, aptaque remis, 65
 Vicinas urbes alit, & grave sentit aratrum :
 Seu cursum mutavit iniquum frugibus amvis,
 Doctus iter melius, mortalia facta peribunt,
 Nedum sermonum stet honos, & gratia vivax.
 Multa renascentur quæ jam cecidère ; cadentque, 70
 Quæ nunc sunt in homine vocabula ; si volet usus,
 Quem penes arbitrium est & jus & norma loquendi.

Res gestæ regumque ducumque, & tristia bella,
 Quo scribi possent numero, monstravit Homerus.

Verbis impariter junctis querimonia primum, 75
 Post etiam inclusa est voti sententia compos.
 Quis tamen exiguos elegos emisit auctor,
 Grammatici certant, & adhuc sub iudice lis est.

Archilochum proprio rabies armavit iambo.
 Hunc focci cepere pedem grandesque cothurni, 80
 Alternis aptum sermonibus, & populares

Vincentem

14 Additions to the WORKS of the
Vincentem strepitus, & natum rebus agendis.

Musa dedit fidibus Divos, puerosque Deorum,
Et pugilem victorem, & equum certamine primum,
Et juvenum curas, & libera vina referre.

85

Descriptas servare vices, operumque colores
Cur ego, si nequeo ignoroque, Poëta salutor?
Cur nescire, pudens prave, quam discere, malo?

Versibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult;
Indignatur item privatis ac prope socco
Dignis carminibus narrari cœna Thyestæ.
Singulâ quæque locum teneant fortia decenter,
Interdum tamen & vocem comœdia tollit,
Iratusque Chremes tumido delitigat ore:
Et tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri,
Telephus & Peleus, quæm pauper & exul uterque,
Projicit ampullas, & sesquipædalia verba,
Si curat cor spectantis tetigisse querellâ.
Non satis est pulchra esse Poëmata: dulcia sonant,
Et quocumque volent, animum auditoris agant,
Ut ridentibus ardeant, ita sentibus adhaerent
Humani vultus. si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi: tunc tua me infortunia lædent,
Telephe, vel Peleu: malè si mandata loqueris,
Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo. tristia moerunt
Vultum verba decent: iratum, plena minarum:
Ludentem, lasciva: severum, serâ dicta.
Format enim natura prius nos incus ad omnia
Fortunarum habitu: juvat, aut impellit ad iram,
Aut ad humum morore gravi dedecit, & angit:
Pòst effert animi motus interprete linguâ.
Si dicentis erunt fortunæ absconcta dicta,
Romani tollent equites pedesque cæcisum.
Intererit multum divasne loquatur an heros?

Matu

Maturusne senex, an adhuc florente juventû 115

Fervidus: an matrona potens, an sedula nutrix:

Mercatorne vagus, cultorve virentis agelli:

Colchus, an Aëtyrius: Thebis nutritus, an Argis.

Aut famam sequere, qui sibi convenientia finge

Scriptor, honoratum si fortè reponis Achillem: 120

Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,

Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.

Sit Medea ferox, invictaque: flebilis Ino,

Perfidus Ixion, Io vaga, tristis Orestes.

Si quid inexpertam scenæ committis, & audes 125

Personam formare novam, servetur ad imum,

Qualis ab incepto processerit, & sibi constet.

Difficile est propriè communia dicere: tuque

Rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus,

Quàm si proferres ignota indistinctaque primis. 130

Publica materies privati juris erit, si

Nec circa vilem patulamque moraberis orbem:

Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere, fidus

Interpres: nec desiles imitator in arctum,

Unde pede in proferre pudor vetet, aut operis lex. 135

Nec sic incipies, ut scripser cyclicus olim:

Fortunam Priami cantabo & nobile bellum.

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?

Parturient montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.

Quanto rectius hic, qui nil molitur ineptè: 140

(Dic mihi, Musa, virum, capte post tempora Trojæ,

Qui mores hominum multorum vidit & urbes.)

Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem

Cogitat: ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat,

Antiphaten, Scyllamque, & cum Cyclope Charybdin. 145

Nec reditum Diomedis ab interitu Meleagri,

Nec gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo.

16. Additions to the WORKS of the

Semper ad eventum festinat: & in medias res,
Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit: & quæ
Desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit: 150
Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet,
Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet imum.

Tu, quid ego, & populus mecum desideret, audi.
Si planforis eges aulae manentis, & usque
Sessuri, donec cantor, vos plaudite, dicat:
Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores:
Mobilibusque decor naturis dandus & annis.
Reddere qui voces jam scit puer, & pede certo
Signat humum, gestit paribus colludere, & iram
Colligit ac ponit temerè, & mutatur in horas. 160
Imberbis juvenis, tandem custode remoto,
Gaudet equis canibusque, & aprici gramine campi:
Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper:
Utilium tardus provisor, prodigus æris:
Sublimis, cupidusque & amata relinquere pernix.
Conversis studiis ætas animusque virilis
Querit opes & amicitias, inservit honori:
Commisisse cavet quod mox mutare laboret:
Multa senem circumveniunt incommoda: vel quod
Querit, & inventis miser abstinet, ac timet uti: 170
Vel quod res omnes timide gelideque ministrat,
Dilator, spe longus, iners, avidusque futuri,
Difficilis, querulus: laudator temporis acti
Se puero, censor castigatiorque minorum.
Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda secum, 175
Multa recedentes adimunt, ne fortè seniles
Mandentur juveni partes, pueroque viriles,
Semper in adjunctis avoque morabimur aptis.

Aut agitur res in scenis, aut acta refertur:
Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem, 180
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, & quæ

Ipse sibi tradit spectator. Non tamen intus
 Digna geri, promes in scenam : multaque tolles,
 Ex oculis, que mox narret facundia præsens.
 Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet ;
 Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus :
 Aut in avem Progne vertatur, Cadmus in anguem.
 Quodcumque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.

Neve minor, neu sit quinto productior actu
 Fabula, quæ posci vult, & spectata reponi.
 Nec Deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
 Inciderit : nec quarta loqui persona laboret.

Actoris partes chorus officiumque virile
 Defendat : neu quid medios intercinat actus,
 Quod non proposito conducatur & hæreat aptè.
 Ille bonis faveatque, & concilietur amicis :
 Et regat iratos, & amet peccare timentes :
 Ille dapes laudet mensæ brevis, ille salubrem
 Justitiam, legesque, & apertis otia portis ;
 Ille tegat commissa : Deosque precetur & oret,
 Ut redeat miseria, abeat fortuna superbia.

Tibia non, ut nunc, orichalco vineta, tubæque
 Æmula, sed tenuis simplexque, foramine paucò
 Aspirare, & adesse choris erat utilis, atque
 Nondum spissa nimis complere sedilia flatu,
 Quo sanè populus numerabilis, utpote parvus,
 Et frugi, castusque, verecundusque coibat.
 Postquam cœpit agros extendere victor, & urbem
 Latior amplecti murus : vinoque diurno
 Placari Genius festos impunè diebus,
 Accessit numerisque modisque licentia major.
 Indoctus quid enim saperet, liberque laborum
 Rusticus urbano confusus, turpis honesto ?
 Sic priscae motumque & luxuriam addidit arti

18 Additions to the WORKS of the

Tibicen: transitque vagus per pulpita vestem. 215
Sic etiam fidibus voces crevere severis;
Et tulit eloquium insolitum facundia præcept:
Utiliumque sagax rerum, & divina futuris
Sortilegis non discrepuit sententia Delphis.

Carmine qui tragico viles certavit ob hircum, 220
Mox etiam agrestes Satyros nudavit, & asper
Incolumi gravitate jocum tentavit: eo quod
Illetebris erat & grata novitate morandas
Spectator, functusque sacris, & potus, & edes.
Verum ita riores, ita commendare dicaces 225
Conveniet Satyros, ita vertere seria ludo:
Ne, quicumque deus, quicumque adhibebitur heros,
Regali conspectus in auro naper & ostro,
Migret in obscuras humili sermone tabernas:
Aut, dum vitat humum, nubes & inania capret. 230
Effutire leves indignum tragodia versus:
Ut festis matrona moveri possit diebus,
Intererit satyris paulum pudibunda protervis.
Non ego inornata & dominantia nomina solum,
Verbaque, Pisones, satyrorum scriptor amabo. 235
Nec sic enitar tragico differre colori,
Ut nihil interfit Davusne loquatur, & audax
Pythias, emuncto liberata Simone talentum:
An custos famulusque dei Silenus atomis.
Ex noto fictum carmen sequar: ut sibi quisvis 240
Speret idem: fudet multum, frustra que labore
Ausus idem, tantum series juncturae pollet,
Tantum de medio sumtis accedit honoris.
Sylvis deducti caveant, me iudice, Fauni,
Ne, velut innati triviis, ac penè forenses, 245
Aut nimium teneris juvenentur versibus unquam,
Aut immunda crepent ignominiosaque dicta.
Offenduntur enim quibus est equus & pater & res:

Nec.

Nec, si quid fricti ciceris probat & nucis emtor,
 Æquis accipiunt animis, donantve corona. 250
 Syllaba longa brevi subiecta, vocatur iambus,
 Pes citus: unde etiam trimetris accrescere jussit
 Nomen iambeis: quum senos redderit ictus,
 Primus ad extremum similis sibi, non ita pridem,
 Tardior ut paulo graviorque veniret ad aures, 255
 Spondeos stabiles in jura paterna recepit
 Commodus & patiens: non ut de sede secunda
 Cederet aut quarta socialiter. hic & in acci
 Nobilibus trimetris apparet rarus, & Enni.
 In scenam missos magno cum pondere versus, 260
 Aut operæ celeris nimium, cœraque carentis,
 Aut ignoratæ premit artis crimine turpi.
 Non quivis videt immodulata poemata iudex:
 Et data Romanis venia est indigna poetis.
 Idcircone vager, scribamque licenter? an omnes 265
 Visuros peccata putem mea, tutus & intra
 Spem veniæ cautus? vitavi denique culpam.
 Non laudem merui, vos exemplaria Græcæ
 Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.
 At nostri proavi Plautinos & numeros & 270
 Laudavere sales: nimium patienter utramque,
 Ne dicam stulte, mirati: si modo ego & vos
 Scimus inurbanum lepido seponere dicto,
 Legitimumque sonum digitis callemus & aure.

Ignotum tragicæ genus invenisse camœnæ 275
 Dicitur, & plaustris vexisse poemata Thespis:
 Quæ canerent agerentque peruncti sacris ora.
 Post hunc personæ pallæque repertor honestæ
 Æschylus, & modicis instravit pulpita tignis,
 Et docuit magnusque loqui, nitique cothurno. 280
 Successit vetus his comœdia, non sine multa
 Laude: sed in vitium libertas excidit, & vim

20 Additions to the W O R K S of the

Dignam lege regi, lex est accepta : chorusque
Turpiter obticuit, sublato jure nocendi.

Nil intentatum nostri liquere Poëtæ : 285
Nec minimum meruere decus, vestigia Græca
Ausî deferere, & celebrare domestica facta :
Vel qui prætextas, vel qui docuere togatas.
Nec virtute foret clarisve potentius armis, 289
Quam lingua, Latium : si non offenderet unum-
quemque Poëtarum limæ labor & mora. Vos, ô
Pompilius sanguis, carmen reprehendite quod non
Multa dies & multa litura coercuit, atque
Præfectum decies non castigavit ad unguem.

Ingenium misera quia fortunatius arte 295
Cedit, & excludit sanos Helicone Poëtas
Democritus ; bona pars non unguis ponere curat,
Non barbam : secreta petit loca, balnea vitat.
Nanciscetur enim pretium nomenque Poëtæ,
Si tribus Anticyæ caput insanabile nunquam 300
Tonfori Licinô commiserit, ô ego lævus,
Qui purgor bilem sub verni temporis horam !
Non alius faceret meliora poemata, verum
Nil tanti est. ergo fungar vice cotis, acutum 304
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exors ipsa secandi :
Munus & officium, nil scribens ipse, docebo :
Unde parentur opes : quid alat formetque Poëtam :
Quid deceat, quid non : quò virtus, quò ferat error.

Scribendi rectè, sapere est & principium & fons,
Rem tibi Socraticæ poterunt ostendere chartæ : 310
Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequentur.
Qui didicit, patriæ quid debeat, & quid amicis :
Quò sit amore parens, quo frater amandus & hospes :
Quod sit conscripti, quod judicis officium : quæ

Partes

Partes in bellum missi ducis : ille professò 315
 Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique.
 Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
 Doctum imitatore, & veras hinc ducere voces.
 Interdum speciosa locis morataque rectè
 Fabula, nullius veneris, sine pondere & arte, 320
 Valdiùs oblectat populum, meliusque moratur,
 Quam versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.

Graii ingenium, Graii dedit ore rotundo
 Musa loqui, præter laudem nullius avaris.
 Romani pueri longis rationibus assem 325
 Discunt in partes centum diducere. dicat
 Filius Albin, si de quincunce remota est
 Uncia, quid superat ? Poteras dixisse triens. eu,
 Rem poteris servare tuam. redit uncia : quid fit ?
 Semis. At hæc animos ærugo & cura peculî 330
 Quum semel imbuerit, speramus carmina fingi
 Possè linenda cedro, & levi servanda cupresso?

Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare Poëtæ :
 Aut simul & jucunda & idonea dicere vitæ.
 Quicquid præcipies, esto brevis : ut cito dicta 335
 Percipiant animi dociles, teneantque fideles.
 Omne supervacuum pleno de pectore manat.
 Ficta voluptatis causâ sint proxima veris.
 Nec, quodcumque volet, poscat sibi fabula credi :
 Neu pransæ Lamie vivum puerum extrahat alvo. 340
 Centuriæ seniorum agitant expertia frugis,
 Celsi prætereunt austera poemata Rhamnes.
 Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,
 Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo,
 Hic meret æra liber Sotii : hic & mare transit, 345
 It longum noto scriptori prorogat ævum.

22 Additions to the W O R K S of the

Sunt delicta tamen, quibus ignovisse velimus.
 Nam neque chorda sonum reddit quem vult manus & mens.
 Poscentique gravem perſepe remittit acutum :
 Nec ſemper feriet quoddumque minabitur arcus. 350
 Verùm ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
 Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
 Aut humana parum cavit natura. quid ergo ?
 Ut ſcriptor ſi peccat idem librarius uſque,
 Quamvis eſt monitus, veniã caret : & citharæduſ 355
 Ridetur, chordã qui ſemper oberrat eadẽ :
 Sic mihi, qui multum ceſſat, ſit Chærilus ille,
 Quem bis terque bonum, cum riſu miror : & idem
 Indignor, quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.
 Verùm opere in longo ſas eſt obrepere ſonnum. 360

Ut pictura, poëſis erit, quæ, ſi propius ſtes,
 Te capiet magis : & quædam, ſi longius abſtes.
 Hæc amat obſcurum, volet hæc ſub luce videri,
 Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen :
 Hæc placuit ſemel : hæc decies repetita placebit. 365

O major juvenum, quamvis & voce paternã
 Fingeris ad rectum, & per te ſapis, hoc tibi dictum
 Tolle memor : certis medium & tolerabile rebus
 Rectè concedi. conſultus juris, & actor
 Cauſarum mediocriſ, abeſt virtute diſerti 370
 Meſſalæ, nec ſcit quantum Caſcellius Aulus :
 Sed tamen in pretio eſt : mediocribus eſſe Poëtiſ
 Non homines, non di, non conceſſere columnæ.
 Ut gratas inter menſas ſymphonia diſcors,
 Et craſſum unguentum & ſardo cum melle papaver
 Offendunt, poterat duci quia cœna ſine iſtis : 376
 Sic animis natum inventumque poëma juvandis,
 Si paulum à ſummo diſceſſit, vergit ad imum,

Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet armis :
 Indoctusque pilæ discive trochive quiescit, 380
 Ne spissæ risum tollant impunè coronæ :
 Qui nescit, versus tamen audet fingere. quidni?
 Liber & ingenuus, præsertim census equestrem
 Summum nummorum, vitioque remotus ab omni.
 Tu nihil invita dices faciesve Minerva : 385
 Id tibi iudicium est, ea mens : si quid tamen olim
 Scripseris, in Metii descendat iudicis aures,
 Et patris, & nostras : nonumque prematur in annona
 Membranis intus positis, delere licebit
 Quod non edideris : nescit vox missa reverti. 390

Sylvestres homines sacer interpretque Deorum
 Cædibus & victu sædo deterruit Orpheus :
 Dictus ob hoc lenire tigres rapidosque leones :
 Dictus & Amphion, Thebææ candidor arcis,
 Saxa movere sono testudinis, & prece blanda 395
 Ducere quò vellet. fuit hæc sapientia quondam,
 Publica privatis fecernere, sacra profanis :
 Concubitu prohibere vago, dare jura maritis,
 Oppida moliri : leges incidere signo.
 Sic honor & nomen divinis vatibus atque 400
 Carminibus venit. post hos insignis Homerus
 Tyrtæusque mares animos in Martia bella
 Versibus exacuit. dictæ per carmina sortes :
 Et vitæ monstrata via est : & gratia regum
 Pieriis tentata modis : ludusque repertus, 405
 Et longorum operum finis : ne fortè pudori
 Sit tibi Musa lyæ solers, & cantor Apollo.

Natura fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,
 Quæsitum est : ego nec studium sine divite vena,
 Nec rude quid prosit video ingenium. alterius sic 410
 Altera poscit opem res, & conjurat amice.

24 Additions to the WORKS of the

Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,
 Multa tulit fecitque puer : sudavit, & alsit :
 Abstiniuit Venere & vino, qui Pythia cantat
 Tibicen, didicit priùs, extimuitque magistrum. 415
 Nunc satis est dixisse, Ego mira poemata pango.
 Occupet extremum scabies : mihi turpe relinqui est,
 Et, quod non didici, fane nescire fateri.

Ut præco, ad merces turbam qui cogit emendas,
 Assentores jubet ad lucrum ire Poëta 520
 Dives agris, dives positis in scœnore nummis.
 Si verò est, unctum qui rectè ponere possit,
 Et spondere levi pro paupere, & eripere atris
 Litibus implicitum : mirabor si sciet inter-
 noscere mendacem verumque beatus amicum, 425
 Tu seu donâris, seu quid donare voles cui,
 Nolito ad versus tibi factos ducere plenum
 Lætitiæ, clamabit enim, Pulchrè, Bene, Rectè,
 Pallefcet super his : etiam stillabit amicis
 Ex oculis rorem : saliet, tundet pede terram. 430
 Ut qui conducti plorant in funere, dicunt
 Et faciunt propè plura dolentibus ex animo : sic
 Derisor vero plùs laudatore movetur :
 Reges dicuntur multis urgere culullis,
 Et torquere mero, quem perspexisse laborent 435
 An sit amicitia dignus. Si carmina condes,
 Nunquam te fallant animi sub vulpe latentes.

Quintilio si quid recitares, Corrige, fodes,
 Hoc, aiebat, & hoc, melius te posse negares,
 Bis terque expertum frustra ; delere jubebat, 440
 Et malè tornatos incudi reddere versus.
 Si defendere delictum quàm vertere malle,
 Nullam ultra verbum aut operam sumebat inanem,
 Quin sine rivali teque & tua solus amares.
 Vir bonus & prudens versus reprehendet inertes : 445
 Cul-

Culpabit duros : incomtis allinet atrum
 Transverso calamo finum : ambitiosa recidet
 Ornamenta : parum claris lucem dare coget :
 Arguet ambigue dictum : mutanda notabit :
 Fiet Aristarchus, nec dicet, Cur ego amicum 450
 Offendam in nugis ? Hæ nugæ seria ducent
 In mala derisum semel, exceptumque sinistre.

Ut mala quem scabies aut morbus regius urget,
 Aut fanaticus error, & iracunda Diana,
 Vesanum tetigisse timent fugiuntque Poëtam, 455
 Qui sapiunt : agitant pueri, incantique sequuntur.
 Hic, dum sublimes versus ructatur, & errat,
 Si veluti merulis intentus decidit auceps
 In puteum, foveamve : licet, Succurrite, longum
 Clamet, io, cives ; non sit qui tollere curet. 460
 Si quis curet opem ferre, & demittere funem,
 Qui scis, an prudens huc se dejecerit ? atque
 Servari nolit ? dicam, Siculique Poëta
 Narrabo interitum : Deus immortalis haberi
 Dum cupit Empedocles, ardentem frigidus Ætnam 465
 Infiluit, sit jus, liceatque perire poëtis.
 Invitum qui servat, idem facit occidenti.
 Nec semel hoc fecit : nec, si retractus erit, jam
 Fiet homo, & ponet famosæ mortis amorem.
 Nec satis apparet cur versus fascitet ; utrum 470
 Minxerit in patrios cineres, an triste bidental
 Moverit incestus, certè furit, ac velut ursus,
 Objectos caveæ valuit si frangere clathros,
 Indoctum doctumque fugat recitator acerbus.
 Quem verò arripuit, tenet, occiditque legendo, 475
 Non missura cutem, nisi plena cruoris hirudo.

(26)

ADDITIONS
TO THE
WORKS
OF THE
Earl of DORSET.

A Faithful Catalogue of our most Eminent NINNIES.

Written in the year 1683.

Quos omnes
Vicini oderunt, noti Pueri atque Puella.

Hor. Sat. I.

CURS'D be those dull, unpointed, doggrel rhimes,
Whose harmless rage has lash'd our impious times.
Rise thou, my muse, and with the sharpest thorn,
Instead of peaceful bays, my brows adorn;
Inspir'd with just disdain, and mortal hate,
Who long have been my plague shall feel thy weight.

I scorn a giddy and unsafe applause:

But this (ye Gods) is fighting in your cause,

Let Sodom speak, and let Gomorrah tell,

If their curs'd walls deserv'd the flames so well.

Go on, my muse, and with bold voice proclaim

The vicious lives, and long detested fame,

Of scoundrel lords, and their lewd wives amours,

Pimp-statesmen, canting-priests, court-bawds and whores;

Exalted vice its own vile name does sound,

Thro' climes remote, and distant shores renown'd.

Thy strumpets, Charles, have 'scap'd no nations ear,

Cleveland the van, and Portsmouth leads the rear:

A brace of cherubs, of as vile a breed,

As ever were produc'd of human seed.

To all but thee, the punks were ever kind,

Free as loose air, and gen'rous as the wind.

Both steer'd thy —, and the nations helm;

And both betray'd thy —, and the realm.

O BARBARA! * thy execrable name

Is sure embalm'd with everlasting shame.

Could not the num'rous host thy lust suffice,

Which in lascivious shoals ador'd thy eyes;

When their bright beams were through our orb display'd,

And kings each morn their Persian homage paid?

O sacred James! may thy dread noddle be

As free from danger, as from wit 'tis free:

But if that good and gracious monarch's charms,

Could ne'er confine one woman to his arms;

What strange mysterious spell, what strong defence,

Can guard that front, which has not half his sense?

Poor Shrewsbury's fall, ev'n her own sex deplore,

Who with so small temptation turn'd thy whore.

*The dutchess of Cleveland's christian name.

28 Additions to the WORKS of the

But Grafton bravely does revenge her fate,
 And says, thou court'st her thirty years too late ;
 She scorns such dwindles ; her capacious ———
 Is fitter for thy scepter than thy ———.
 Old Delamer, Shrewsbury, and Mordaunt, know,
 Why in that stately frame she lies so low ;
 And who but her dull blockhead would have found
 Her windows small descent on rising ground ?
 Thro' the large sash they pass (like Jove of old)
 To her attendant bawd, in show'rs of gold.
 Mordaunt (that insolent ill-natur'd bear)
 From the close grotto, when no danger's near,
 Mounts like a rampant stag, and ruts his dear.
 But when by dire mischance the harmless maid
 In the dark closet, with loud shrieks, betray'd
 The naked lecher, what a woful grief
 It was ? th' adulterers flew to his relief,
 And sav'd his being murder'd for a thief.
 Defenceless limbs the well-arm'd host assail'd ;
 Scarce her own pray'rs with her own slaves prevail'd :
 Though well prepar'd for flight, he mourn'd his weight
 And begg'd Aëtæon's change, to 'scape Aëtæon's fate :
 But wing'd with fear, tho' untransform'd, he bounds,
 And, swift as hinds, out-strips the yelling hounds.
 Beware adulterers, betimes beware,
 You fall not in the same unhappy snare :
 From Norfolk's ruin, and his narrow 'scape,
 ——— on contented with a willing rape,
 On a strong chair, soft couch, or side of bed,
 Which never does surprizing dangers dread.
 Let no such harlots lead your steps astray,
 Her ——— will mount in open clay ;
 And from St. James's to the land of Thule,
 There's not a whore who ——— so like a mule.
 And yet her blund'ring dolt deserves a worse,
 Could man be plagu'd with a severer curse.

A fitter couple sure were never hatch'd ;
Some marry'd are indeed, but these are match'd.
But seeing they are lawful man and wife,
Why should the fool and drazel live in strife,
While they both lead the same lascivious life ?
Or why should he to Megg's or Circut's come,
When he may find as great a whore at home ?
Mulgrave † (who all his summons to big war,
Safely commits to his wife prince's care)
Lords it o'er all mankind, and is the first,
By woman hated, and by man accus'd.
Well has his staff a double use supply'd,
At once upheld his body and his pride.
How haughtily he cries, page, fetch a whore ;
Damn her, she's ugly ; rascal, fetch me more ;
Bring in that black-ey'd wench ; woman come, near ;
Rot you, you draggled bitch, what is't you fear ;
Trembling she comes, and with as little shame,
As he for the dear part from whence he came.
Thine, crafty Seymour, was a good design ;
For sure his issue ne'er will injure thine :
But thou thy self must needs confess, that she
Does justly curse thy politics and thee.
Her noble protestant has got a flail,
Young, large, and fit to seague her briny tail ;
But now, poor wench, she lies as she would burst,
Sometimes with brandy, and sometimes with lust.
Tho' prince, as goats, she courts in vain her drone ;
The frigid he, and she the torrid zone.
Both friend and foe he with vast ruin mauls,
Who at first thrust before, both sexes falls.

† He carried the lord Peterborow's challenge to the king.

30 Additions to the WORKS of the

Had I, O! had I his transcendent verse,
 In his own lofty strains, I would rehearse
 That deep intrigue, when he the princess woo'd,
 But lov'd adul'try more than royal blood.
 Young Ossory, (who lov'd the haughty peer)
 Her mother's darling sins could best declare:
 But to her memory we must be just;
 'Tis sacrilege to rob such beauteous dust.
 O Wharton, Wharton! what a wretched tool,
 Is a dull wit, when made a woman's fool?
 Thy rammish spendthrift ———, 'tis well known,
 Her nauseous bait has made thee swallow down,
 Tho' mumbled, and spit out by half the town:
 How well my honest L——n she knows,
 The many mansions in thy fa—— house?
 How often prais'd thy dear curvetting ———,
 Which thou rid'st curb'd, like an unruly horse?
 How big with joy she went with thee to church,
 When thou (false varlet) left her in the lurch?
 Ev'n E——t, who refus'd none before,
 Scorn'd to pronounce the bans with such a whore.
 To Pancras Tom, there such as she resort;
 (That † mother-church too does all sinners court)
 As she has been thy strumpet all her life,
 ('Tis time to make her now thy lawful wife,
 That B——y's spouse may pride it in her box,
 With face and ——— all martyr'd with the pox.
 In some deep saw-pit, both their noddles hide;
 For 'tis hard guessing which has the best bride.
 Ah Tom! thy brother like a prudent man,
 Has chosen much the better Haradan:

† St. Pancras church is said to be the mother of St. Paul's.

She, a good-natur'd candid devil, shows
 Him all the bawding jilting tricks she knows.
 Thy Rook some trivial cheats her blockhead learns,
 While he the master Hocus ne'er discerns.
 To pox and plague, O! may she subject be,
 As she's from child-bed pain and peril free:
 Her actual sins invalidate the first,
 With ease she teems, and brings forth unaccurs'd.
 To thee, Lucina, she need never call;
 Like ripen'd fruit, her mellow bastards fall;
 And what with needless labour I disclose,
 Her well-stretch'd ———, and rivel'd belly shows.
 Whoever, like Charles D——g, scorns disgrace,
 Can never want, altho' he lose his place:
 That toothless murd'rer, to his just reproach,
 Pimps for his sister, to maintain a coach:
 And let what will the church or state befall,
 One fulsome crafty whore maintain'd 'em all.
 Scarfdale, tho' loath'd, still the fair sex adores,
 And has a regiment of horse and whores.
 Amidst the common rout of early duns,
 For mustard, soap, milk, small-coal, swords and guns;
 Two rev'rend officers (more highly born)
 Wait on his stinking levee ev'ry morn,
 And in full pomp his palace-gates adorn,
 But which is most in vogue, is hard to tell,
 The public bawd, or private centinel;
 That blubber'd oaf, for two dull dribbling bouts,
 Maintains two bastards made of Jenny's clouts.
 E'er it could fetch, 'twas like por'd Evelyn spoil'd,
 Yet it can't touch a wench, but she's with child;
 But who can think that pestilential breath
 Should raise up life, that always blasts with death?
 'Tis strange Kilgore, that refin'd Beau Garçon
 Was never yet at the Bell-Savage shown,
 For he's a true and wonderful baboon.

If

32 Additions to the WORKS of the

It therefore wisely was at first design'd
 He ne'er should like to propagate his kind;
 But the dull venom'd drought in vain employ'd,
 Like the false serpent's, was itself destroy'd
 With foul corruption sure he first was fed,
 And by equiv'cal generation bred,
 An honest || solon goose, compar'd to him,
 Is a fine creature, and of more esteem.
 No learn'd philosophers need strive to know,
 Whether his soul's ex traduce or no.
 He has none yet, nor never will, I fear;
 No soul of sense would ever enter there.
 I wonder he dares speak, for fear we jerk
 His lazy bones, and make the monkey work.
 If aged Delamer has left the trade,
 And had enough of costly masquerade,
 With flames renew'd, your old amours pursue,
 Now Rochester has nothing else to do.
 Well done, old Hyde, we all thy choice adore,
 She is the younger, and much better whore.
 But Hickes has sure, to his eternal curse,
 Left his own strumpet, and espous'd a worse.
 That blazing star still rises with the sun,
 And will, I hope, whene'er it sets, go down.
 St. Peter ne'er deny'd his lord but thrice;
 But good St. Edward scorns to be so nice:
 He ev'ry mass, abjures what he before,
 On test and sacraments so often swore.
 His mother-church will have a special son
 Of him, by whom his father was undone.
 He turn'd, because on bread alone he'd dine,
 And make the wafer save his bread and wine.

|| These fowls are only bred in some parts of Scotland.

Mammon's

Mammon's the God he'll worship any way
 And keeps conviction ready to a day.
 Forbid it heav'n, I e'er shall live to see
 Our pious monarch's gorgeous chapel be
 Fill'd with such miscreant profelytes as he,
 Miserere domine! ave Maria!
 Poor Father Dover has a gonorrhæa.
 Was e'er (dread James) so much affection shown?
 He'd save thy soul, but cares not for his own.
 How Shrewsbury prays, that old adult'rous sap
 May find it a cormegan swinging c—p!
 Unhappy maid! who man has never known,
 And yet, with perilous pangs, brought forth a son!
 Our § Chyro-Medico Didymus nothing smelt,
 'Till he the sprawling bantling heard and felt.
 And now it surely cannot be deny'd
 By him, who cur'd the king of what he dy'd,
 How Herbert boasts, that his wife king's-head crew
 Foretold the dismal times we all should rue.
 Curs'd be the screech owls! that rebellious crowd
 Presag'd, indeed, Rome's swift approach, as loud,
 As wise Cassandra's boding voice of old,
 The wretched fate of ancient Rome foretold.
 But why is he against the bringing in
 Any religion that indulges sin?
 He who his other charges can retrench,
 To save ten guineas for a handsome wench;
 Or be content to part with twenty pound,
 If Mrs. White insure her being sound.
 That idiot thinks the tawdry harlots glad
 To serve him now for favours she has had.
 But who (dear Harvey) ever heard before
 Of gratitude in any common whore?

34 Additions to the W O R K S of the

She mounts the price, and goes half snack herself,
 And well knows how to cully such an elf.
 Poor Jenny I must needs much more applaud,
 A better whore, and truer friend and bawd.
 Like the French king he all his conquests buys,
 And pow'rful guineas still subdues their eyes.
 How his smug little black-ey'd harlot gaz'd
 On's hoarded gold, and fine appartments prais'd
 But F—— (not trusting to the miser's truth)
 Like Joseph's sacks, with money in her mouth;
 Sometimes he'll venture for himself to trade,
 With aukward grace, at balls and masquerade.
 But what was the proud coxcomb e'er the near,
 Unless he got my lady Gerhard there?
 Her qualities to all the world are known,
 Fair as his kin, and honest as her own.
 She makes her brothel worse than common stews,
 And loves to —— in her own tribe, like Jews.
 Incest with nearest blood, adult'ry, all
 Her darling sins, we may well deadly call.
 Whate'er in times of yore she may have been,
 Her lust has now parch'd up her rivell'd skin.
 Thou town of Edmonton, I charge, declare
 What she and Orkney did so often there.
 That * scribbling fool, who writes to her in metre,
 And only speaks his songs to make 'em sweeter.
 Great Virgil's true reverse in sense and fate;
 For what another writ, procur'd his hate.
 To be but thought a wit, he lost his place;
 And yet to show he is not in that race,
 Will write himself and add to his disgrace.
 His Valentinian's learned preface shines,
 Like Memphis' siege, or Bulloign's radiant lines.

* Mr. Wolfeley.

Among the muses all his time he spends,
And his whole study tow'rd's Parnassus bends :
Yet if for his, one handsom thought be shown,
Stop the dull thief ; I'll swear 'tis not his own.
Satire's his joy ; but if he don't improve,
Give me his hatred, let her take his love.
That fop she Herbert more than thee admires ;
He often quenches her lascivious fires.
In vain poor Harvey, with ridic'lous joy,
Shews her, and ev'ry fool, his hopeful boy.
His city songstrefs, says, keeps such a pother,
He'll ne'er be able to get her another.
Join, then, propitious stars, their widow'd store,
And make them happy, as they were before ;
That is, may the decay'd incestuous punk
Swill like a spouse, and he, like her, die drunk.
Why, Harding, has the good old queen the grace,
To see thy bear-like mien, and baboon face ?
Her court (the gods be prais'd) has long been free
From Irish priggs, and such dull sots as he.
The wakeful gen'ral, conscious of thy charms,
Dreads thine, as much as Monmouth's fierce alarms.
Yet sure there is a greater ditch between
A greasy whiggish dolt, and Charles's queen.
There is, and Harding soars not yet so high,
His ogling pigsnies doat on lady Di. †
That gudgeon on soft baits will only bite,
For easy conquests are his sole delight.
And none can say, but that his judgment's good,
For all our kings are made of flesh and blood.
Vernon, the glory of that lustful tribe,
Scorns to be meanly purchas'd with a bribe :

† Lady Diana Howard.

36 Additions to the W O R K S of the

To fame and honour hates to be a slave,
 But freely gives what nature freely gave.
 Like heirs to crowns, with sure credentials born,
 Her hasty bastards private entries scorn;
 In midst of courts, and in the midst of day,
 With little peril force their easy way.
 But Woodford is, methinks, a better seat,
 And for distended wems a safe retreat.
 'Twas well advis'd old Kirk no dangers fear'd;
 No groans, nor yelling cries, can there be heard:
 In this lewd town, and these censorious times,
 Where ev'ry whore rails at each other's crimes.
 Fair Theodosia! thy romantic name
 Had sure been blasted with eternal shame:
 But thy wise stratagems so well were laid,
 I'd almost swear thou art a very maid.
 Go on, and scorn our common ——— rules;
 Let Wincup make th' incestuous uncles fools:
 While prudence pimps, and such a foe combines,
 Impregnant more and more by seedy loins;
 Thou still art safe, tho' thy large womb should bear,
 Like hers, who teem'd for ev'ry day o'th' year.
 Proud Ormond justly thinks her Dutch-built shape
 A little too unweildy for a rape.
 Yet being conscious it will tumble down,
 At first assault, surrenders up the town.
 But no kind conqueror has yet thought fit
 To make it his belov'd imperial seat.
 That batter'd fort, which they with ease deceive,
 Pillag'd and sack'd, to the next foe they leave.
 And haughty Di, in just revenge will try't,
 (Altho' she starve) with any senseless wight;
 Not that to any principle she's firm,
 But is debauch'd by damn'd seducing ———
 Shrewsbury well knew the banning hour, when seven
 The main throws out, or else a nick, eleven:

When

When her decrepit spend-thrift, troopless Rook,
 Is meek as Moses hid in fire and smook.
 Our sacred writ does learnedly relate,
 For one poor babe, two mothers hot debate:
 But our two doughty heroes, I am told,
 Which is the truest father fiercely scold.
 Both claims seem just and great; but gen'rous Hales,
 Who on the right side always is, prevails,
 He will not only save its life but soul?
 So poor Paul Kirk is fobb'd off for a fool.
 But 'tis all one; Sir Courtly Nice does swear,
 He'll go to Mrs. Grace of Exeter.
 But why to Ireland, Bennet? Is't the clime,
 Dost thou imagine, makes an easy time?
 Ungratefully indeed thou did'st requite
 The skilful goddess of the silent night,
 By whose kind help thou wast so oft before
 Deliver'd safely on thy native shore.
 Thy belly shin'd, and an unusual load
 Made thee believe Kirk's shoulders were too broad.
 And thou'dst be sure we should not hear thee roar:
 And if poor Tussey Mussey should be tore,
 Wisely resolv'd, Ned should ne'er see it more:
 But since all's well, return, that we may laugh
 At Irish ———, which in all climes are safe,
 Justly false Monmouth did thy lord declare,
 Thou should'st not in his crown nor empire share.
 Indeed (dear pimp) it was a just design,
 Seeing he had so small a share of thine.
 Brave Framingham, that thund'ring son of arms,
 With pow'rful magic conquer'd both your charms.
 Virtue, thy weak lieutenant, ran away,
 Just like that cursed miscreant, coward Gray;
 And as poor James from his new subjects did,
 At last from thy fair breast the gen'ral fled.

38 Additions to the W O R K S of the

His Conversation, wit, and parts, and mien,
 Deserv'd, he thought at least a widow'd queen.
 Nor wert thou sorry, since most seeds are found
 To flourish better, when we change the ground.
 He struck in years, and spent in toils and war,
 Could please thee less than did strong Delamer :
 Ne'er was a truer stallion to his cost,
 He, as he was most able, lov'd thee most.
 But politick Monmouth thought it too much grace,
 For one t' enjoy too long so great a place.
 Chamberlain next succeeds the lovely train,
 And round his neck displays a captive's chain :
 He, greater fool, than any of the rest,
 They say, will marry with the trimming beast;
 Which if he does, O! may his blood be shed
 On that high throne where her last traitor bled.
 Mysterious Pow'rs! what wond'rous influence
 Governs, that ruling star, poor mortal's sense?
 What unknown motives our dread king persuades,
 To make lewd Ogle mother of the maids.
 The gracious prince had sure much wiser been,
 Had he made Sheppard tutress to the queen ;
 And then, perhaps, her chaste instructions wou'd
 Have sav'd a world of unbegotten blood.
 But pious James, with parts profound endu'd,
 Will none prefer, but whom he knows are lewd.
 A leash of strumpets, all of the court breed,
 Ladies of wond'rous honour are indeed.
 Ye scoundrel nymphs, whom rags and scabs adorn,
 Than that small paultry whore more highly born ;
 If you are wise, apply yourselves betimes :
 None highly merit now, but by their crimes,
 And the king does whate'er he's bid by † Grimes.

† By whom she got the reversion of Mr. C----'s place.

Which

Which made the wiser choice, is now our strife,
 Hall has his mistress, or the prince his wife:
 Those * traders sure will be belov'd as well,
 As all the dainty tender birds they sell.
 The learned advocate, (that rugged stump
 Of old Nol's honour) always lov'd the rump;
 And 'tis no miracle, since all the Hoyles
 Were giv'n, they say, to raise intestine broils:
 But seeing, to the upright juror's praise,
 We are return'd to Ignoramus days;
 The lawyer swears he greater hazard runs,
 Who ——— one daughter than a hundred sons.
 Prepost'rous fate! while poor miss Jenny bawds,
 Each foreign sop her mother's charms applauds.
 Autumnal whore! To ev'ry nation known!
 A curse to them, and scandal to her own.
 Forgive me, chaster Harding, if I name
 Her stinking toes with thine of sweeter fame.
 Thou wond'rous pocky art, and wond'rous poor;
 But as she's richer, she's a greater whore.
 What with her breath, her armpits, and her feet,
 Ten civet cats can hardly make her sweet.
 From all the corners of the noisome town,
 The filth of ev'ry brute can freely down
 To that insatiate strumpet's common-shore,
 'Till it broke out, and poison'd her all o'er.
 Poor Buckingham in unsuccessful verse,
 And terms too mild, did her lewd crimes rehearse.
 Bold is the man that ventures such a flight;
 Her life's a satire, which no pen can write:
 And therefore cursed may he ever be,
 As when old † Hyde was catch'd with rem in re,

Cætera desunt.

* Both poulterers.

† The earl of Mulgrave found her in the fact with lord Rochester.

ON DOLLY CHAMBERLAIN, a Semp-
stress in the New Exchange.

DOLLY's beauty and art,
Have so hemm'd in my heart,
That I cannot resist the charm:
In revenge I will stitch
Up the — next her —,
With a needle as long as my arm.

S O N G.

I.

PHILLIS, for shame let us improve
A thousand diff'rent ways,
Those few short moments snatch'd by love,
From many tedious days.

II.

If you want courage to despise
The censure of the grave,
Though love's a tyrant in your eyes,
Your heart is but a slave.

III.

My love is full of noble pride,
Nor can it e'er submit,
To let that fop, discretion, ride
In triumph over it.

IV.

IV.

Falſe friends I have, as well as you,
Who daily counſel me
Fame and ambition to purſue,
And leave off loving thee.

V.

But when the leaſt regard I ſhew
To fools, who thus adviſe,
May I be dull enough to grow
Moſt miſerably wiſe.



ADDITIONS

ADDITIONS
TO THE
WORKS
OF THE
Earl of HALLIFAX.

In Nuptias Principum GEORGII &
ANNÆ.

I.

HINC, hinc, Camœnæ, cedite inutiles,
Nam cor potenti Numine gaudium
Afflavit, exultansque pectus
Corripuit meliore flammâ,
Talesque cantus fundere gestio,
Ismene, quales auribus hauseras
Utrisque, quando Dithyrambis
Pindarus, incaluit solutis.
Dum nescit æquo sumine gaudium
Prolabi, & artis limitibus, vagè
Nunc huc redundans, nunc retrorsum,
Vorticibus furit inquietis.

Adis,

Adfis, triumphos dum canimus tuos,
 Adfis, Cupido, illabere pectori.
 Dum personamus Te, decoris
 Carminibus, bona Cypris, adfis.
 Cypron beatam sperne volatilis,
 Huc, huc, Amorum septa cohortibus,
 Molire gressus, ad Britannos
 Cæruleos age, diva currus.

II.

Fallor? an ex lævâ convexi parte sereni
 Diva vocata venit?
 Ecce! citis magnum (pendens in verbere prona)
 Tranat inane rotis.
 Fronde comas, auroque premit pulcherrima, martem
 Qualis adire solet.
 Gaudia, blanditias, hilari vultuque renidens
 Spargit ubique jocos.
 Lascivus pictas jactantior explicat alas
 Idaliusque puer.
 Adventu dispersa deæ sunt nubila, venti
 Nec fremuere minis.
 Dum nymphas una ante alias formosior omnes,
 Dignaque cura deæ.
 Sic præana canit, cælum & modulamine complet
 Vox sociata lyræ.

III.

Egregiam laudem, Venus, & spolia ampla refertis
 Tuque puerque tuus: si virgo Britannica victa
 Agnoscat numen (mentem jam faucibus) vestrum.
 Si votis, si sæva ullis infueta moveri,
 Aut precibus præbere suas tractabilis aures,
 Illum jam sentit, quem non miserata furorem est.
 Fervidus & Daniæ princeps, cui prælia curæ,
 (Detestata tibi) pictis & splendor in armis,

Qui

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Qui nec militiam vestram, nec castra, cupido,
Novit, sed flammæ, & inania spicula risit,
Dum trepidos Suecos ardens agit æquore campi,
Jam Venerem accipiens invicto pectore totam,
Extendit palmas ad numina læsa rebelles.

IV.

Jam non bella placent, & lituo lyram
Præfert, atque caput Itali casside ferreâ
Urgeri solitum, divitis Itali

Unguentum redolens, suæ
Reclinat gremio conjugis: immemor
Somni, dumque vagis luminibus deam
Perlustrat, roseis oscula quæ labris

Libavit sitiens bibit.
Deponitque gravi militia latus
Defessum, in thalamo lætus amabili;
Hac mercede juvant vulnera, sic caput
Objecisse periculis.

V.

Plaudit Dione læta Britannia,
Olim cruentum nec meminit mare,
Fusosve cives indecorè, aut
Regna Dano populata forti.

Hæc dum rehidens vindicat omnia,
Pulchris ocellis Anna: Georgium
Ducensque captivum catenis,
Per thalamum graditur triumphans.

Tuisque surgit laudibus Hæstia,
Volvenda retrò secula præcinens,
Cum cimber Anglo junctus omni
Det trepido sua jura mundo.

Io Dione Suecia jam canit,

Pulsos

Earl of HALLIFAX. 45

Pulsos Colonos dum neque fulgidis
 Deterret armis, nec tremendo
 Georgius indomitus tumultu.
 Vos, par beatum, ter, ter & amplius,
 Vos obligatam ferte deæ dapem,
 Semperque amantes hanc benignam
 Perpetuo celebrate plausu.

Carolus Montagu, Generosus
 & A. M. Trin Coll.

On the Countess Dowager of * * *

COURAGE, dear Moll, and drive away despair,
 Mopsa, who in her youth, was scarce thought fair,
 In spite of age, experience, and decays,
 Sets up for charming in her fading days:
 Snuffs her dim eyes to give one parting blow,
 Have at the heart of ev'ry ogling beau!
 This goodly goose, all feather'd like a jay,
 So gravely vain, and so demurely gay,
 Last night, t'adorn the court, did overload
 Her bald buff forehead with a high commode:
 Her steps were manag'd with such tender art,
 As if each board had been a lover's heart,
 In all her air, in ev'ry glance was seen
 A mixture strange, 'twixt fifty and fifteen.
 Admiring fops about her crowding press;
 H—bd—n himself delivers their address,
 Which she, accepting with a nice disdain,
 Owns 'em her subjects, and begins to reign:
 Fair queen of Fopland is her royal stile;
 Fopland! The greatest part of this great isle!
 Nature did ne'er so equally divide
 A female heart, 'twixt piety and pride:

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Her waiting-maids prevent the peep of day,
And, all in order, on her toilet lay
Prayer-book, patch-boxes, sermon-notes and paint,
At once t'improve the sinner and the saint.
Farewel, friend Moll, expect no more from me,
But if you would a full description see,
You'll find her somewhere in the Litany,
With pride, vain-glory, and hypocrisy.

ON ORPHEUS and SIGNORA FRAN-
CISCA MARGARITTA.

HAIL, tuneful pair! say, by what wond'rous charms,
One 'scap'd from hell, and one from Greber's arms?
When the soft Thracian touch'd the trembling strings,
The winds were hush'd, and curl'd their airy wings:
And when the tawny Tuscan rais'd her strain,
Rook furls his sails, and dares it on the main.
Treaties unfinish'd in the office sleep,
And Shovel yawns for orders on the deep.
Thus equal charms and equal conquests claim;
To him high woods and bending timber came,
To her, Shrub-hedges, and tall Nottingham. }

THE
HIND
AND THE
PANTHER,

Transvers'd to the Story of the
Country-Mouse and the City-Mouse.

Much malice mingled with a little wit.

Hind. Pan.

— Nec vult Panthera domari.

Quæ Genus.

Written in conjunction with Mr. Prior.

1687.

THE
HIND

PAINTHER

Transacted in the City of the

County-Monks and the City of the

Which practice mingled with a little bit

— New with the same amount

Western in our nation & in the East

1817

P R E F A C E.

THE favourers of the Hind and Panther will be apt to say in its defence, that the best things are capable of being turn'd to ridicule; that Homer has been burlesqu'd, and Virgil travestied without offering any thing in their reputation from that buffoonry; and that in like manner, the Hind and the Panther may be an exact poem, though 'tis the subject of our raillery: but there is this difference, that those authors are wrested from their true sense, and this naturally falls into ridicule; there is nothing represented here as monstrous and unnatural, which is not equally so in the original. First, as to the general design, is it not as easy to imagine two mice bilking coachmen, and supping at the devil; as to suppose a Hind entertaining a Panther at a hermit's cell, discussing the greatest mysteries of religion, and telling you her son Rodriguez writ very good Spanish? what can be more improbable and contradictory to the rules and examples of all fables, and to the very design and use of them? they were first begun and raised to the highest perfection in the eastern countries; where they wrote in signs and spake in parables, and deliver'd the most useful precepts in delightful stories; which, for their aptness, were entertaining to the most judicious, and led the vulgar into understanding by surprising them with their novelty, and fixing their attention. All their fables carry a double meaning; the story is one and entire; the characters the same throughout, not broken or chang'd, and always conformable to the nature of the creatures they introduce. They never tell you that the dog which snapt at a shadow, lost

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his troop of horse, that would be unintelligible; a piece of flesh is proper for him to drop, and the reader will apply it to mankind; they would not say that the daw who was so proud of her borrowed plumes, look'd very ridiculous when Rodriguez came and took away all the book but the 17th, 24th, and 25th chapters, which she stole from him: but this is his new way of telling a story, and confounding the moral and the fable together.

Before the word was written, said the Hind,
Our saviour preach'd the faith to all mankind.

What relation has the Hind to our Saviour? or what notion have we of a Panther's bible? if you say he means the church, how does the church feed on lawns, or range in the forest? let it be always a church, or always the cloven footed beast, for we cannot bear his shifting the scene every line. If it is absurd in comedies to make a peasant talk in the strain of a hero, or a country wench use the language of the court; how monstrous is it to make a priest of a Hind, and a parson of a Panther? to bring 'em in disputing with all the formalities and terms of the school? though as to the arguments themselves, those, we confess, are suited to the capacity of the beasts, and if we would suppose a Hind expressing her self about these matters, she would talk at that rate.

As to the absurdity of his expressions, there is nothing wrested to make 'em ridiculous, the terms are sometimes alter'd to make the blunder more visible; knowledge misundenood is not at all better sense than understanding misunderstood, though 'tis confess'd the author can play with words so well, that this and twenty such will pass off at a slight reading.

There are other mistakes which could not be brought in, for they were too gross for Bayes himself to commit.

'Tis hard to conceive how any man could censure the Turks for gluttony, a people that debauch in coffee, are voluptuous in a mess of rice, and keep the strictest Lent, without the pleasures of a carnival to encourage them. But 'tis almost impossible to think that any man who had not renounced his senses, should read Duncomb for Allen: he had been told that Mr. Allen had written a discourse of humility; * to which he wisely answers, that that magnified piece of Duncomb's was translated from the Spanish of Rodriguez, and to set it beyond dispute, makes the infallible guide affirm the same thing. † There are few mistakes, but one may imagine how a man fell into them, and at least what he aim'd at; but what likeness is there between Duncomb and Allen? do they so much as rhyme?

We may have this comfort under the severity of his satyr, to see his abilities equally lessen'd with his opinion of us; and that he could not be a fit champion against the Panther till he had laid aside all his judgment. But we must applaud his obedience to his new mother Hind; ‡ the disciplin'd him severely, she commanded him it seems, to sacrifice his darling fame, and to do it effectually he publisht this learned piece. This is the favourable construction we would put on his faults, tho' he takes care to inform us, || that it was done from no imposition, but out of a natural propensity he has to malice, and a particular inclination of doing mischief. What else could provoke him to libel the court, § blaspheme kings, abuse the whole Scotch nation, rail at the greatest part of his own, and lay all the indignities imaginary on the only establish'd religion? and we must now congratulate him

* Difference betwixt a Protestant and Socinian, p. 62.

† page 92. ‡ page 90. || pref. § page 87.

this felicity, that there is no sect or denomination of christians, whom he had not abused.

Thus far his arms have with success been crown'd.

Let Turks, Jews and Infidels, look to themselves, he has already begun the war upon them. When once a conqueror grows thus dreadful, 'tis the interest of all his neighbours to oppose him, for there is no alliance to be made with one that will face about, and destroy his friends, and like a second Almanzor, change fides meerly to keep his hand in ure. This heroick temper of his, has created him some enemies, that did by no means effect hostility; and he may observe this candor in the management, that none of his works are concern'd in these papers, but his last piece; and I believe he is sensible this is a favour. I was not ambitious of laughing at any perswasion, or making religion the subject of such a trifle; so that no man is here concern'd, but the author himself, and nothing ridicul'd but his way of arguing.

But, gentlemen, if you won't take it so, you must grant my excuse is more reasonable than our author's to the dissenters.

THE

The Hind and the Panther,
 Transvers'd to the Story of the Country and
 the City-Mouse.

Bayes, Johnson. Smith.

Johnson.

HAH! my old friend Mr. Bayes, what lucky chance has thrown me upon you? dear rogue let me embrace thee.

Bayes. Hold, at your peril, fir, stand off and come not within my sword's point, for if you are not come over to the royal party, * I expect neither fair war, nor fair quarter from you.

Johns. How, draw upon your friend? and assault your old acquaintance? O' my conscience my intentions were honourable.

Bayes. Conscience! ay, ay, I know the deceit of that word well enough, let me have the † marks of your conscience before I trust it, for if it be not of the same stamp with mine, gad I may be knockt down for all your fair promises.

Smith. Nay, prithee Bayes, what damn'd villany hast thou been about that thou'rt under these apprehensions? upon my honour I'm thy friend! yet thou lookest

* Pref. p. 1.

† Pref. ib.

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as sneaking and frightened as a dog that has been worrying
sheep.

Bayes. Ay Sir, the † nation is in too high a fervent for
me to expect any mercy, or I'gad to trust any body.

Smith. But why this to us, my old friend, who you
know never trouble our heads with national concerns till
the third bottle has taught us as much of politicks, as
the next does of religion?

Bayes. Ah gentlemen, leave this prophaneness, I am
alter'd since you saw me, and cannot bear this loose talk
now; Mr. Johnson, you are a man of parts, let me de-
fire you to read the guide of controversy; and Mr.
Smith, I would recommend to you the considerations
on the council of Trent, † and so gentlemen your hum-
ble servant. ——— Good life be now my task.

Johns. Nay faith, we won't part so: believe us we
are both your friends; let us step to the rose for one quar-
ter of an hour, and talk over old stories.

Bayes. I ever took you to be men of honour, and for
your sakes I will transgress as far as one pint.

Johns. Well, Mr. Bayes, many a merry bout have
we had in this house, and shall have again, I hope:
Come, what wine are you for?

Bayes. Gentlemen, do you as you please, for my
part he shall bring me a single pint of any thing.

Smith. How so, Mr. Bayes, have you lost your
pallat? you have been more curious:

Bayes. True, I have so, but senses must be starv'd
that the soul may be gratified*. Men of your kidney
make the senses the supream judge; and therefore bribe
them high, but we have laid both the use and pleasure
of 'em aside:

† Pref. ib.

† page 5.

* page 21.

Smith.

Smith. What, is not there good eating and drinking on both sides? You make the separation greater than I thought it.

Bayes. No, no, whenever you see a fat rose-colour'd fellow, take it from me, he is either a † protestant or a Turk.

Johns. At that rate, Mr. Bayes, one might suspect your conversion; methinks thou hast as much the face of an heretick as ever I saw.

Bayes. Such was I, such by nature still I am †. But I hope ere long I shall have drawn this pamper'd paunch fitter for the straight gate.

Smith. Sure, Sir, you are in ill hands, your confessor gives you more severe rules than he practises; for not long ago a fat friar was thought a true character.

Bayes. Things were mis-represented to me: I confess I have been unfortunate in some of my writings: but since you have put me upon that subject, I'll show you a thing I have in my pocket shall wipe off all that, or I am mistaken.

Smith. Come, now thou art like thyself again. Here's the king's health to thee ——— communicate.

Bayes. Well, gentlemen, here it is, and I'll be bold to say, the exactest piece the world ever saw, a non pareil I'faith. But I must bespeak your pardons if it reflects any thing upon your persuasion.

Johns. Use your liberty, Sir, you know we are no bigots.

Bayes. Why then you shall see me lay the reformation on its back, I'gad, and justify our religion by way of fable.

Johns. An apt contrivance indeed! What do you make a fable of your religion?

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Bayes. Ay I'gad without morals too; for I tread in no mans steps; and to show you how far I can out-do any thing that ever was writ in this kind, I have taken Horace's design, but I'gad, have so out-done him, you shall be asham'd for your old friend. You remember in him the story of the country-mouse, and the city-mouse; what a plain simple thing it is, it has no more life and spirit in it, I'gad, than a hobby-horse; and his mice talk so meanly, such common stuff, so like meer mice, that I wonder it has pleas'd the world so long. But now will I undeceive mankind, and teach 'em to heighten, and elevate a fable. I'll bring you in the very same mice disputing the depth of philosophy, searching into the fundamentals of religion, quoting texts, fathers, councils, and all that, I'gad, as you shall see either of 'em could easily make an asse of a country vicar. Now whereas Horace keeps to the dry naked story, I have more copiousness than to do that, I'gad. Here, I draw you general characters, and describe all the beasts of the creation; there, I launch out into long digressions, and leave my mice for twenty pages together; when I fall into raptures, and make the finest soliloquies, as would ravish you. Won't this do, think you?

Johns. Faith, Sir, I don't well conceive you; all this about two mice?

Bayes. Ay, why not? Is it not great and heroical? but come, you'll understand it better when you hear it; and pray be as severe as you can, I'gad I defy all criticks. Thus it begins.

A milk-white mouse immortal and unchang'd *,
Fed on soft cheese, and o're the dairy rang'd;

Without, unspotted; innocent within,
She fear'd no danger, for she knew no ginn.

Johnf. Methinks Mr. Bayes, soft cheese is a little too coarse diet for an immortal mouse; were there any necessity for eating, you should have consulted Homer for some celestial provision.

Bayes. Faith, gentlemen, I did so; but indeed I have not the Latin one, which I have mark'd by me, and could not readily find it in the original.

Yet had she oft been scar'd † by bloody claws
Of winged owls, and stern grimalkins paws
Aim'd at her destin'd head, ‡ which made her fly,
Tho' she was doom'd to death, and fated not to dye.

Smith. How came she that fear'd no danger in the line before, to be scar'd in this, Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. Why then you may have it chas'd if you will; for I hope a man may run away without being afraid; mayn't he?

Johnf. But pray give me leave; how was she doom'd to death, if she was fated not to dye; are not doom and fate much the same thing?

Bayes. Nay gentlemen, if you question my skill in the language, I'm your humble servant; the rogues the critics that will allow me nothing else, give me that; sure I that made the word, know best what I meant by it: I assure you, doom'd and fated, are quite different things.

Smith. Faith, Mr. Bayes if you were doom'd to be hang'd, whatever you were fated to, 'twould give you but small comfort.

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Bayes. Never trouble your head with that, Mr. Smith, mind the business in hand.

Not so her young ; || their linsley-woolsey line,
Was hero's make, half humane, half divine.

Smith. Certainly these hero's, half humane, half divine have very little of the mouse their mother.

Bayes. Gadsfokers ! Mr. Johnson, does your friend think I mean nothing but a mouse, by all this ? I tell thee, man, I mean a church, and these young gentlemen her sons, signify priests, martyrs and confessors, that were hang'd in Oats's plot. There's an excellent Latin Sentence, which I had a mind to bring in, Sanguis Martyrum semen Ecclesiæ, and I think I have not wrong'd it in the translation.

Of these a slaughter'd army lay in blood,
Whose sanguine * seed encreas'd the sacred brood ;
She multiply'd by these, now rang'd alone,
And wander'd in the kingdoms † once her own.

Smith. Was she alone when the sacred brood was encreased.

Bayes. Why thy head's running on the mouse again ; but I hope a church may be alone, tho' the members be encreased, mayn't it ?

Johns. Certainly Mr. Bayes, a church which is a diffusive body of men, can much less be said to be alone.

Bayes. But are you really of that opinion ? Take it from me, Mr. Johnson, you are wrong ; however to oblige you, I'll clap in some simile or other, about the children of Israel, and it shall do.

Smith. Will you pardon me one word more, Mr. Bayes? What could the mouse (for I suppose you mean her now) do more than range in the kingdoms, when they were her own?

Bayes. Do? why she reign'd; had a diadem, scepter and ball, till they depos'd her.

Smith. Now her sons are so encreas'd, she may try t'other pull for't.

Bayes. I gad, and so she may before I have done with her; it has cost me some pains to clear her title. Well but mum for that, Mr. Smith.

The common hunt, she timorously past by,
For they made tame, * disdain'd her company;
They grin'd, she in a fright tript o'er the green,
For she was lov'd, wherever she was seen.

Johnf. Well said little Bayes, I'faith the critick must have a great deal of leasure, that attacks those verses.

Bayes. I gad, I'll warrant him, who ere he is, offendet solido; but I go on.

† The independent beast. ———

Smith. Who is that Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. Why a bear: pox, is not that obvious enough?

——— In groans her hate express

Which I gad, is very natural to that animal. Well? there's for the independent: now the quaker; what do you think I call him?

Smith. Why, a bull, for ought I know.

Bayes. A bull! O Lord! a bull! no, no, a hare, a quaking hare. — Armarillis, because she wears armour, 'tis the same figure; and I am proud to say it, Mr.

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Johnson, no man knows how to pun in heroics but my self. Well, you shall hear.

She thought, and reason good, the quaking hare
Her cruel foe, because || she would not swear,
And had profess'd neutrality.

Johns. A shrew'd reason that, Mr. Bayes ; but what wars were there ?

Bayes. Wars ? why there had been bloody wars, tho' they were pretty well reconcil'd now. Yet to bring in two or three such fine things as these, I don't tell you the lyon's peace was proclaim'd till fifty pages after, tho' 'twas really done before I had finish'd my poem.

Next her, the buffoon ape § his body bent,
And paid at church a courtier's complement.

That galls somewhere ; I gad I can't leave it off, tho' I were cudgel'd every day for it.

The bristl'd baptist * boar, impure as he.

Smith. As who ?

Bayes. As the courtier, let 'em e'n take it as they will, I gad, I seldom come amongst 'em.

Was whiten'd with the foam of † sanctity.

The wolf with belly-gaunt his rough crest rears,

And pricks up.—— Now in a word will I abuse the whole party most damnably——and pricks up.——

I gad, I am sure you'l laugh —— his predestinating ears. Prethee Mr. Johnson, remember little Bays, when next you see a presbyterian, and take notice if he has not predestination in the shape of his ear: I have

studied men so long. I'll undertake to know an Arminian, by the setting of his wig.

His predestinating ears. I gad there's ne'er a presbyterian shall dare to show his head without a border: I'll put 'em to that expence.

Smith. Pray Mr. Bayes, if any of 'em should come over to the royal party, would their ears alter?

Bayes. Would they! Ay, I gad, they would shed their fanatical lugs, and have just such well-turn'd ears as I have; mind this ear, this is a true Roman ear, mine are much chang'd for the better within this two years.

Smith. Then if ever the party should chance to fail, you might lose 'em, for what may change, may fall.

Bayes. Mind, mind ———.

These fiery Zuinglius, meagre † Calvin bred.

Smith. Those I suppose are some out-landish beasts, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. Beasts; a good mistake! why they were the chief reformers, but here I put 'em in so bad company because they were enemies to my mouse, and anon when I am warn'd, I gad you shall hear me call 'em doctors, captains, horses ¶ and horsemen in the very same breath. You shall hear how I go on now,

Or else reforming Corah § spawn'd this class,
When opening earth made way for all to pass.

John. For all, Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. Yes, they were all lost there, but some of

† page 11.

¶ page 39.

§ page 11.

'em

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'em were thrown up again at the Leman lake: as a catholick queen sunk at charing-cross, and rose again at queenhith. *

The fox and he came shuffled in the dark,
If ever they were stow'd in Noah's ark.

Here I put a quare, whether they were any Socinians before the flood, which I'm not very well satisfied in? I have been lately apt to believe that the world was drown'd for that heresy; which among friends made me leave it. †

Quickned with fire below, these monsters breed
In fenny Holland, and in fruitful Tweed.

Now to write something new and out of the way, to elevate and surprize, and all that, I fetch you to see this quickning fire from the bottom of boggs and rivers.

John. Why, faith, that's as an ingenious a contrivance as the Virtuoso's making a burning-glass of ice.

Bayes. Why was there ever any such thing? let me perish if ever I heard of it. The fancy was sheer new to me; and I thought no man had reconcil'd those elements but my self. Well gentlemen! thus far I have followed antiquity, and as Homer has numbred his ships, so I have rang'd my beasts. Here is my boar and my bear, and my fox, and my wolf, and the rest of 'em all against my poor mouse. Now what do you think I do with all these?

Smith. Faith I don't know, I suppose you make 'em fight.

Bayes. Fight! I gad I'd as soon make 'em dance,

No, I do no earthly thing with 'em, nothing at all I'gad: I think they have play'd their parts sufficiently, already; I have walk'd 'em out, show'd 'em to the company and rais'd your expectation! And now whilst you hope to see 'em bated, and are dreaming of blood and battles, they sculk off, and you hear no more of 'em.

Smith. Why, faith, Mr. Bayes, now you have been at such expence in setting forth their characters, it had been too much to have gone through with 'em.

Bayes. I'gad so it had: and then I'll tell you another thing, 'tis not every one that reads a poem through. And therefore I fill the first part with flowers, figures, fine language, and all that; and then I'gad sink by degrees, till at last I write but little better than other people. And whereas most authors creep servilely after the old fellows, and strive to grow upon their readers; I take another course, I bring in all my characters together, and let 'em see I could go on with 'em; but I'gad, I wo'nt.

John. Could you go on with 'em Mr. Bayes? there's no body doubts that; you have a most particular genius that way.

Bayes. Oh! dear sir, you are mightily obliging: but I must needs say at a fable or an emblem I think no man comes near me, indeed I have studied it more than any man. Did you ever take notice, Mr. Johnson, of a little thing that has taken mightily about town, a cat with a top-knot?

John. Faith, sir, 'tis mighty pretty, I saw it at the coffee-house.

Bayes. 'Tis a trifle hardly worth owning; I was the other day at Will's throwing out something of that nature; and I'gad, the hint was taken, and out came that picture; indeed the poor fellow was so civil to present me with a dozen of 'em for my friends, I think

think

No,

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think I have one here in my pocket; would you please to accept it Mr. Johnson?

John. Really 'tis very ingenious.

Bayes. Oh Lord! nothing at all, I could design twenty of 'em in an hour, if I had but witty fellows about me to draw 'em. I was proffer'd a pension to go into Holland, and contrive their emblems. But hang 'em they are dull rogues, and would spoil my invention. But come, gentlemen, let us return to our business, and here I'll give you a delicate description of a man:

Smith. But how does that come in?

Bayes. Come in? very naturally. I was talking of a wolf and that supposes a wood, and then I clap an epithet to't, and call it a Celtic wood. Now when I was there, I could not help thinking of the French persecution, and I'gad from all these thoughts I took occasion to rail at the French king, and show that he was not of the same make with other men, which thus I prove.

The divine || blacksmith in th' abyss of light,
Yawning and lolling with a careless beat,
Struck out the mute creation at a heat.
But he work'd hard to hammer out our souls,
He blew the bellows, and stir'd up the coals;
Long time he thought and could not on a sudden
Knead up with sunskim'd milk this reas'ning pudding:
Tender, and mild within its bag it lay
Confessing still the softness of its clay,
And kind as milk-maids on their wedding-day. }
Till pride of empire, lust, and hot desire
Did over-boil him, like too great a fire,
And understanding grown, misunderstood,
Burn'd him to th' pot, and four'd his curdled blood.

John. But sure this is a little prophane, Mr. Bayes.
Bayes. Not at all: 'do's not Virgil bring in his God Vulcan working at the anvil?

John. Ay fir, but never thought his hands the fittest to make a pudding.

Bayes. Why do you imagine him an earthly dirty blacksmith? 'gad you make it prophane indeed. I'll tell you there's as much difference betwixt 'em, I'gad as betwixt my man and Milton's. But now, gentlemen, the plot thickens, here comes my t'other mouse, the city mouse. *

A spotted mouse, the prettiest next the white,
Ah! were her spots wash'd out, as pretty quite,
With † phylacteries on her forehead spread,
Crozier in hand, and ‖ mitre on her head,
Three steeples argent on her sable § shield
Liv'd in the city and disdain'd the field.

John. This is a glorious mouse indeed! but, as you have dress'd her, we don't know whether she be Jew, Papist or Protestant.

Bayes. Let me embrace you, Mr. Johnson, for that; you take it right. She is a meer Babel of religions, and therefore she's a spotted mouse here, and will be a mule presently. But go on.

This princess —

Smith. What princess, Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. Why this mouse, for I forgot to tell you, 'an old lyon made a left hand * marriage with her mother, and begot on her body Elizabeth Schism, who was married to Timothy Sacrilege, and had issue Graceless Heresy. Who all give the same coat with their mother,

* page 19. † page 23 ‖ page 22. § page 84. * page 20.

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three steeples argent, as I told you before.

This princess tho' estrang'd from what was best,
Was least deform'd, because † reform'd the least.
There's De and Re as good I'gad as ever was.
She in a masquerade of mirth and love, ‡
Mistook the bliss of heaven for bacchinal above,
And grab'd the thorns beneath our tender feet,
To make the paths of paradise more sweet.

There's a jolly mouse for you, let me see any body else
that can shew you such another. Here now have I one
damnable severe reflecting line, but I want a rhyme to
it, can you help me Mr. Johnson.

She ———

Humbly content to be despis'd at home,
John. Which is too narrow infamy for some.

Bayes. Sir, I thank you, now I can go on with it.

Whose || merits are diffus'd from pole to pole,
Where winds can carry and where waves can rowl.

John. But does not this reflect upon some of your
friends, Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. 'Tis no matter for that, let me alone to bring
my self off. I'll tell you, lately I writ a damn'd libel
on a whole party, sheer point and satyr all through.
I'gad. Call'd 'em rogues, dogs and all the names I
could think of but with an exceeding deal of wit; that I
must needs say. Now it happen'd before I could finish
this piece, the scheme of affairs was altered, and those

people were no longer beasts : here was a plunge now should I lose my labour, or libel my friend ? 'Tis not every body's talent to find a salvo for this : but what do I but write a smooth delicate preface, wherein I tell them that the satyr was not intended to them, and this did the business.

Smith. But if it was not intended to them against whom it was writ, certainly it had no meaning at all.

Bayes. Poh ! there's the trick on't. Poor fools, they took it, and were satisfied : and yet it maul'd 'em dam-nably I'gad.

Smith. Why faith, Mr. Bayes, there's this very contrivance in the preface to dear Joys jests.

Bayes. What a devil do you think that I'd steal from such an author ? Or ever read it ?

Smith. I can't tell, but you sometimes read as bad. I have heard you quote Reynard the fox.

Bayes. Why there's it now ; take it from me, Mr. Smith, there is as good morality, and as sound precepts, in the delectable history of Reynard the fox, as in any book I know, except Seneca. Pray tell me where in any other author could I have found so pretty a name for a wolf as Isgrim ? but prithee, Mr. Smith, give me no more trouble, and let me go on with my mouse.

One evening, when she went away from court, §
Levee's and couchee's past without resort.

There's court language for you ; nothing gives a verse so fine a tune as an air of good breeding.

Smith. But methinks the levee's and couchee's of a mouse are too great, especially when she is walking from court to the cooler shades.

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Bayes. I'gad now have you forgot what I told you that she was a princess. But pray mind; here the two mice meet.

She met the country mouse, whose * fearful face
Beheld from far the common watering place,
Nor durst approach——

Smith. Methinks, Mr. Bayes, this mouse is strangely
alter'd, since she fear'd no danger.

Bayes. Godfokers! why no more she does not yet
fear either man or beast: but, poor creature, she's
afraid of the water, for she could not swim, as you see
by this.

Nor durst approach, till with an awful roar †
The sovereign lyon bad her fear no more.

But besides, 'tis above thirty pages off that I told you
she fear'd no danger; and I'gad if you will have no va-
riation of the character, you must have the same thing
over and over again; 'tis the beauty of writing to strike
you still with something new. Well, but to proceed.

But when she had this sweetest mouse in view. ‡
Good Lord, how she admir'd her heavenly hiew!

Here now to show you I am master of all files, I let
myself down from the majesty of Virgil, to the sweetness
of Ovid.

Good Lord, how she admir'd her heavenly hiew!

* page 16.

† page 30.

‡ page 30.

What more easy and familiar! I writ this line for the ladies: the little rogues will be so fond of me to find I can yet be so tender. I hate such a rough unhewn fellow as Milton, that a man must sweat to read him; I'gad you may run over this and be almost asleep.

Th' immortal mouse who saw the viceroy come
So far to see her, did invite her home,

There's a pretty name now for the spotted mouse, the viceroy!

Smith. But pray why d'e call her so?

Bayes. Why because it sounds prettily: I'll call her the || crown-general presently if I've a mind to it. Well.

———did invite her home

To smoak a pipe, and o're a sober pot
Discourse of Oates and § Bedloe, and the plot.
She made a court'fy, like a civil dame,
And, being much a * gentlewoman, came.

Well, gentlemen, here's my first part finish'd, and I think I have kept my word with you; and given it the majestick turn of heroick poesy. The rest being matter of dispute, I had not such frequent occasion for the magnificence of verse, tho' I'gad they speak very well. And I have heard men, and considerable men too, talk the very same things, a great deal worse.

John. Nay, without doubt, Mr. Bayes, they have received no small advantage from the smoothness of your numbers.

Bayes. Ay, ay, I can do't, if I list: though you must not think I have been so dull as to mind these things

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myself, but 'tis the advantage of our coffee-house, that from their talk one may write a very good polemical discourse, without ever troubling ones head with the books of controversy. For I can take the slightest of their arguments, and clap 'em pertly into four verses, which shall stare any London divine in the face. Indeed your knotty reasonings with a long train of majors and minors, and the devil and all, are too barbarous for my stile; but i'gad I can flourish better with one of these twinkling arguments, than the best of 'em can fight with t'other. But we return to our mouse, and now I've brought 'em together, let 'em 'en speak for themselves, which they will do extreamly well, or I'm mistaken: and pray observe, gentlemen, if in one you don't find all the delicacy of a luxurious city-mouse, and in the other all the plain simplicity of a sober serious matron.

Dame, * said the lady of the spotted muff,
Methinks your tiff is sour, your cates meet stuff.

There did not I tell you she'd be nice?

Your pipe's so foul, that I disdain to smoak;
And the weed worse than e're Tom. I——s took.

Smith. I did not hear she had a spotted muff before.
Bayes. Why no more she has not now; but she has a skin that might make a spotted muff. There's a pretty figure now unknown to the ancients.

Leave, leave († she's earnest you see) this hoary shed
and lonely hills,

And eat with me at Groleau's, smoak at Will's.
What wretch would nibble on a hanging-streiff,
When at Pontac's he may regale himself?

Or to the house of cleanly Renish go;
Or that at Charing-Cross, or that in Channel-Row?

Do you mark me now? I would by this represent
the vanity of a town-fop, who pretends to be acquaint-
ed at all those good houses, though perhaps he ne're
was in 'em. But hark! she goes on.

Come, at a crown a head ourselves we'll treat,
Champaign our liquor, and ragousts our meat.
Then hand in hand we'll go to court, dear cuz,
To visit bishop Martin, and king Buz.
With evening wheels we'll drive about the Park,
Finish at Locket's, and reel home i'th' dark.
Break clattering windows, and demolish doors
Of English † manufactures — pimps and whores.

John. Methinks a pimp or a whore, is an odd sort
of a manufacture. Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. I call 'em so, to give the parliament a hint not
to suffer so many of 'em to be exported to the decay of
trade at home.

With these allurements spotted did invite
From hermits cell, the female proselyte.
Oh! with what ease we follow such a guide,
Where souls are starv'd, and senses gratify'd.

Now would not you think she's going? but I gad,
you're mistaken; you shall hear a long argument about
infallibility, before she stirs yet.

But here the † white, by observation wise,
Who long on heaven had fixt her prying eyes,

With thoughtful countenance, and grave remark,
 Said, ~~or~~ my judgment fails me, or 'tis dark.
 Left therefore we should stray, and not go right,
 Through the brown horror of the starless night.
 Hast thou infallibility, that § wight?
 Sternly the savage grin'd, and thus reply'd,
 That mice may err, was never yet deny'd.
 That I deny, said the immortal dame,
 There is a guide — gad I've forgot his name, *
 Who lives in heaven or Rome, the Lord knows where,
 Had we but him, sweet-heart, we could not err.
 But hark you, † sister, this is but a whim ;
 For still we want a guide to find out him.

Here you see I don't trouble myself to keep on the narration, but write White speaks or Dapple speaks by the side. But when I get any noble thought which I envy a mouse should say, I clap it down in my own person with a Poeta loquitur; ‡ which, take notice, is a surer sign of a fine thing in my writings, than a hand in the margent any where else. Well now says White.

What need we find him, we have certain proof
 That he is somewhere, dame, and that's enough:
 For if there is a guide that knows the way,
 Although we know not him, we cannot stray.

That's true, I gad: well said White. You see her adversary has nothing to say for herself, and therefore to confirm the victory, she shall make a simile.

Smith. Why then I find similes are as good after victory as after a surprize.

Bayes. Every jot, I gad or rather better. Well, she

§ page 37.

* page 37.

† Spotted mouse loquitur.

‡ page 69.

can do it two ways, either about || omission or reception of light, or else about Epsom-waters, but I think the last is most familiar; therefore speak, my pretty one.

As though 'tis controverted in the school,
If waters pass by urine or by stool.

Shall we, who are philosophers, thence gather
From this dissention that they work by neither.

And I gad, she's in the right on't; but mind now, she comes upon her swop!

All this I did, your arguments to try.

And I gad, if they had been never so good, this next line confutes 'em.

Hear, and be dumb, thou § wretch, that guide am I.

There's a surprize for you now! how sneakingly t'other looks? Was not that pretty now, to make her ask for a guide first, and then tell her she was one? Who could have thought that this little mouse had the pope and a whole general council in her belly? Now Dapple had nothing to say to this; and therefore you'll see she grows peevish.

Come leave your cracking tricks, and as they say,
Use not, that * barber that trims time, delay

Which I gad is new and my own.

I've eyes as well as you to find the way.

Then on they jogg'd, and since an hour of talk

Might cut a banter on the tedious walk;

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As I remember said the sober mouse,
 I've heard much talk of the wits coffee-house.
 Thither, says Brindle, thou shalt go, and see
 Priests sipping coffee, sparks and poets tea;
 Here rugged freeze, there quality well drest,
 These baffling the grand-Seignior; those the test.
 And here shrewd guesses made, and reasons given,
 That humane † laws were never made in heaven,
 But above all, what shall oblige thy sight,
 And fill thy eye-balls with a vast delight;
 Is the poetic judge of sacred wit,
 Who do's i' th' darkness of his glory sit.
 And as the moon who first receives the light, ‡
 With which she makes these nether regions bright;
 So does he shine, reflecting from afar,
 The rays he borrow'd from a better star:
 For rules which from Corneille and Rapin flow,
 Admir'd by all the scribbling herd below.
 From French tradition while he does dispence,
 Unerring truths, 'tis schism, a damn'd offence,
 To question his, or trust your private sense.

Hah! Is not that right, Mr. Johnson? Gad forgive me he is fast asleep! Oh the damn'd stupidity of this age! a sleep! well, sir, since you'r so drowsy, your humble servant.

John. Nay, pray Mr. Bayes, faith I heard you all the while. The white mouse.

Bayes. The white mouse! ay, ay, I thought how you heard me. Your servant, sir, your servant.

John. Nay, dear Bayes, faith I beg thy pardon, I was up late last night, prethee lend me a little snuff, and go on.

† page 111.

‡ page 28.

Bayes. Go on! Pox I don't know where I was, well I'll begin. Here, mind, now they are both come to town.

But now at Piccadilly they arrive,
And taking coach, t'wards Temple Bar they drive;
But at St. Clement's church, eat out the back;
And slipping through the Pallgrave, bilkt poor hack.

There's the Utile which ought to be in all poetry.
Many a young templer will save his shilling by this stratagem of my mice.

Smith. Why, will any young Templer eat out the back of a coach?

Bayes. No, I gad, but you'll grant it is mighty natural for a mouse.

Thence to the devil, and ask'd if Chanticleer,
Of clergy kind, * or counsellour Chough was there;
Or Mr. Dove, a pigeon of renown,
By his high crop, † and corny gizzard known,
Or sister Partlet, ‡ with the hooded head;
No fir, She's hooted hence, said Will and fled.
Why so? Because she would not pray a bed.

Johns. aside. 'Sdeath! Who can keep awake at such stuff? Pray, Mr. Bayes, lend me your box again.

Bayes. Mr. Johnson, how d'e like that box? Pray take notice of it, 'twas given me by a person of honour for looking over a paper of verses; and indeed I put in all the lines that were worth any thing in the whole poem. Well, but where were we? Oh! Here they are, just go-

* page 133.

† page 126.

‡ page 130.

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ing up stairs into the Apollo; from whence my white
takes occasion to talk very well of tradition.

Thus to the place where Johnson sat we climb,
Leaning on the same rail that guided him;
And whilst we thus on equal helps rely.
Our wit must be as true, our thoughts as high.
For * as an author happily compares
Tradition to a well-fixt pair of stairs.
So this the scala sancta we believe,
By which his traditive genius we receive.
Thus every step I take my spirits soar,
And I grow more a wit, and more, and more.

There's humour! Is not that the liveliest image in the
world of a mouse's going up a pair of stairs. More a
wit, and more and more?

Smith. Mr. Bayes, I beg your pardon heartily, I
must be rude, I have a particular engagement at this time,
and I see you are not near an end yet.

Bayes. Godfokers! Sure you won't serve me so;
All my finest descriptions and best discourse is yet to
come.

Smith. Troth, Sir, if 'twere not an extraordinary
concern I could not leave you.

Bayes. Well; but you shall take a little more, and
here I'll pass over two dainty episodes of swallows, swifts,
chickens and buzzards.

Johns. I know not why they should come in, ex-
cept to make yours the longest fable that ever was
told.

* page 45.

Bayes. Why, the excellence of a fable is in the length of it. *Æsop* indeed, like a slave as he was, made little, short, simple stories, with a dry moral at the end of 'em; and could not form any noble design. But here I give you fable upon fable; and after you are satisfied with beasts in the first course, serve you up a delicate dish of fowl for the second; now I was at all this pains to abuse one particular person; for I gad I'll tell you what a trick he serv'd me. I was once translating a very good French author †, but being something long about it, as you know a man is not always in the humour; what does this Jack do, but put's out an answer to my friend before I had half finished the translation: so there was three whole months lost upon his account. But I think I have my revenge on him sufficiently, for I let all the world know, that he is a tall, ‡ broad back'd, lusty fellow, of a brown complexion, fair behaviour, a fluent tongue, and taking amongst the women; and to top it all that he's much a scholar, more a wit, and owns but two sacraments. Don't you think this fellow will hang himself? But besides, I have so nickt his character in a name as will make you split. I call him — I gad I won't tell you unless you remember what I said of him.

Smith. Why that he was much a scholar, and more a wit.——

Bayes. Right; and his name is Buzzard, ha! ha! ha.

Johnf. Very proper indeed, Sir.

Bayes. Nay, I have a farther fetch in it yet than perhaps you imagine; for his true name begins with a B, which makes me silyly contrive him this, to begin with

† Varillas. ‡ page 137.

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the same letter: There's a pretty device, Mr. Johnson; I learn'd it, I must needs confess, from that ingenious sport, I love my love with an A, beccause she's amiable; and if you could get a knot of merry fellows together, you should see how little Bayes would top 'em all at it, I gad.

Smith. Well, but good faith, Mr. Bayes, I must leave you, I am half an hour past my time.

Bayes. Well, I've done, I've done. Here are eight hundred verses upon a rainy night, and a bird's nest; and here's three hundred more, translated from two Paris gazets, in which the spotted mouse gives an account of the treaty of peace between the Czars of Muscovy, and the emperor, which is a piece of news. White does not believe, and this is her answer. I am resolv'd you shall hear it, for in it I have taken occasion to prove oral tradition better than scripture. Now you must know, 'tis sincerely my opinion, that it had been better for the world, if we ne'er had any bibles at all.

E're that gazet was printed, said the White,
Our Robin told another story quite;
This oral truth more safely I believ'd,
My ears cannot, your eyes may be deceiv'd.
By word of mouth unerring maxims flow,
And preaching's best, if understood, or no.
Words I confess bound by, and || trip so light,
We have not time to take a steady fight?
Yet fleeting thus are plainer than when writ,
To long examination they submit.

Hard things — Mr. Smith, if these two lines don't recompence your stay, ne'er trust John Bayes again.

Hard things at the first blush are clear and full,
God mends on second thoughts, † but man grows dull.

I gad I judge of all men by myself, 'tis so with me,
I never strove to be exact in any thing but I spoil'd
it.

Smith. But allowing your character to be true, is it
not a little too severe?

Bayes. 'Tis no matter for that, these general reflections
are daring, and savour most of a noble genius, that spare^s
neither friend nor foe.

John. Are you never afraid of a drubbing for that
daring of your noble^s genius?

Bayes. Afraid! Why lord you make so much of a
beating, I gad 'tis no more to me than a flea biting. No,
no, if I can but be witty upon 'em, let 'em 'en lay on, I
faith, I'll ne'er baulk my fancy to save my carcase. Well,
but we must dispatch, Mr. Smith.

Thus did they merrily carouse all day,
And like the gaudy fly their wings display;
And sip the sweets, and bask in great Apollo's ray. }

Well there's an end of the entertainment; and Mr.
Smith, if your affairs would have permitted, you would
have heard the best bill of fare that ever was serv'd up
in heroicks: but here follows a dispute shall recommend
it self, I'll say nothing for it. For Dapple, who you
must know was a Protestant, all this while trusts her own
judgment, and foolishly dislikes the wine; upon which
our Innocent does so run her down, that she has not one
word to say for herself, but what I put in her mouth;

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and I gad, you may imagine they won't be very good ones, for she has disoblig'd me, like an ingrate.

Sirrah, says Brindle, thou hast brought us wine,
Sour to my taste, and to my eyes unfine.
Says Will, all gentlemen like it, ah ! says White,
What is approv'd by them, must needs be right.
'Tis true, • I thought it bad, but if the house
Commend it, I submit, a private mouse.

Mind that, mind the decorum and deference, which
our mouse pays to the company.

Nor to their catholick consent oppose
My erring judgment, and reforming nose.

Ah ! ah ! there she has nick'd her, that's up to the
hilt, I gad, and you shall see Dapple resents it.

Why, what a devil shan't I trust my eyes ?
Must I drink stum because the rascal lyes ?
And palms upon us catholick consent,
To give sophisticated brewings vent.
Says White, what ancient † evidence can sway,
If you must argue thus and not obey ?
Drawers must be trusted, through whose hands con-
vey'd,

You take the liquor, or you spoil the trade.
For sure those honest fellows have no knack
Of putting off stum'd claret for Pontac.
How long, alas ! would the poor vintner last,
If all that drink must judge, and every guest
Be allow'd to have an understanding taste ?

Thus she : Nor could the Panther well inlarge,
With weak defence, against so strong a charge.

There I call her a Panther, because she's spotted, which
is such a blot to the reformation, as I warrant 'em they
will never claw off, I gad.

But with a weary yawn that shew'd her pride,
Said, Spotless was a villain, and she lyed.
White saw her canker'd malice at that word,
And said her prayers, and drew her delphic sword.
T'other cry'd murther, and her rage restrain'd :
And thus her passive character maintain'd.
But now alas—

Mr. Johnson, pray mind me this ; Mr. Smith, I'll ask
you to stay no longer, for this that follows is so engaging ;
hear me but two lines, I gad, and go away afterwards if
you can.

But now, alas, I grieve, I grieve to tell
What sad mischance these pretty things beset
These birds of beasts—

There's a tender Expression, birds of beasts: 'tis the
greatest affront that you can put upon any bird, to call it,
beast of a bird : * and a beast is so fond of being call'd a
bird, as you can't imagine.

These birds of beasts, these learned reas'ning mice, }
Were separated, banish'd in a trice. }
Who would be learned for their sakes, who wise, }

Ay, who indeed? There's a Pathos, I gad, gentle-

* page 129.

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men, if that won't move you, nothing will, I can assure you: But here's the sad thing I was afraid of.

The constable alarmed by this noise,
Enter'd the room, directed by the voice,
And speaking to the watch, * with head aside,
Said, desperate cures must be to desperate ills apply'd.
These gentlemen, for so their fate decrees,
Can ne'er enjoy at once † the but and peace.
When each have separate interest ‡ of their own,
Two mice are one too many for a town.
By schism they are torn; and therefore, brother,
Look you to one, and I'll secure the t'other.
Now whither Dapple did to Bridewell go?
Or in the stocks § all night her fingers blow,
Or in the Compter lay, concerns not us to know.
But the immortal matron, spotless White,
Forgetting Dapple's rudeness, malice, spight,
Look'd kindly back, and wept, and said, good night.
Ten thousand watchmen || waited on this mouse,
With bills, and halberds, to her country-house.

This last contrivance I had from a judicious author,
that makes ten thousand angels wait upon his Hind, and
she asleep too, I gad. —

Johns. Come, let's see what we have to pay.

Bayes. What a pox, are you in such haste? You have
told me how you like it.

Johns. Oh, extremely well. Here, drawer.

* page 135. † page 145. ‡ page 144. || page 144.
§ page 145.

ADDITIONS

TO THE

WORKS

OF

Sir SAMUEL GARTH.

To the Duke of MARLBOROUGH on
his voluntary Banishment.

GO, mighty prince, and those great nations see,
Which thy victorious arms before made free;
View that fam'd column, where thy name engrav'd,
Shall tell their children who their empire sav'd,
Point out that marble where thy worth is shown,
To every grateful country but thy own:
O censure undeserv'd! unequal fate!
Which strove to lessen him who made her great:
Which pamper'd with success and rich in fame,
Extoll'd his conquests, but condemn'd his name.
But virtue is a crime when plac'd on high,
Tho' all the fault's in the beholder's eye:

G 2

Yet

Yet he untouch'd, as in the heat of wars,
 Flies from no danger but domestick jars,
 Smiles at the dart which angry envy shakes,
 And only fears for her whom he forsakes:
 He grieves to find the course of virtue cross'd,
 Blushing to see our blood no better lost;
 Disdains in factious parties to contend,
 And proves in absence most Britannia's friend.
 So the great Scipio of old, to shun
 That glorious envy which his arms had won,
 Far from his dear, ungrateful Rome retir'd,
 Prepar'd, when 'e'er his country's cause requir'd,
 To shine in peace or war, and be again admir'd.

On her MAJESTY's Statue in St. Paul's Church-yard.

NEAR the vast bulk of that stupendious frame,
 Known by the Gentiles great apostle's name;
 With grace divine, great Anna's seen to rise,
 An awful form that glads a nation's eyes:
 Beneath her feet four mighty realms appear,
 And with due reverence pay their homage there.
 Britain and Ireland, seem to own her grace,
 And ev'n wild India wears a smiling face.

But France alone with downcast eyes is seen
 The sad attendant of so good a queen:
 Ungrateful country! to forget so soon,
 All that great Anna for thy sake has done:
 When sworn the kind defender of thy cause,
 Spite of her dear religion, spite of laws;
 For thee she sheath'd the terrors of her sword,
 For thee she broke her gen'ral—and her word

For thee her mind in doubtful terms she told,
 And learn'd to speak like oracles of old.
 For thee, for thee alone, what cou'd she more ?
 She lost the honour she had gain'd before ;
 Lost all the trophies, which her arms had won,
 (Such Cæsar never knew, nor Philip's son)
 Resign'd the glories of a ten year's reign,
 And such as none but Marlborough's arm cou'd gain.
 For thee in annals she's content to shine,
 Like other monarchs of the Stuart line.

On the new Conspiracy, 1716.

WHere, where, degen'rate countrymen—how high
 Will your fond folly and your madness fly ?
 Are scenes of death, and servile chains so dear,
 To sue for blood and bondage every year,
 Like rebel Jews, with too much freedom curst,
 To court a change—tho' certain of the worst ?
 There is no climate which you have not sought,
 Where tools of war, and vagrant kings are bought ;
 O! noble passion, to your country kind,
 To crown her with—the refuse of mankind.
 As if the new Rome, which your schemes unfold,
 Were to be built on rapine, like the old,
 While her asylum openly provides
 For ev'ry ruffian ev'ry nation hides.

Will you still tempt the great avenger's blow,
 And force the bolt—which he is loth to throw ?
 Have there too few already bit the plains,
 To make you seek new Prestons and Dumblains ?
 If vengeance loses its effects so fast,
 Yet those of mercy sure—should longer last.

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Say, Is it rashness or despair provokes
Your harden'd hearts to these repeated strokes?
Reply:—behold, their looks, their souls declare,
All pale with guilt, and dumb with deep despair.

Hear then, you sons of blood, your destin'd fate,
Hear, e'er you sin too soon—repent too late.
Madly you try to weaken GEORGE's reign,
And stem the stream of providence in vain.
By right, by worth, by wonders made our own,
The hand that gave it, shall preserve his throne.
As vain your hopes to distant times remove,
To try the second, or the third from Jove,
For 'tis the nature of that sacred line,
To conquer monsters, and to grow divine.

PROLOGUE to the Cornish Squire, a
COMEDY.

WHO dares not plot in this good-natur'd age,
Each place is privileg'd except the stage;
There the dread phalanx of reformers come,
Sworn foes to wit, as Carthage was to Rome;
Their ears so sanctify'd no scenes can please,
But heavy hymns, or pensive homilies:
Truths, plainly told, their tender nature wound,
Young rakes must, like old patriarchs, expound;
The painted punk the proselyte must play,
And bawds, like fille-devotes, procure and pray.
How nature is inverted! soon you'll see
Senates unanimous, and sects agree,
Jews at extortion rail, and monks at mystery.
Let characters be represented true,
An airy sinner makes an aukward prue.

With force and sitting freedom vice arraign ;
 Tho' pulpits flatter, let the stage speak plain.
 If Verres gripes the poor, or Nænius write,
 Call that the robber, this the parasite.
 Ne'er aim to make an eagle of an owl,
 Cinna's a statesman, Sydrophil a tool.
 Our censurers with want of thought dispense,
 But tremble at the hideous sin of sense.
 Who wou'd not such hard fate as ours bemoan ?
 Indicted for some wit, and damn'd for none.
 But if, to day, some scandal shou'd appear,
 Let those precise Tartuffs bind o'er Moliere.
 Poet, and papist too, they'll surely maul,
 There's no indulgences at Hicks's-hall.
 Gold only can their pious spite allay,
 They call none criminals that can but pay :
 The heedless shrines, with victims they invoke,
 They take the fat, and give the gods the smoke.

PROLOGUE spoken at the Opening of the
 QUEEN'S Theatre in the Hay-Market.

SUCH was our builder's art, that soon as nam'd,
 This fabrick, like the infant-world, was fram'd.
 The architect must on dull order wair,
 But 'tis the poet only can create.
 None else, at pleasure, can duration give,
 When marble fails, the muses structures live.
 The Cyprian fane is now no longer seen,
 Tho' sacred to the name of love's fair queen.
 Ev'n Athens scarce in pompous ruin stands,
 Tho' finish'd by the learn'd Minerva's hands.

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More sure presages from these walls we find,
By † beauty founded, and by wit design'd.

In the good age of ghostly ignorance,
How did cathedrals rise, and zeal advance,
The merry monks said orisons at ease,
Large were their meals, and light their penances;
Pardon for sins was purchas'd with estates,
And none but rogues in rags dy'd reprobates.
But now that pious pageantry's no more,
And stages thrive, as churches did before.
Your own magnificence you here survey,
Majestick columns stand, where dunghills lay,
And carrs triumphal rise from carts of hay.
Swains here are taught to hope, and nymphs to fear,
And big Almanzor's fight mock Blenheim's here,
Descending goddesses adorn our scenes,
And quit their bright abodes for gilt machines.
Shou'd Jove, for this fair circle, leave his throne,
He'd meet a lightning fiercer than his own.
Tho' to the sun his tow'ring eagles rise,
They scarce cou'd bear the lustre of these eyes,

A SOLILOQUY out of ITALIAN.

COU'D he whom my dissembled rigour grieves,
But know what torment to my soul it gives;
He'd find how fondly I return his flame,
And want myself the pity he wou'd claim.
Immortal Gods! why has your doom decreed
Two wounded hearts with equal pangs shou'd bleed?

† My lady Sunderland was pleas'd to lay the first stone.

Since that great law, which your tribunal guides,
Has join'd in love whom destiny divides ;
Repent you pow'rs the injuries you cause,
Or change our natures, or reform your laws.
Unhappy partner of my killing pain,
Think what I feel the moment you complain.
Each sigh you utter wounds my tend'rest part,
So much my lips misrepresent my heart.
When from your eyes the falling drops distil,
My vital blood in every tear you spill :
And all those mournful agonies I hear,
Are but the echoes of my own despair.

An imitation of a French author.

CAN you count the silver lights
That deck the skies, and cheer the nights :
Or the leaves that strow the vales,
When groves are stript by winter gales :
Or the drops that in the morn
Hang with transparent pearl the thorn.
Or bridegroom's joys, or miser's cares,
Or gamester's oaths or hermit's pray'rs :
Or envy's pangs, or love's alarms,
Or Marlborough's acts, or ——n's charms?

ORATIO.

OLIVER

ORATIO
LAUDATORIA,

IN ÆDIBUS

Collegii Regalis Med. Lond.

17 die Septembris. 1697.

ORATIO
LAUDATORIA

IN AEDIBUS

Collegii Regalis Med. Lond.

17 die Septembris. 1807.

CLARISSIME
 PRO-PRÆSES,
 COLLEGÆ DOCTISSIMI.

Auditores humanissimi!

MIRENTUR alii, neque id fortè injurià, cùm tot adfint oratores, ingenio pariter & eloquentià illustres; me, qui neque doctrinà neque arte dicendi polleam, provinciam hanc inauspicatò for-
 tiri: Verum hoc quicquid est, siue honoris, siue muneris, non ambitu quæsitum est ac ne minimà meà propensione susceptum; sed cùm jubente Præsìde, reluctari nefas esse duxerim, existimationi potiùs & famæ propriæ, quàm officio deesse constitui; ne fortè videar non satis auctoritati ejus auscultasse, cujus ipso etiam in hortatu acquiescere debemus. Nec incepti mei me poeniteret, si tanti viri vestigiis insistere possem: Qui, quot habet verba, tot illecebris leporibusque abundat. Suavitate suà permulcet, subtilitate docet, argumentis flectit, & varietate delectat; nervosà insuper Sallustii brevitate pollet, Curtij acumine, & numerosà Tullii, quoties ita visum est, & diffusà venâ. Nemo igitur Millingtonum, ut par est, nisi qui par ingenium sortitus est, laudare molietur; quàm impar autem & ineptus ego fuerim, oratione hodiernà abundè constabit.

Desunt certè mihi & æquabile dicendi genus, & vis aspersoria; neque præse loqui scio, neque uberius; inventio
 mea

mea jejuna est & sterilis, gestus denique rudis & incomp-
positus. Quid igitur præsentia vestra, quid arte nostra
dignum proferam? Non vos latet Alexandrum magnum
(ut de Zoroastre, de Mithridate, de Lyfimacho fileam)
haud minimam medicinæ, idque Stagyritæ consilio,
dedisse operam. Nec mirum, cum veneranda antiqui-
tas, quamplurimos medendi arte felices, non solum
privilegiis, non præmiis, non statuis, sed reverentiâ plantæ
religiosâ, sed cultu prorsus divino dignos existimaverit:
homines enim ad deos nullâ re propius accedunt, quam
sanitatem dando, conservando, restituendo.

Flammam febrium ferocientem restinguit Medicina,
artus paralyticos & rigentes benignis ignibus refocillat,
hydropis laticem exantlat, renum scaturiginem sistit,
vultum squallore morbido sordatum decorat, & larvam
tollit, tabidos instaurat, plus justò saginatos redigit, tor-
pidos irradiat, & insomnes consopit. Plantarum figuræ
& sapes pene infinitos distinguit, medullam fossilium in-
timam rimatur, naturam per mille Orbes & Mæandros
sestatur, ipsissimum insuper terræ centrum, medicinæ
perspicacitatem non fugit, nec quicquam in ipso delitescit
Oceano.

Plura dicerem ut artis Apollinæ laudibus nequaquam
deessem, verum ista omitto, ne multa hac occasione
non ita pridem audita recensere videar. De medicorum
itaque dignitate & titulis, qui certiores fieri velint Foesium
& alios consulant. Sed in ea nos indicimus loca &
tempora, quibus ipsa ægrotat medicina. Ars siquidem
omnibus aliis utilissima, sibi suisque prodesse nescit, dum
plus Pseudo-medicis quam morbis laborat Anglia. Quos
& quales sint isti, programmata parietibus affixa monent
indies. Hic circumforaneus in plateis equo insidens
dentes evellit; ille, domi certis horis satuos expectat.
Alter Matulas inspicit, & ubi morbum non invenit, facit
Alter, turbâ in unum Funambuli ope convocatâ, venit
videt, in confertissimam catervam irruit, & horrendam
ed

edit stragem. Non autem telis vulnerat ista Agyrtarum colluvies, sed Theriacâ quadam magis perniciosâ, non pyrio, sed pulvere nescio quo exotico certat, non globulis plumbeis, sed pilulis æque lethalibus interficit. O genus hominum, si quod aliud sceleratissimum! totam urbem invadunt isti homicidæ, sed an imperitiâ an impunitate majori incertum; pro pudore, audacia, pro sagacitate inscitia, pro integritate improbitas hodiè, ut olim, viget. Huic pesti ut occurreret Henricus octavus regum augustissimus, & sanitati subditorum religiosè consulens, collegium hoc quamplurimis immunitatibus ad rem medicam moderandam stabiliendamque donavit. Henrici ad exemplum Edvardus sextus, Maria & Elisabetha Reginæ, Jacobi, Carolique duo, nullum officii genus ad emolumentum nostrum spectans, omisere: multa insuper Mariæ & Arabellæ Stuartæ ex regio sanguine oriundis debemus; Lumleio Baroni, summæ, eo tempore, authoritatis etiam multa; nec minora marchioni Dorcestriæ, Collegii hujusce regalis socio, viro etiam animi dotibus quàm natalium splendore clariori. Neque nos fugiant societatis nostræ & alia ornamenta, Linacrus nempe Atkinus, Readus, Meverellus, Foxus, Gulstonus, Pagettus, Bidgodsius, Pamannus, precipuè verò Harvæus & Hamæus: ingenti virtute & doctrinâ fuere ambo, sed indole paulum diversâ: Harvæus benignitate clarus habebatur, morum simplicitate Hamæus: ille humanitate festivâ probatus fuit, huic angusta gravitas dignitatem dedit; Alterius lenitas, alterius stabilitas celebratur.

Quanti quidem Harvæum facere debemus non tam ex ore nostro quam scriptis ejus discat Europa. Efflorescet indies beati senis fama, quo doctiorem, nulla ætas vidit, nulla forsitan videbit: cujus ingenii acumen atque ardor mentis, tanquam flamma quædam cœlitus delapsa, totum Orbem-literatum illustravit. Falsa pro veris olim recepta tenebris damnavit, latentia & abscondita in lucem protulit; ipsissimam animalium originem, sudore majori nescio

nescio an sagacitate, ingadavit, æstum sanguinis feliciter observavit, motumque reciprocum palam fecit; nihil illud latuit, nemo virtutis simul & veritatis studiosior; tanta fuit illi benevolentia, ut nihil sciverit quod alios nescire voluerit; tanta Eruditio ut nemo ex eâ ad hanc fere diem sciverit quod ille ignoravit: ad hæc, qualis in vultu facilitas, in verbis candor, in familiari consuetudine lepor & venustas! Erga Collegas urbanitate, erga amicos constantiâ, erga pauperes charitate, erga omnes probitate inclaruit. Deorum immortalium adinstar paucissimis indiguit, & quamplurimis benefecit, etiam posteris, non solum divina edocendo, sed nos omnes hæredes ex asse constituendo.

Haud longe aliter Hamæus. Illius quidem munificentia effectum est, ut collegium hodie superfit; quantis quidem impensis ædes hæce, sæviente bello plusquam civili, vindicaverit, neminem latere existimo. Esse quàm videri munificus malebat: Alii numera, alii agros, alii statuas, alii alia exoptant, & optando consenescent. Hic de nihilo nisi mente sanâ & corpore sano sollicitus erat, cujus amicitia dum vixit, nunc charissima nobis est memoria & longum colenda.

Neque Cutlerum baronettum præterire licet. Si filem ego, me monerent hi parietes, hæc subsellia. Vir sanè neque alieni injustè appetens, neque sui profusus; haud plus honesta expetiit, quam male parta devitavit; omnia sibi negavit, uti multa aliis elargiretur, fame & frigore se fere conficiens, uti egenos victu & igne reficeret; publica curavit, neque interim propria neglexit: plura dicere decorum non est, neque fas, pauciora: Filiam diu illi non superstitem relinquit, optimis animi ornamentis dotatam, & illustrissimo comite de Radnor, prosapia insigni, virtute vero insigniori, connubio junctam.

Restant & adhuc nonnulli benefactores qui in vivis sunt. Domina nempe Gratia Pierrepont, dotium paternarium nobilium

nobilium hæres nobilissima: Henricus Guy Armiger, vir non minus humani ingenii, quam ad largiendum promptissimi, qui cum Gulielmo Langham & Johanne Banks baronettis, integritate & consilio probatis, digni sunt ut commemorentur.

Ad te nunc coronidis loco convertimur, Gulielme Auguste, Regum invictissime, non tam collegii hujusce Jupiter Stator & Custos, quàm Orbis Christiani liberator & publicæ quietis restitutor. Quòd regna Europæ meliora expectant, tuum est; quod Agricolaë tempestates anni latas sperant, tuum est; quod castitatem matres, quod pudorem filiaë jam tuentur, tuum est. Te venerantur Angli, te observant Hispani, Te mirantur Germani, Te colunt Batavi, & Te verentur Galli. Si gesta majorum tuorum illustria, si genus antiquum spectemus, ecquid non veteres loquuntur fasti & annales? Tot principes & heroas è stirpe Nassovia à oriundos numeremus, quot vix homines è suâ possunt alii.

Ignorat nemo, nisi qui nescire mallet, vim Gallicam viginti, & eò amplius retro annis, toti Europæ tremendam incubuisse. Belli enim desuetudo socordiam, servitutem sæpius parit, adeò ut de libertate publica desperandum esset, ni juvenis Auriacus, majorum more, venienti morbo occurrere festinasset. Quæ & quanta plane stupenda in Flandris gessisti, testatur inter alia proelium Montibus dimicatum, ubi hostilem exercitum penitus fudisti, ubi militarem Divi Julii scientiam, Alexandri annos nonaum prætergressus, implevisti, Tu penè impubis & jam triumphator.

Te de novo conservatorem petiit concussa salus publica, & in sinum tuum confugit suspirans Anglia; Non te, propria ambitio imperatorem fecit, sed nostræ augustiæ: Britanniam languentem, & extrema jam perpeffam, vel ipsâ præsentia tuâ restituisti, Hiberniam ferè exanimem, adventu tuo refocillasti. Si insignium virtutis tuæ exemplorum immemor essem, Boina flumen me admoneret.

H

Alveum

Alveum fere deferuit cunctabundus ille amnis ut trajetui tuo indulgeret; traducis copias flumen, ordines deinde instruis, legiones disponis, res ad manus venit; ipse in prima acie stas inconcussus; non diu utrinque decretatum est, quin hostes, qui situs & opportunitates locorum apprime calluere, impetum tuum non sustinentes, fugâ sibi consulere cœperunt. Fugientes insequeris, & quocunque tendis, te comitatur victoria.

Cohortibus tuis nullus aditus vel est asper, vel arduus; subsidunt montes, exarescunt flumina, patent januæ, & armis tuis cedit tota insula. Barbaris & Gallis hoc modo subactis, quò te fata trahunt, & gloria tua, vocaris: Flammariam denuo tot incendiis vastatam, tot Gallici furoris indicibus pestundatam revisis, patrocinium promittis, & lugendæ rerum sorti benignè succurris. Mœnia Namurci petis; milites, quo jubes, sequuntur alacres, & castris positis, oppidum obsidione premis. Galli, spe multâ in copiis & propugnaculis constitutâ, inceptum irrident. Nostri verò prestinae virtutis memores, acriter & omni impetu obsessos odoriantur; teque auspice, & teste Francorum exercitu, Castrum totius Europæ munitissimum, expugnant.

Quis & quantus ille dies, si tacerem ego, columnæ, arcus triumphales, obelisci, brevi eloquerentur.

Ecquid est, Auguste, quod pro utilitate publicâ, non molireris? cum Coclite natares, cum Fabio cunctareris, & cum Manlio contra hostium agmina, solus licet, decretares. Non prosperis, supra quàm majestati convenit, elatus es, neque rebus sinistris infractus; Sed si à tuis in proelio derelictus fores, uno animo, sed forti, sed magnifico, universos sustinere quum non posses, singulos vinceret.

Cœli inclementiam, ventorem impetum, oceani furorē, hiemem & æstatem juxtâ perpeti dignares. Proclium ut primus inis, sic ab eodem ultimus desistis: Dii inter immortales, te meliùs, quam ipse soles, curent, ne ni-

mium audendo, crudelis sis in eos quos servasti; præsertim cum ex tuâ unius fortitudine & prudentiâ, tot populorum salus, tot Principum securitas pendere videatur. Si jubes esse felices, sumus: Non tuos, ut alii reges, deprimis, sed demulces, sed attollis; neque vis tibi plura licere quàm nobis omnibus, tu solus tuimet victor. Te eheu; te ipsum vincere potuisse, luctuosâ occasione constabat, quum Maria Augusta quâ nulla ore amabilior, alloquio suavior terras reliquit. Emicuisse in reginæ gestu, in fronte, in oculis, majestas, candor, veneres, & quicquid delectationem & cultum unâ consiliaret. Si Octavius Augustus, si Germanicus, si Trajanus, Liviam, Agrippinam, Plotinam jactaverint, ecquid de heroinâ nostrâ non eloquerentur omnes? sed stillantes passim oculi, virtutes illius cœlestes fortius, nuperrimè enunciarunt.

Ipse quidem, Dive Gulielme, die isthâc à lachrymis non temperasti, sed postquam te esse conjugem amantissimum probasti, te esse Heroem etiam meministi. Rebus Britannicis denuò invigilas, & negocia publica solus sustines, neque magis patriam armis tutaris, quàm tuo ornas exemplo.

Ne miretur aliquis me finem collaudandi ignorare, quum tu finem mira præstandi nescias; sed in hoc minus stupenda sunt, quia tua. Monetam nostram diminutam & adulterinam invenisti, probam (sed serò sit utinam) relinques. Britanni etiam sub adventum tuum, molles & enerves, nil hodie, Cæsare duce, nisi victoriam spirant, nil nisi turpem famam metuunt. Dies me ante deficeret, quam gesta tua percurrerem, & qui tota recensere velit, quos tu emereris annos habiat necesse est.

Talia de Hercule, de Scipione, de Marcello finguntur, sed de te vel Majora certa sunt. Fama profectò tuâ usque adeo se diffudit, ubique gentium sic inclaruit, ut bellicosus Ille Russiæ imperator, gestorum æmulus, & nominis tui cultor, te visendi gratiâ, ab ultimo Septentrione

venerit ; tuo malens frui hospitio, tuas virtutes heroicas mirari, quam dignitatem Imperatoriam exercere, & qui eum domi manent triumphos, de Turcis Tartariſque de bellatis, agere ; & mox cùm eum Tu, Prometheus alter igne cœleſti animaveris, Tuo afflatus Genio, tuo numine plenus, ad implenda Græcorum vota & vaticinia redibit. Imperium Orientale auſpicaturus. Regna interim hæc uſque ad invidiam ſub auſpiciis tuis effloſcunt, qui tam Optimi Regis, quam Maximi Ducis omnes, numeros impleviſti. Reliqua inſuper Europa, quin, & ipſa Gallia, tam longis belli infortuniis vexata, ad regiam tuam Legatos mittunt, & finem miſeriarum expetunt. Precibus eorum annuens, ut Jupiter olim, natu tuo Orbem pacâſti. Nunc ſilent litui, nunc rubiginem trahunt arma, nunc redeunt ſæcula ut olim aurea, conquieſcant Cives, nec hoſtium incurſionibus divexantur Coloni. Deſinamus tandem omnes quærelarum, & trophæa tua unanimis concinamus, dum Te domum reducem, ſella curuli inſidentem, ſpoliis decoratum, tunicâ palmatâ, purpurâque indutum, lauro coronatum, Captivorum agmine pone veniente, expectant regna tua ; Galliâ denique in terminos proprios redactâ, Hiſpaniâ liberatâ, Belgiâ in tuto poſitâ, & Aquilæ Germanicæ alis ad Hungariæ fines expansis, Tibi ludos publicos inſtituemus, Teque Orbis Europæi vindicem, Te propugnatorem, Te Statorem grati nuncupabimus. Nec jaſtent Gallia regem ſuum dediffe Pacem, quam tot Urbium, tot provinciarum redditione impetravit. Emit ergo ſibi Pacem Ludovicus decimus quartus, dedit Gulielmus verè Magnus, idemque Chriſtianiffimus, Orbi Chriſtiano.

Vix impetum hic reſtimo, ſed quoniam princeps optimus geſta ſua reticere, quam juſtis ſuorum præconiis recenſeri mallet, & propriâ virtute, non alienis laudibus inclareſcit, ad alia tranſibo ; & vos omnes, collega, orabo, ut in quantum clementiſſimus totius terrarum orbis monarcha, regii hujus collegii patrocinium ſuſcipiat, aliquid

aliquid saltem tanto patrono dignum moliamini. Præsidis optimi doctissimique, & quamplurimorum hujusce qui adsunt societatis, exempla satis præclara vobis propono; Illi enim angustiarum & calamitatum alienarum participes, repositorium pharmacis omnimodis probe instructum, in egenorum levamen poni curarunt, si pietas itaque tanta, charitas tanta vos commovere valeat, si non in cæteris, in hoc tamen conformes estote obsecro; nisi eò ventum est, ut inimicos non solum foris, sed domi etiam inveniamus. Si statuta, si fides data, vana nomina sin', vestrà utcunque interest, collegæ, ne immunitates vestras villi faciant isti, qui vobis subservire debent, sed ut privilegia quæ à majoribus accepistis, posteris relinquatis. A vobis itaque obnixè peto, ut rursus in concordiam redeatis; ut litibus inter nos compositis, Societatis nostræ emolumento unà consulamus.

Res, tempus, necessitas, magis quam oratio mea vos hortentur. Nonne eò res devenit, ut nunc vereamini eos quibus vos decet esse terrori; quibus honesta & inhonesta omnia pariter lucro sunt; Qui eruditionis inopes, qui moribus inculti, qui omni posito pudore, ædes hæc funditus evertere satagunt; qui, quod spiramus, indignantur: sed licet discordiis nostris quam suis consiliis sint feliciores; intelligant tamen nos fortius vigilare ad collegii simul & populi salutem, quam ad perniciem illi. Vos interim collegæ, (agant inter se isti ut lubent) datæ fidei memores futuros spero. Plura dicerem si apud pertinaces valerent verba, nam ingenuis abundè dictam puto.

LUCRETII editionis Dedicatio
designata.

Serenissimo Principi

GEORGIO LUDOVICO,

• Brunf. & Lun. Duci, &c.

Princeps Serenissime,

SCRIPTOREM perlectu non indignum, summa
ut par est, observantiâ tuos ob oculos pono. Eru-
diatne utilius, an delectet elegantius, jure dubitemus.
Quamplurimi forsan putent, Dignitates tuæ me parum
rationem habere, quæ, quicquid forte deliraverim, au-
gusto tuo nomini consecrare voluerim : sed & clementiam
tuam & tenuitatem meam juxta novi. Eâ es humanitate
ut dum Heroem te probas maximum, Patronum te præbes
optimum. Incertum si in oppugnantem sis vehementior,
an supplicanti facilior. Si Lucretius his temporibus
vixisset, & de rebus quas fortiter susceperis & felicitate
perfeceris, certior factus esset, Providentiam divinam
gestis tuis annuentem, ipse ultrò agnosceret, & gerenda
non defuturam facile prædicaret. Neque adversus mortis
timorem validius quicquam statueret, quam Animi tuæ
Magnitudinem; neque dulcius solatium, quam vitæ
integritatem. Si magna, quæ molitus fuisti admodum
adhuc Adolescens, & ad ardua quæque subeunda natura
enumeranda forent; expugnatam Treverim, Viennam
liberatam transire nefas esset; quorum altera coronam
obsidionalem tibi donavit, muralem altera. Neque

in Hungaria præliantem tacerem, ubi in id Bellum incidisti, cujus altera pars sudoris nimium habuit, altera felicitatis parum. Atque res Imperatorias tu, Romani Imperii vindex, privato commodo habuisti potiores. De rebus in Holsatiâ gestis & compluribus aliis non filerem; neque quæ in Flandriâ, nupero exardente bello, sunt notiora, prætermitterem. Nunquis etiam ignorat, quanta ad Rhenum, Legionibus belli inexpertis, recens gesseris? Famâ propriâ Europæ saluti posthabita, victoris personam posuisti, ut patriæ Conservatoris indueres; & pulchrè statuisti te, cedendo gloriæ bellorum, aucturum tuam. Exercitum instructissimum dimisisti aliò ducendum, & tumultuario, per singulas Provincias censu conscripto præesse instituisti; eo certe consilio, ut nihil velles quod posses; eo exitu, ut ubique potueris quantum volueris & prudenter consulta tibi tam feliciter cessare, ut de Gallis tandem triumphâris. Sed vereor ne celsitudine tuæ sim molestior, quæ magna moliri, quam maxima de te reserferi malis; in appetenda Gloria ardentior; in ferenda moderatior; & licet Victorias novas prioribus cumules, verecundia tua usque adhuc restat invicta.

Non tibi, sed tuis te natum arbitraris, & otium, quod aliis paras, tibi soli denegas. Non de imperio proferendo certas, sed de Libertate vindicanda. Quis in hostem gravior? Quis in civem benignior? in Castris Disciplinam instituis; in tribunali justitiam; & jus cuique suum Dux & Princeps reddis, quod Miles & Civis exoptares.

Voluntas Principum est aliquando pro Legibus. Tu illis solum te nolles; sed salubriter latæ sive utiliter emendatæ tibi præcipue arrident; & tales constituis, quibus tui pareant, & quas ipse etiam serves; si quid imperant, imperas; si quid vetant, vetas; inde tibi cautum est, hoc ne agas; illud ut exequaris.

Te genus avitum, & jus à majoribus acceptum, tot seculorum insuper consuetudine approbatum, super cæteros extulerunt;

extulerunt; sed ea est moderatio tua, vix quicquam ut tibi, qui omnia potes, nisi quod jure fiat, permiffum velis. Non jus vi obrui finis potentiores ne humiliores opprimant, prohibes. Si studia leniora minus valeant, asperioribus invitus coerces, & severitatem clementiæ usque eò temperas ut metus frequentior, & poena rarior eveniat.

Non defunt Principes qui vix quicquam, si dominationi conducatur, turpe existimant; quicquid æquum est averfantur, quicquid iniquum, gratum habent; & probant improbantque, non prout ratio postulat, sed quemadmodum hortatur ambitio. Ipse id ante omnia consulis, rectamne sit an pravum, & ne vestigialibus tuos, ne armis vicinos opprimas, caves.

Plerique inani Dignitatis Imagine adducti, memores se esse Principes, se esse Homines sunt obliti. Tu, cum ab aulices curis vaces, non alio, quoquo te vertis, satellitio, nisi piis intuentium votis stipatus incedis; & eo aliis es major, quo aliis te reddis magis parem. Nonnulli in consiliis capiendis mobiles, non nisi blanditiis insidiantibus aurem admovent, & aliorum merita, non proprio judicio, sed adulatorem arbitrio metiuntur. Tu in sententia constans, & adulationem procul amovens, ad aliorum nutum te minimè convertis. Infantes te habent propugnatorem; absentes vindicem; facinorum præclare gestorum ii te prædicatorem inveniunt, quibus antea fueras exemplo; & quicquid fieri, ut dux jussis factis, ut commilito, gratularis. Te maximè laudat que verissima refert, siue Virtutes tuas, siue Majorum recordetur. Erat tibi Pater Harum genere natus, bellicorum pariter Munerum atque civilium summè peritus. Superest Mater longo Regum ordine genus deducens, & animi magnitudine supra scæminam conspicua, nihil muliebri præ se ferens, præter hilaritatem priscam & gratam oris venustatem.

Juvat denique Filium memorare, Europæ spem alteram,

teram, optimâ indole Principem, artibus omnigenis instructissimum, & ob mores amabiles æque infimis atque summis charum. Qui Gloriam, Virtutis tuæ æmulus, more tuo adipiscitur; adeptam more tuo parvi ducit. Nescio an Famæ cursum impleveris jam ipse magis fortiter, an inchoaverit ille feliciter, pro mortalitate à Parente acceptâ immortalitatem redditurus. Quantum in armis sit, certò scimus; quantus evasurus, auguramur; proinde quo optimè laudemus Patrem, Filium oportet nominentus. Quid Votorum superest, nisi ut bene meritus est ab omnibus, summo in honore habeatur ab omnibus? Quæ de te vulgavit Fama, læti accipimus, grati recognoscimus. In moribus inest Humanitas, in officiis Probitas, in verbis Fides; & qualis haberi velis, talem te esse lætaris. Cum regina proinde optima (quam Dii immortales diutissimè servent) extremum reddiderit spiritum, te tuosque Senatus Populusque Britannus certatim ad se accersent, genti universæ quam elicissimè imperaturos.

Epitaphium GEORGI Comitis de Huntingdon.

Hic situs est
 Georgius Comes de Huntingdon,
 Præclara Hastingorum Prosapia
 Natus;
 Et Nepte ex Plantagenetorum stemmate
 Oriundus;
 Literarum humaniorum Cultor indefessus;
 In Aulâ ornatissimus;
 In Acie imperterritus:
 Ubique probus.

T anta

Tanta fuit ei morum suavitas.
 Cum Gravitate Comitas,
 Cum Fide Urbanitas;
 Haud quicquam ceteris commune habuit,
 Nisi quod mori potuerit.
 Tantos Animi Candor ingenuus
 Ut tot numeraverit Amicos,
 Quot Familiare.
 Procul habuit Molitiem atque Inertiam
 Turpè existimans,
 Queis Dignitate præstitit,
 Ab His Virtutè superari.
 Flagrante per Europam Bello,
 Salutis publicæ quam suæ studiosior,
 Ad Rem militarem exercendam
 Se contulit.
 Obsessis
 Venloâ, Ruremondâ, Kallervertâ,
 Quæ fortiter, sub Duce Marlburgensi, tentavit.
 Feliciter perfecit;
 Quorum tamen oblivionem maluit
 Quam Gloriam.

Obiit Kal. Mart. viii. Ætæ
 Christianæ CLOCCVI.

Ætat. xvi.

To Mr GAY on his Poems.

WHEN Fame did o'er the spacious plain
 The lays she once had learn'd repeat;
 All listn'd to the tuneful strains,
 And wonder'd who could sing so sweet.

'Twas

'Twas thus. The Graces held the lyre,
Th' harmonious frame the muses strung,
The loves and smiles compos'd the choir,
And Gay transcrib'd what Phœbus sung.

To the merry Poetaster at Sadlers-Hall
in Cheapside.

Unwieldy pedant, let thy aukward muse
With censures praise, with flatteries abuse.
To last, and not be felt, in thee's an art;
Thou ne'er mad'st any, but thy school-boys, smart.
Then be advis'd, and scribble not agen;
Thou'rt fashion'd for a flail, and not a pen.
If B——l's immortal wit thou would'st descry,
Pretend 'tis he that writ thy poetry.
Thy feeble satire ne'er can do him wrong;
Thy poems and thy patients live not long.

ADDITIONS

ADDITIONS

TO THE WORKS OF WILLIAM WALSH, Esq;

On the Author of a Dialogue concerning
Women, pretended to be writ in De-
fence of the Sex.

NEAR Covent-Garden theatre, where you know
Poets their sense, players their shapes do shew,
There is a club of critics of the pit,
Who do themselves admire for men of wit;
And lo! an arbitrary power assume
On plays and ladies both to pass their doom;
Censure all things and persons, priest and prince,
And judge them by the standard of their sense:
But scan these sparks, or by their words and mien,
You'll find them fop without, and fool within.
One of these brats dress'd up in shape of satire,
Comes forth to be the ladies vindicator:

And

And since for chivalry he claims no warrant,
 Instead of knight sets up for poet-errant.
 Bless us! said I, what mighty hero's here?
 He thunders so, 'tis dangerous to come near.
 The beauteous sex may set their hearts at rest;
 Of all their patrons, sure this is the best.
 This great dead-doing champion of the quill,
 Will all the fry of leud lampooners kill;
 Then to begin with Dryden's dreadful name,
 Shou'd mark out something of no common fame.

But when the boasted matter I had read,
 I found my expectation was misled,
 And that the poet, though he does pretend
 To do them justice, is no woman's friend.
 Misogynes is made to shoot with ball,
 Philogynes allow'd no charge at all.
 And howsoever he disguise the matter,
 To publish the first part, he writ the latter.

He that but strictly marks the whole design,
 May trace the prefacer in every line;
 And tho' he did not own the wanton ape,
 He nurs'd the cub, and lick'd it into shape.
 And, ladies, now without the help of day,
 You may discern who does the weapon sway,
 And brandishes his pen against your credit;
 To Mr. Eat-finger himself that did it.
 He that sits silent in his wits defence,
 Whose mouth is fill'd with fist instead of sense;
 Or else he crams his hand into his jaws,
 Like Russian bears that live upon their paws.
 At coffee-house among the men of worth,
 He goggles like a quaker holding forth.
 Like an Endymion he can court the moon,
 And bark at her bright glories when h'as done;
 Or like the mouse in fable he can plead,
 He has deserv'd t'aspire to princess' bed,

Till

NO Additions to the WORKS of

Till for his daring arrogance he's spurn'd,
And all his sop pretensions over-turn'd;
Then like the little vermin speaks and dies,
Or prints a book of ladies cruelties.
This is the fool, fair ladies, that does haunt you,
That will from dressing-room or play gallant you.
W—— he is call'd, what name so much renown'd,
Through all the realms of nonsense can be found?

To a Lady who sent him the foregoing Verses into the Country.

I Receiv'd a copy of verses from you last post, with
a command (for the requests of fair ladies are always
commands to me) that I shou'd answer 'em. I would
serve you, madam, you may be sure, in any thing that
was in my power, but this I must own is quite beyond
it; and after having read them over, I found myself ut-
terly unable to cope with so dead-doing an author: I
sent therefore immediately to the clerk of the parish (a
very honest man, a good weaver, and no ill critick I can
assure you, as criticks go) to beg the favour of him, that
he wou'd come and assist me in the thing. With his
help, madam, I read 'em over again: We both agreed,
that there were never words better chosen, verse more
delicately turn'd, satire more fine, or raptures more
poetical. As for example:

Bless us! said I, what mighty hero's here?
He thunders so, 'tis dangerous to come near.
The beauteous sex may set their hearts at rest;
Of all their patrons, sure this is the best.

The clerk indeed made some exceptions to the lines that follow:

But when the boasted matter I had read,
I found my expectation was mislead.

He said he cou'd not imagine, that so wise a person as the author of those verses cou'd be misled in any thing.

And, ladies, now

(An apostrophé to the ladies:)

without the help of day,

O God, madam, by a rush-light as plain as can be,

You may discern who does the weapon sway.

If it were not too great a trouble to the author, I wou'd desire to know of him who it is that does sway the weapon; for sometimes he makes us believe it is the prefacer, and sometimes the pretended author:

And brandishes his pen against your credit,

To Mr. Eat-finger himself that did it.

This last was so very good a conceit, and so very new, that I thought the clerk wou'd have died with laughing at it. Well, said he, (when he had a little recover'd himself) that Eat-finger is so ingenious, that a man might have made five or six very good verses of that one thought. Set your heart at rest, said I, and see if this author has not as much management as he has wit.

He that sits silent in his wit's defense,

I warrant this poet never sat silent in his life,

Whose

Whose mouth is fill'd with fift instead of sense,
Or else he crams his hand into his jaws :

That is to say, either he eats his fingers, or fills his mouth with his fift, or crams his hand into his jaws. Never were there fancies more sublime, or more variety of 'em put together.

At coffee-house among the men of worth,

Observe here, madam, if you please, a new argument for rhyme, and that is the civility and good-breeding which proceed from it. Had it not been for the rhyme's sake, those who were fops and fools in the beginning of the poem, had little reason to expect to be adopted men of worth in the latter part of it.

He goggles like a quaker holding forth.

This we both allow'd to be the very best jest of all. It is true, indeed, the clerk (who is a very good-natur'd man, tho' perhaps a little too curious in his criticisms) said, he cou'd not find any very great resemblance between a man who sat silent, and a quaker that was holding forth. But I told him, he must suppose it was a quaker holding forth at a silent meeting.

Like an Endymion he can court the moon,
And bark at her bright glories when he's done.

The clerk told me, he doubted the author was mistaken here: For as the story has been always written, Endymion did not make love to the moon, but the moon to Endymion. And as for the barking, he assur'd me he had it from an ancient Greek manuscript, whose author

was intimately acquainted with Endymion; and protests, that he never saw a man less apt to bark at people in his life than he was. But if all the little curs of the town have always bark'd at the moon, it is very hard that Endymion, who was never known to bark at any body, must be supposed the author of all that noise. But pray, madam, inform yourself a little better from the author of what follows: Was there ever any mouse? Or was there any fable wherein there was a mouse?

— did plead,

He had deserv'd t'aspire to princess bed?

For if the thing be really true, it was the most impudent mouse that ever I heard of; and we must, both the clerk and I, agree with the author, in the just resentment he shews for so horrible a presumption.

But to be a little more serious, madam: Tho' I can allow a jest as far as any body, yet I wou'd not have people imagine I shall bear such things as these. You may advise the author therefore, for his own sake, to keep his name conceal'd. How great soever his quality may be (for if I can guess at all at him, he's a person of considerable quality) let him not imagine that shall protect him from my revenge. Had the great Mogul written such a copy of verses against me (not that I have any particular pique to the great Mogul) without my respect at all to his quality, I wou'd have printed the verses, and put his name to 'em. However, madam, in the midst of my fury, he shall see how much more like a christian I treat him, than he has done me: For tho' he has maliciously insinuated, that Mr. Dryden writes for me, and that I am covetous of M. L. D's. company, yet I must do him the justice to declare, I do not in the least believe Mr. Dryden has any hand in his works, or

I

that

Additions to the WORKS of
that he ever found any great satisfaction in the Con-
versation of M. L. D. I am,

Madam, Your, &c.

The clerk presents his service to the author, and has
written the inclosed, which he desires may be deliv-
ed to him.

To the most Noble Author of that in-
comparable Poem, on the Author of
a Dialogue concerning Women, &c.

Most noble Sir,

YOU cannot imagine with what unexpressible sa-
tisfaction I read over your late poem. It pleases me
extremely to see, that notwithstanding the endeavours
of our enemies, the wits, there are still some generous
spirits who tread in the steps of our predecessors, and
imitate those hidden graces that lie undiscover'd in the
works of Mr. Thomas Sternhold, and Mr. Robert Wa-
dum of blessed memory; I have seen several modern
lampoons that have gone some steps towards it; but
I may say without flattery, I have seen no man who
has gone so far in it as yourself. And whereas most of
the pieces now in vogue are dull, flat things, taken
from the ancients; yours is brisk, sharp, and all your
own: Envy itself cannot say you have stoln one good
thing from any body; and truly I think it will be
very difficult for any man to steal one from you. There
is a saying of Virgil's concerning Homer, (for I would
scorn to compare such a Poet as you to any thing but
the

(than Homer) that it was easier to take the club from Hercules, than a verse from him. What was perhaps, but a compliment when said of Homer's verses, may, with a great deal of justice be affirmed of your jests. I do no less approve your generosity in undertaking the moon's cause, than your address in the management of it: I fancy, if your modesty wou'd give you leave to own it, you are deeper in her favour than ever Endymion was: At least all the world must own she has a very great influence upon you; and I fancy your fit of poetry comes upon you when she is at the full. No more at present, but that with all due respects to her and the mouse presented, I remain

Yours,

while W. S.



WILLIAM WALTER HARRIS

100



A
DIALOGUE
Concerning
WOMEN,
Being a Defence of the SEX:
WRITTEN TO
EUGENIA.

DIALOGUE

Concerning

WOMEN

Being a Defence of the Sex

WRITTEN TO

EUGENIA

DEFENCE OF THE FAIR SEX.

TO EUGENIA.

IT is a dangerous thing, madam, it must be confessed, this conversing with fair ladies; and it draws us into inconveniences, of which we do not at first see the consequences. I little thought, when I talked with your ladyship, of the virtues of your sex, that you would have commanded me to have given my sentiments upon that subject in writing. I grant you, madam, you might have spoken to several of your acquaintance, who would have undertaken the business at first word, with all the courage imaginable; but to me, who never durst take pen in hand to write any thing beyond a billet, the enterprise seems very terrible. I confess, when you spoke to me of it first, I was well enough pleased with the design; for I thought a defence of the sex would be a means of obliging all the sex, who were worth defending; and therefore look'd upon it as the writing a circular love-letter to all the fair ladies in the kingdom. But as men generally mix interest

with honour, so upon second thoughts, I considered what I should get by it, besides fame, if it should succeed; and I found, if I persuaded all men to be as passionate servants to the ladies as myself, I should make but a very indifferent hand of it, thus, madam, you would engage me in a controversy, where it would be a scandal to be vanquish'd, and a disadvantage to overcome; For I, who could never succeed in an amour where there was any fool pretended besides myself, should have great hopes indeed, when I had persuaded all mankind to be my rivals. After all, madam, there were your commands to encourage me to it; and the commands of a fair lady are to me beyond all the arguments in nature; I therefore resolved upon the undertaking. But as it is no new thing to see people undertake a business that they are altogether unable to perform, so I must own, I found a thing of this nature quite beyond my strength: you may believe, madam, I was very melancholy at it, and it was then that a friend coming into my chamber, asked me the occasion. As I never love to conceal any thing that afflicts me from a friend, so I presently told him the business, that a lady had commanded me to write her a treatise in defence of women. If that be all (says he briskly) I am come to your deliverance; for this very morning have I been at a conversation, where the question concerning the virtues and vices of that sex, has been handled as fully as can be desired. Thou appearest to me, my dear friend, (said I, embracing him) like my better genius, and therefore, without any farther ceremony, sit down and give me an account of the conference.

Taking a walk (says he) this morning in St. James's Park, with several of my acquaintance, there was one among the rest, who was all the while either gazing upon the ladies as they came by, or speaking with that indifference to us, that made us very plainly see, he did

not

not mind the subject of our discourse, tho' we talked of all the most considerable things that offer themselves in such conversations. (A very strange man this, madam, who was thinking upon some mistress, I warrant, when they were raising taxes, and beating the French.) Another, who was a person of excellent sense, and had a particular friendship for this, tho' they would often dispute about their several thoughts of women, in which point they could never agree: (I wonder they should dispute about that, madam, for the greatest disputes in those cases are, when they do agree) began to rally him upon this subject; which he did so handsomly, that he pleased the rest of the company very well, without displeasing his friend in the least. Philogynes (which was the name of the first, as Mysogynes was of the other) (here, madam, I must confess, I fancied my friend put false names upon me; for besides, that I remember neither of these families in England, the one, you must know, signifies a woman-hater, and the other a woman-lover) cried to Misogynes, tho' I allow you to rally me as much as you please, and am glad of any occasion I can give you, to exercise a talent you possess in so eminent degree, yet I hope you do not in earnest think the conversation of women so ridiculous as you would make us believe. Ten times worse, said Misogynes, than I can represent it; and since we have often had slight skirmishes upon that occasion, and we have now time enough to fight it out, if you have the courage to lose one morning's gazing at them, I challenge you to the private walk by the canal-side, to defend their cause: and these gentlemen, if they please shall be our judges. Tho' I am very unwilling, answered Philogynes, to lose a morning that has called out all the best company of the town, yet since it is in defence of the ladies, and you so boldly challenge me, I take you at your word, upon condition, that if I get the better in the judgment of these gentlemen,

you

you shall engage to be in love by to-morrow morning. Upon condition, that if I overcome, said Misogynes, you will engage to be out of love by the same time, I agree. That is no equal stake, replied Philogynes, for it is to lay happiness against unhappiness; however, I am so well satisfied of my cause, that I will undertake you, even upon those odds.

Upon this agreement we walked all to the other side of the park, full of expectation of the event of the debate; when we were come thither, we found we had the whole walk to ourselves, and so Misogynes who gave the challenge, began in this manner:

The propagation of mankind being the only way to preserve it from extinction; and the copulation with women being the only means that nature has ordained to that end; there is no doubt but all commonwealths ought to give any reasonable encouragements to it; I have therefore always admir'd the wisdom of those governments that incited, or compelled their subjects to marry, as a thing so much more necessary to mankind in general, than pleasing to any one in particular; but that a man should, out of a mere act of judgment, run after women; that he should find delight in their company, is so very extraordinary, that the wise men of old thought it hardly possible, otherwise they had had no need of making such severe laws to force them to it, as they did.

Your ladyship, who is so well versed in Greek and Roman authors, knows, that amongst the * Spartans, they who lived long bachelors were condemned to ignominious punishments, and debarred the privileges of other citizens. That the † Cretans had a law to com-

* Plutarch in life of Lycurgus.

† Strabo, lib. 10.

pel all the handsomest young men to marry; as the † Thrusians had to invite them to it, both by honours and rewards. That ‖ Plato ordains, that whoever lived a bachelor to the five and thirtieth year of his age should be capable of no honour in his commonwealth: and that the § Romans did not only take all care imaginable to encourage people to marriage, but frightened them into it by punishments, if they refused.

Notwithstanding this, had you a design of marrying them, I should not altogether so much condemn you; nay, had you but a design of enjoying them without it, there might be somewhat still alledged in your excuse. How unjustifiable soever such a design may be as to the moral part, the action itself is very agreeable to the natural. But to pick them out only for the benefit of their conversation, to fall in love with their understandings, and to leave the company of wise men for handsome women, is just the same thing as if you should choose rather to eat jays and parrots, than woodcocks and patridges, because the feathers of the former make the finer shew.

It is a very good, as well as a very general way, to guess at people by the company they keep; and thus we may give a great judgment of the female sex, by a view of those with whom they are the most pleased of our own. Well, let them appear then; what do you find? Fine coats, large cravat-strings, and good peri-wigs, I must own, but for any thing else, they and their perriwig-blocks are critics alike. It is true, to do them justice, they talk most learnedly of points and ribbons; have most mathematical heads for the erecting

† Diod. Sicul. Lib. 1.

‖ Ibid. Lib. 4, & 6.

§ Aul. Gel. lib. 1. cap. 6. Sueton. in life of Augustus. Dion in ibid. Lucius Florus. Livy, lib. 59.

of ladies topknots, make as considerable figures, talk as loud, and laugh more than any in drawing-rooms and play-houses; and those who know nothing of their language, would take them, by their gestures to be the wittiest persons in Christendom; but if unluckily you understand them, you will find it only false fire, and that all this violent laughter is produced by no jest. Then take them out of their own element, begin a discourse of any thing that is worth knowing, they are dumb: Out of modesty? No; but they hate to talk of things that are grossier; and the pedantry of scholars, and gravity of men of business, is utterly unfit for a gentleman.

Were it nothing but the company of such sort of creatures as these, it would be enough, I should think, to frighten a man of sense from them. Can you see these fops, as much as you are used to them, without laughing? except it rather makes you blush to think you should bring yourself into competition with such tools, as they are: I am far from blaming them for following the ladies: they avoid the company of men who despise them, for that of women who admire them: nor do I find fault with the ladies for being pleased with them; for since likeness, they say breeds love, what wonder is it they are fond of those men whose follies make them most like themselves? but for a man who has some pretences to wit and learning; for one who might be acceptable to men of sense, to run after them: nay, for a man who spends all the morning in the study of Homer and Aristotle, to spend the afternoon among the impertinencies of women, puts me in mind of the mountebank-stages in Naples, where the jesuits and jackpuddings entertain the spectators by turns.

It is possible, you will say, that all this makes for you: that the faults of your rivals render your virtues the more remarkable, and that there is no doubt, but a man
of

of merit may succeed in any place where a man of no merit may pretend; but, alas! Sir, you deceive yourself very much if you encourage that opinion. Had you fit judges, there is no doubt but you were in the right: but if the fairest lady in Christendom were amongst the Indians, where they paint the devil of her colour, do you expect they should do her beauty justice? or if a slender man were among the Muscovites, do you think they would admire him for being well shaped, where they thought none but big belly'd men to be so? Credit me, Sir, a man who leaves his parts to the judgment of women, is very near the same circumstances: will you not believe me in that case, because I profess an enmity to them? You do well: but will you believe themselves? View all the town, take good notice: among all the young heiresles who run away from their guardians, is there any one who does it with a man of sense? Among all those widows who ruin themselves by second marriages, is there any one who does it with a man of sense? Among all those ladies who cuckold their husbands, is there any one who does it with a man of sense? We see them do these things every day with chaplains, dancing-masters, butlers, and footmen. Who are the men that shew the tender billets received? What are they who boast of the favours of all the finest women in town? Are they not the most despicable of mankind? Are they not such whose conversation is the jest of men of sense? And have they above one thing about them that distinguishes them from the other sex?

After all, Sir, are not the women in the right in this point? Or do they ever shew more judgment than when they pitch upon such men? What do they look for in a husband but one who will admire them, who will be governed by them, and upon whom all their little tricks will pass? and who but fools are fit for that? What do they propose in a gallant, but giving them pleasure without

out scandal? And to the former part they have a received notion of the ability of fools: Then for the scandal, who so likely to give none as those men, whom the world will hardly believe were favoured by them, tho' they took their oaths upon it? For notwithstanding experience teaches us the contrary, yet people are apt to fancy a man of sense must succeed before a coxcomb; and will rather believe the former are favoured, tho' they swear they are not; than the latter, tho' they swear they are,

But, alas! fir, men of sense they think know them, and that they take, as well as I do, to be a sure means to hinder their being in love. It was upon this account that * Solomon gives such severe characters of them in his Proverbs; that † Euripides represented them so faithfully as to get the name of the woman hater; that ‡ Simonides has distinguished them into so many sorts of evil things; that § Lucian has so naturally described their tricks; that ¶ St. Chrysostom has made such a severe invective against them; that * Juvenal has given his friend such counsel against having any thing to do with them; and in fine, it is upon the same account that all the epigrammatists, comic poets, and satirists are so continually exposing them to the world, making their follies ridiculous, and their vices odious. It is upon the same account likewise, that to call a man effeminate, has always been reckoned such a reproach; and that to say a man is governed by a woman, has been one of the worst characters you could give of his understanding.

See here a dreadful army, madam, against us, I asked my friend what these gentlemen had said upon this oc-

* Chap. 7, &c.

† V. Stobæi Senten. cap. Vituperio Mulierum.

‡ See the dialogues of the Courtisans and that of Love.

§ Homily on the beheading St. John Baptist.

* Satiric 6th. cation

casion? He told me, Juvenal had written a very severe satire (the VIth) against women, which I should see very much to its advantage, if I would consult Mr. Dryden's translation of it. For Simonides, he told me, he had written Iambics against them, in which he divides them into ten sorts. The first he said was descended from a sow, (you will find very noble families among them, madam) and she was slutish: The second from a fox, and she understands every thing, and has a great deal of good in her, and a great deal of ill too: The third from a dog, and she is prying about, and snarling at every body: The fourth is made of the earth, and she understands nothing but how to fill her belly, and sit by the fire-side: The fifth of the sea, and she is changeable and inconstant; sometimes in a calm, and then on a sudden in a storm: the sixth is made of ashes, and a labouring ass, (an odd composition you will say) and she is scarce driven to her business with threatnings or force, but crams herself night and day, and lies with every one that comes; (now whether she takes this quality of lying with all who come, from the father's side, or the mother's side, I cannot absolutely determine.) The seventh was descended from a pole-cat, and she is nauseous and stinking: The eighth from a mare, and she never cares to do any work, and minds nothing but appearing neat and fine: The ninth from a monkey, and her ugliness is a jest to every body: The tenth from a bee, and she makes an excellent wife. † There is a story also of this Simonides, that being asked about a wife, he said, she was the shipwreck of man, the tempest of a house, the disturber of rest, the prison of life, a daily punishment, a sumptuous conflict, a beast in company, a necessary evil. And ‡

† Camerar. Hist. Lib. 3. Cap. 11.

‡ On Matt, Chap. xix.

St. Chrystom, besides the homily upon the beheading St. John Baptist, which is almost all an invective against women, says in another place, what is a wife? The enemy of love, the inevitable pain, the necessary evil, the natural temptation, a desirable calamity, a domestical peril, a pleasing damage. Thus you see these ancients, madams, had a very commendable faculty of calling names: What think you, might not the matrons of Billingsgate improve in their conversation? But it is natural when people cannot convince our reason to endeavour to move our passions.

I know you will object against these, Anacreon, Theocritus, Catullus, Tibullus, Ovid, Horace, Propertius, and all those poets and wits, ancient and modern, who pleas'd themselves, whilst they lived, in the pursuit of women, and have render'd themselves immortal after their death, by the trophies they rais'd to them. It is confessed, that spending their time upon the sex, they ought to know them best: But on the other side, to excuse their own spending their time, ought to represent them as favourably as possible; and yet, pray what is the account they give us of them? Do they not all with one consent complain, either of the cruelty or falshood of their mistresses? Are not their books full of quarrels, piques and jealousies? and do they not shew the levity, perjury, and lewdness of the sex; Does not § Anacreon, and a hundred more, tell you, they mind nothing but wealth? (This complaint of the love of wealth, and invectives against it, has been very ancient, and very gene-

§ Γένος ἔδην εἰς ἔρωτα
 Σοφίη, τρόπος πατρίτας,
 Μόνοι ἀργυροὶ βλέπουσιν.

al amongst the poets; besides this Greek, * Horace,
† Ovid, ‡ Tibullus, and || Propertius, make them, a
amongst the Romans; § Marino, ** Guarini among the

• — fore enim tutum iter & patens

Converso in pretium deo, Lib. 3. Od. 16. speaking of Ju-
piter and Danae.

† Ingenium quondam fuerat pretiosius auro,

At nunc barbaria est grandis, habere nihil.

Ecce recens dives, parto per vulnera censu,

Præfertur nobis, sanguine factus, eques,

Curia pauperibus clausa est. Dat census honores,

V. Amor, &c. Lib. 3. El. 3.

† Ad dominam faciles aditus per carmina quero:

At mihi per cædem & facinus sunt dona paranda.

Sed pretium si grande feras, custodia victa est,

Nec prohibent claves, & canis ipse tacit. Lib. 2. El. 4.

|| Nulla est poscendi, nulla est reverentia dandi.

Aut si qua est pretio, tollitur ipsa mora.

Aurea nunc verè sunt secula, plurimus auro.

Venit honos, auro conciliatur amor. Lib. 3. El. 11.

§ Da te chi se difende?

Quà pensier fermi, e casti

Non atterri, e non guasti?

Chi teco unqua contende?

Chi vinto non se rende?

Qual non cade, o non cede

Forte cor, falsa voglia, intera sedg?

Anch egli amor lo strale

Già d'oro, e d'or lo cocca

Onde qual honor lo scocca

E bella Donna affale,

Stampa piaga mortale

Là doue ogni altra punta

D'impionbate quadrel si spezza, e spunta.

Mar. Rim. par secunda Canzon. 15. L'oro.

** Le Richezze, li Tesori

Son insensati Amori, Past. Fido. Chor. del Atto ado.

K

Italians;

Italians; * Conde de Villa Mediana, and † Quevedo amongst the Spaniards; † Ronfard among the French; and || Cowley amongst us: for you must know, madam, these poets were a sort of people, who were never very remarkable for their making large jointures; their estates generally lie upon Parnassus, where land lets worse than it does in Ireland: Nor do I remember to have read in any history, of poets who deferr'd the enjoyment of their mistresses for the drawing of writings.) Does not § Theocritus make continual complaints of the cruelty of his mistress? Does not * Catullus tell you, that his Lesbia lay with all the town? and † that what any woman says to her lover, ought to be writ in wind, or running streams? Does not † Tibullus complain, that he had taught his mistress to deceive her guards so long, that she learnt to deceive him too? Does not || Ovid lie

- * De tus flechas por ser d'oro
Ninguna lei se deffiede.
- † El Rico està en toda parte,
Siempre a proposito viene,
No ay cosa que se le esconda,
No ay puerta que se le cierra. *Quevedo. Thal. Rom. 37.*
- † Celui devoit mourir de l'Eclat du Tonnerre
Qui premier decouvrit les mines de la terre. *Ronfard. El. 8.*
- || 'Tis all against the love of money.
§ Idyll. 3. 10, 11, 14, 20.
- * Illa Lesbia quam Catullus unam
Plus quam se atque suos amavit omnes,
Nunc in quadrivlis, & angiportis
Glubit magnanimos Remi nepotes. *Catull. 59.*
- † ----- mulier cupido quod dicit amanti,
In vento, & rapidâ scribere oportet aquâ.
- † Ipse miser docui quo posset ludere pacto
Custodes, cheu nunc premor arte meâ. *Lib. 1. El. 7.*
- || Ergo ego nescio cui quem tu complexa tenebas
Excubui clausam servus ut ante domum. *lib. 3. El. 11.*

at his mistress's door all night, whilst an inconsiderable fellow has got into her arms? Does not Horace complain of the § cruelty of two mistresses, and the • perjury and the inconstancy of three or four more? And does not † Propertius, besides his own Cynthia's falshood, cry out of the incontinence of the sex in general? I know not what your success in love may have been; but till you tell me the contrary, I can hardly believe it better than these mens. For what qualification can there be to make a woman kind and constant, that they had not? Anacreon appears to be one of the gayest humour'd men that ever was born; Theocritus the most tender and natural in his poems; Catullus was without a rival the greatest wit of his age; Tibullus was not only the smoothest and delicatest of the Roman poets, but also the most beautiful person of his time; Ovid and Propertius, as neither of them wanted love, so never had any a more soft and tender way of expressing it; and Horace, besides the talent of crying up his mistresses, and pleasing their vanity that way, had the pleasantest manner of exposing the follies of his rivals, and the severest of revenging the ‡ falshood or unkindness of his mistresses, of any man in the world. And yet none of all these could, by their own confession, keep a woman to themselves, or even teach them cunning enough to jilt them so, that they should never find it out; which || Ovid tells us frankly, was all he desired from them.

K 2

From

§ Lib. 1. Od. 27. Lib. 3. Od. 10. 26.

• Lib. 1. Od. 13. Lydia, Lib. 2. Od. 8. Barine, Lib. 3. Od. 9. Lydia again, Epod. 15. Neera.

† Lib. 2. El. 18. upon Cynthia's falshood. Lib. 3. El. 17. De incontinentiâ mulierum.

‡ See Lib. 1. Od. 25. Lib. 3. Od. 15. Lib. 4. Od. 13. Epod. 8. 12.

|| Non ego ne pecces cum sis formosa, recusô;

Sed ne sit misero scire necesse mihi,

Lib. 3. El. 14.

From this, madam, you may please to observe, that jilting is no such new thing as some people would make us believe, tho' methinks these poets are dangerous persons to jilt, since it is remembered against their mistresses, near two thousand years after.

And in effect, what but ruin and desolation proceeds from them? Who was the betrayer of § Samson, but Dalilah? Who was the cause of the destruction of * Troy, but Helen? Of † Agamemnon's death, but Clytemnestra? Of ‡ Hercules's, but Deianira? Who advised the burning of || Persepolis, but Thais? Who ruin'd § Hannibal's army, but the Capuan women? Who lost * Mark Antony the world, but Cleopatra? Why should I burden you with instances, when every country can furnish examples enow of their own? What made such confusion in † Justinian's court, but Theodora? What caused the revolt in the low countries, but the government of the ‡ princess of Parma? Who made such dreadful disturbances in || Scotland, as their queen Mary? And who raised the greatest persecution for religion, that ever England saw, but our own queen of the same name?

But certainly they must have some very great perfections to make amends for all these faults: well then, let us see what they are! Let us view these pleasant comfits that are to make the poison go down: let us enjoy a little of that conversation, that is diversive

§ Judges, Chap. 16.

* Vide Homer.

† Velleius, Lib. 1. Euseb, Chron. Soph. in Electra. Euripid. in Oreste.

‡ Ovid. Metam. Lib. 8.

|| Quint. Curt. Lib. 5.

§ Livy, Lib. 3. Dec. 3.

* Plutarch in Vit. Anton.

† Procop. Arec.

‡ Strada. Bentivoglio, Garnier, &c.

|| Buchanan and Knox.

enough to make people neglect all their danger. Sit in one of their drawing-rooms all day; observe the discourse which passes; is it not a tedious repetition of the same impertinencies over and over again, to every new visitant? And is not one half of that spent in censuring all the town, and the other half in railing at those who censure? Do they not inveigh against the lampooners, and at the same time talk as scandalously as they can write? The horrid affectation, the ridiculous vanity, the gross dissimulation, and the inveterate malice that appears in all their discourses, are things for which I should think all the paint on their faces could not make amends. For my own part, I confess, I have been fool enough to be in love too, and have follow'd women upon that account, but to another sort of end, than you say you do: but when that end was once satisfied, to talk with them afterwards, was as great a penance to me, as it would be to sit in a greasy cook's shop when my belly was full.

This Misogynes is a very rude fellow, and I am sure your ladyship will be of my opinion, that his last simile was very fulsome. It is a sign he hates women; for had he conversed with them, they would have taught him better manners.

But there are doubtless, you will say, women of understanding: pray where are they? Is it your prudent woman, your good housewife, who is plaguing all the world with her management, and instructing every body how to feed geese and capons? Or is it your politician, who is always full of business, who carries a secretary of state's office in her head, and is making her deep observations upon every day's news? Or is it your learned woman, who runs mad for the love of hard words, who talks a mist jargon, or *Lingua Franca*, and has spent a great deal of time to make her capable of talking non-sense in four or five several languages?

What think you, Sir, do you not wish for your visitant again, as the more tolerable folly of the two? Do not you think learning and politics become a woman as ill as riding astride? And had not the duke of § Britany reason, who thought a woman knowing enough, when she could distinguish between her husband's shirt and his breeches?

Do not you, in answer to these, fetch me a Sappho out of Greece; a Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, out of Rome; an Anna Maria Schurman out of Holland; and think that in shewing three learned women in three thousand years, you have gained your point; and from some few particular instances, proved a general conclusion: if I should bring you half a dozen magpies that could talk, and as many horses that could dance, you would not, I suppose for all that, choose out the one to converse with, or the other to walk a corant.

But would you see them to their best advantage? Would you have their wit, courage, and conduct display'd? Take them upon the business of lust; that can make Sappho witty, Aloisia eloquent, a country-wife politic: that can humble † Messalina's pride to walk the streets; that can make tender † Hippia endure the incommodities of a sea-voyage; can support the queen of † Sheba in a journey to Solomon, and make ‖ Thelstris search out Alexander the great: in this particular, I must confess, we ought to submit to them, and with shame allow them the preference. I cannot reflect upon the stories of § Semiramis's lying with all the handsomest men in her army, and putting them to death

§ Montagne's essays, book 1. chap. 24. Mad. Gourmay
L'Égalité des Deux Sexes.

† Vide Juvenal. 6. Sat.

‖ Quint. Curt. Lib. 6.

† 1 Kings x. 2. 2 Chron. ix.

§ Diod. Sicul. Cap. 2.

afterwards

afterwards; of her offering her son the last favour; of
 • Messalina the empress's prostituting herself in the
 public stews; and of queen † Joan of Naples providing
 a bath under her window, where she might see all the
 lustiest young men naked, and take her choice out of
 them, without such an admiration as their heroic
 actions deserve. ‡ Sapho, as she was one of the wittiest
 women that ever the world bred, so she thought with
 reason it would be expected she should make some ad-
 ditions to a science in which all womankind had been
 so successful: what does she then? Not content with
 our sex, she begins amours with her own, and teaches
 us a new sort of sin, that was follow'd not only in ||
 Lucian's time, but is practis'd frequently in || Turkey at
 this day. You cannot but be sensible, Sir, that there is
 no necessity of going so far for instances of their lewd-
 nels, and were it civil to quote the lampoons, or write
 the amours of our own time, we might be furnished
 with examples enough nearer home.

Here, madam, I could not forbear telling my friend,
 that his disputant grew scurrilous. He told me, con-
 sidering him as a woman-hater, he thought it was no
 more than his character required; and that if I com-
 pared his discourse with what others had said against
 them, I should think him a very well-bred man.

After this to talk of their levity or babling, what
 were it but trifling? All the lovers and poets who had
 any thing to do with them, can furnish themselves with
 instances enough of the first; and any man who will

* Juven. 6. Sat.

† This bath is now shewn in the ruins of her palace, a
 little way out of the city of Naples.

‡ Lilius Giraldus, Dial. 9. de poetis.

|| See his dialogue between Cleonarium and Leana.

§ See Tavernier's travels.

give himself the trouble of reading any one history, shall find instances enough of the other, if his own wisdom has hindered him from making them at his own cost. * There being a senate called in Rome, upon some very extraordinary occasion, one of the senators was desired by his wife to tell her what it was? He reply'd, he was obliged to secrecy; she swears it shall never be known to any one by her means? upon that promise he informs her, that there was a lark seen flying over the senate-house with a golden helmet on his head and a spear in one of his claws, and that they had thereupon called the soothsayers together, to know what it portended. No sooner was the husband gone, but the wife tells it too, under a vow of secrecy to her maid: she to another who was her fellow-servant, who told it to her lover; so that, to be short, it ran so fast, that as soon as the senator came into the market-place, one took him aside, and told it him for a great secret; away goes he, and tells his wife she had undone him, in divulging what he had trusted with her: she denies it, with a true feminine impudence: how could it come to be known then? says he. Alas (reply'd she) are there not three hundred senators, and might it not come from any one of them as well as you? No, says he, for I invented it on a sudden, to satisfy your curiosity, and thus had I been serv'd, if I had trusted you with the secret. It is such another story they tell us of young Papirius to his mother, who asking him what had been debated that morning in the senate, told her, they were making law for men to have a plurality of wives. But it is somewhat a more tragical relation Plutarch gives of Fulvius. Augustus complained to him, that he w

* Plutarch of garrulity.

dissatisfied with what he had done, in adopting Livia's sons and disinheriting his own nephews; Fulvius goes home, and tells it his wife, she tells it to the empress, who upbraids the emperor with it. Augustus, when he saw Fulvius next, checked him for it; by which he perceived himself ruined, and therefore went immediately, told his wife what she had done, and that he resolved to stab himself: But certainly the wife's answer was very sufficient; nor did you deserve less, said she, who having lived so long with me, did not know I could not keep a secret.

But omitting these, whose actions are recorded to their infamy, let us see a little of those who are quoted as the glories of their sex. and who more cry'd up amongst them than † Judith? What action more celebrated than her murdering Holofernes, when he had treated her with all the kindness and respect imaginable in his tent? For my part, I must own my virtue does not arrive to so high a pitch; and should rather have suffered my town to have been ruin'd, than have been guilty of an action that appears to me so barbarous; but I confess that of † Jael is yet worse, to invite a man into her tent, promise him protection, and when he had trusted his life in her hands, to murder him whilst he was asleep. What shall we say to Penelope, who is instanced as a pattern of chastity and conjugal love? I will not with || Ovid and § Virgil (if the Priapeia are his) make
malicious

† Judith xiii.

† Judges iv. ver. 17.

|| Penelope vires juvenum, tentabat in arcu,

Qui latus argueret, corneus arcus erat.

Ovid. Amor. Lib. i. El. 8.

§ (Speaking of Ulysses)

Ad vetulam tamen ille suam properabat, & omnis

Mens erat in cunno Penelopea, tuo.

Quæ

malicious reflexions upon her trying her lovers strength in a bow; but take the story as it lies in the *Odyssseys*; I am sure she would hardly pass for such a saint in our days; and if a lady had her house full of lovers for twenty years of her husband's absence, and if her husband were forced to fight all these before he could have his wife again, it is possible the lampooners of the town would not have represented her case so favourably as Homer has done. But what shall we say to * Lycophron even amongst the Greeks, who speaks of her as a most profligate sort of woman, or to † Duris Samius, who asserts her to have been so very common, as to have lain with all comers during her husband's absence, from whose promiscuous copulations Pan was born, and therefore took the name. (Pan, your ladyship knows, in Greek, signifies all.) For Lucretia, I shall not insinuate, as a ‡ great wit seems to do, that she stabbed herself, rather than return to the embraces of a husband, after having been so much better pleased by a gallant; but if she were one who valued her chastity so much, and her life so little, as they would make us believe, it is somewhat odd that she should re-

Quæ sic casta manes, ut jam convivia visas.

Utque futurorum sit tua plena domus.

E quibus ut scires quicumque valentior esset,

Hæc es ad arrectos verba locuta procos;

Nemo meo melius nervum tendebat Ulyssæ.

Sive illi laterum, seu fuit artis opus.

Qui quoniam periit, modò vos intendite: qualem

Esse virum sciero, vir sit ut ille meus.

Priapeia.

* V. Domin. in Ovid. El. 8. Lib. 1. See also Seneca's Epistles.

† Lilius Giral. Hist. deorum Gent. Pan.

‡ Sir Charles Sedley, in his translation of Ovid's VIIIth elegy, book 1.

ther

ther let Tarquin enjoy her alive. than a slave lie in the bed with her when she was dead; and that she should choose to commit the sin, rather than bear the shame.

But let us forgive them all these things I have mentioned; and since || Le Chambre assures us that there is no beauty in a woman, but what is a sign of some vice; let us attribute it to nature's fault, not theirs; and reckon that the more vicious they are, the nearer they come to the perfection of the sex; and indeed, not spending much time in their conversations, I will pardon them all their levity, babbling, malice, and impertinence; and, being unmarried, shall not be so severe upon their lusts and adulteries; provided they will stop there. Let Helen run away from her husband with a handsomer man; but let her not suffer all Troy to be ruined for the keeping her there: Let Clytemnestra lie with another man, during her husband's absence; but let her not murder him for it when he comes home: Let * Semiramis make use of all the handsomest fellows of her army; but let her not put them to death for fear they should tell tales: And tho' I would forgive her, yet her own sex would never pardon her being the first maker of † eunuchs. Let Phædra and Fausta invite their husband's sons to supply their father's defects; but let them not accuse them, and have them put to death for refusing: Let Joan of Naples make use of all the men in her kingdoms; but let her not strangle her husband for his imperfections in a point that he could not help: That cruelty and barbarity, I confess, is what provokes me so much against the sex: I can see Tibullus's mistress jilt him, for a fool who is

|| L'Art de Connoitre les hommes. Or, the art how to know men. Chap. 1.

* Diodor. Sicul. Book 2.

† Ammian, Marcellin, Book 14.

not half so handsome; I can see Ovid waiting all night at his mistress's door, whilst another man is in her arms; and I can see half a score impertinent women plaguing you with nonsensical stories, and be very well diverted all the while: But I confess I cannot hear of Medea's cutting her brother in pieces, and strewing his limbs in the way to stop her pursuing father, without horror and dread; nor of her treating her own children after the same manner, to revenge herself upon Jason, without a like emotion: I know not how other people may bear such things; but for my part, when I see all the murders and barbarities they commit, to revenge themselves on their inconstant lovers, to get rid of their husbands for some one they like better, or to prevent the discovery of their lewdness; but my hair stands on end, my blood shrinks, and I am possess'd with an utter detestation of the sex. Go but one circuit with the judges here in England; observe how many women are condemned for killing their bastard children; and tell me if you think their cruelties can be equalled; or whether you think those who commit such actions fit for your, or for any civil conversation. But I see by your looks you are convinced, I see you abandon your cause, and I shall cease to expose any farther a sex, of whose patronage you seem already ashamed.

Here Misogynes left off, and Philogynes began to answer him: But I must beg your pardon, sir, said my friend, for my time is come, and I must necessarily be gone. The devil you shall, said I; you would engage me in a pretty affair; I promise a lady a defence of her sex, and you will make me send her a satire against it. Truly, my dear friend, said he, I designed to have told you all, but it is later than I thought, and I have business waits for me. No business, said I, can be so considerable to you, as the satisfying a fair lady is to me, therefore sit down, and bring me fairly off what you have told me already,

already, or you and I shall be friends no longer. After all, madam, to tell you the truth, tho' there is no great matter in this speech of Misogynes, yet I can hardly believe he made it upon a sudden; 'tis possible tho', they two having discoursed the matter as they told us before, might have provided themselves each with arguments. But supposing that, I can scarcely believe one man would be suffered to talk so long without interruption; at least I am sure, some who we know were none of the company. But it is possible, that he who told me, might leave out all that was spoke by others, for brevity sake, being as you see in haste.

If you are as apt to be mistaken in your judgment of things as of looks, replied Philogynes, it is no wonder you should make such strange conclusions. Whatever seriousness you may see in my face, does not, I'll assure you, proceed from any distrust of my cause, but an astonishment at what strange arguments the invention of man can suggest against the best things that are. I say, the invention of man, for I am far from believing you in earnest in this point; I have too just an opinion of Misogynes, to think he does any thing but put on this humour for a trial of skill; and I no more believe you a hater of women, for the invective you have made against them, than I believe Erasmus a lover of folly, for the encomium he has writ upon it. If you have therefore any thing more to urge, forbear it not upon any supposed conviction you see in my countenance; for, notwithstanding that I think you have handled the subject as fully as any one who has undertaken it, yet I will assure you I cannot submit to your arguments; and therefore I am very ready to hear any thing you have further to urge. No, says Misogynes, I am sensible I have troubled the company long enough about a trifle, and it is very fit you should have your turn of speaking now. Part of the company was already convinced by his arguments,

guments, the other part thought he had said as much as the matter would bear, and therefore both agreed in desiring Philogynes to speak what he had to say, which he did in this manner :

I confess, fir, (said he smiling) when I saw the associates you allotted me at first, I began to despair of my cause ; I own I was ashamed of my company, and resolved to pack up baggage instantly, and quit a trade in which none but fops and fools were engaged ; but when I saw the Anacreons, the Ovids, and all the wits, ancient and modern, in the same circumstances, I even took heart again. Courage, said I, the business is not so bad as I thought, and it is possible his heart may relent, and allow us some better company than he condemned us to at first. At least, thought I, if it is a folly to converse with women, it is some comfort that he owns it to be a folly of which the greatest wits of the world have been guilty before us : and when I saw all Greece, and the greatest part of Asia venturing their lives for one woman, I thought I had somewhat the advantage of them, whilst I ventured nothing but my rhetoric for them all together. And when you named Samson, Achilles, Hannibal, and Mark Antony, I enquired who those gentlemen were : for certainly, thought I, if they were such brave men, and great soldiers, as I have heard them represented, we have no reason to despair of the victory when we have them to lead us on.

You might have spoken more generally of them too, if you had pleased ; you might have told us, that there never was a great soldier who was not as famous for his amours, as his battles ; that a poet was scarce thought free of his trade, who had not paid some duties to love ; and you might have added to these all the wise men

and philosophers of the world : you might have informed us, that David, tho' a man after God's own heart, was not contented without some share in the womens : that Solomon who knew the virtue of every plant, from the cedar of Libanus to the hyssop that grows upon the wall, took as much pains to have as general a knowledge of the ladies : that † Socrates who was the ugliest as well as the wisest man of his time, would in spite of nature aim at love too, and, not terrified by one ill wife would try to mend his hand in another : that † Plato, whom antiquity has called divine, did not spend all his time in erecting common-wealths, but that some of it was bestowed upon the Xantippe's and Archeanassa's : that † Aristotle, whom Philip made governor to Alexander, made himself a slave to his mistress ; that this was not an effect of his passion alone, but of his reason : | that he said, love was not only upon the account of copulation but philosophy ; and commands his wise-man to be in love, before he bids him meddle with the commonwealth : and in fine, that this great man, who fathomed all arts and sciences, who has given us the best rules of philosophy, politics, poetry, &c. did also not think it unbecoming his gravity to write one treatise of love, and four amatory theses. You might have mingled sacred story with profane : you might have told us that St. Peter was married, that St. Paul defended the leading about a sister ; that we owe one of the most celebrated §

† See Diogenes Laertius in his lives of these three philosophers.

‡ Εἷνας δὲ καὶ τὸν ἴπωμα μὴ μόνον συνήσιας ἀλλὰ καὶ φιλοσοφίας, καὶ ἱρασιζήσεσθαι διὰ τὴν σοφὴν, καὶ πολυλεύσεσθαι. Diog. Laert. in vit. Aristot.

§ St. Austin was converted by his mother.

fathers of the church to the endeavours and conversion of a woman; and that St. Jerom had so great an esteem for the sex, as to dedicate a great part of his works to some of them. You might have added to these a thousand more, which you see. I purposely omit to avoid prolixity, and mention none but whom you will allow to be the most celebrated of their profession, without doing your cause any injury in the least; for after all it is but shewing us a drawing-room of fops, reading a dialogue out of Lucian, seeing a scene of a play, quoting a sentence out of Solomon's proverbs, searching all history for two or three ill women, and the business is done, the cause is gained, let the trumpets sound, and Io Pæan be sung for the victory.

I am sorry, Sir, that I cannot be as civil to you, as you have been to me: It goes against my conscience to place you with so bad company, considering with what you have obliged me: and of those few great men, whom you have seduced to your party, I am concerned that I must take the better part from you. I fancy, after what I have already said of Solomon, after reflecting upon his history, you cannot think him a true friend to your cause; and therefore will not, I hope, depend too much upon him. I shall say nothing of his wives and concubines, I shall not so much as mention his canticles, which * Grotius, as well as I, affirms to be a love-poem,

* Est autem ----- It is a dialogue between Solomon and the King of Egypt's daughter; two chorus's; one of young men, the other of virgins, who lay near the bed-chamber, speaking between. The nuptial secrets lie hid here under modest words, which was the cause the ancient Hebrews would not suffer this book to be read, but by those who were near marriage. Grot. in Cantic.

and

* Ra
† Pro
† Gir
|| Vid

and which Rapin * reckons both the first and best of pastorals; but I shall attack you at your own weapon; I shall oppose proverb against proverb? if he has been severe in them upon ill women, whose cause I do not undertake, he has spoken as favourably of the † wife and the good: for whom we appear: in like manner, if Euripides has represented women so in his tragedies, as to get the name of the woman hater, I appeal from his writings to his life and conversation, which shew him far otherwise. If Simonides gives you severe characters of several women, he gives you one at last, that makes amends for all: one in whom no fault can be found; and if you think that is not enough to take him off from your party, if you are still so very fond of him, we will tell you, that men who are deformed and ugly, as ‡ Simonides was, naturally declare themselves enemies to women, because they fancy women are enemies to them; and upon that account, not upon the account of his wit, we will allow him to you. As for St. Chrysostome, tho' we have all the respect imaginable for a father of the church, and upon that account shall not enter into the merits of the cause betwixt || him and the empress Eudoxia; yet this we shall say, sir, that as fathers of the church are subject to passions, as well as other men; so it is no wonder that a man who is used very ill by one woman, and converses with few else, should conclude them all alike. Thus after having taken two of your patriots from you, and if not taken, at least disabled the other two from being very credible witnesses,

* Rapin de Carmine Pastoral.

† Proverbs, Chap. last, &c.

‡ Girald. in vit. Simonidis. Plutarch in vit. Themistoclis.

|| Vide Socrat. Schol. Sozomen. Evagr.

you are reduced to Lucian and Juvenal. For the former, if I should quote you what the old fathers say of him, if I should tell you, that he did not only abuse the christian religion, but even his own; that he rallied all the philosophers, orators and historians of his time; that not content with that, he falls foul upon those his own religion taught him to worship as gods; I fancy you would not think what such a man says of any great weight; but truly, sir, there is no need of that in this case: What does this Lucian do, pray? Why § he describes the bawds griping, covetous, and encouraging their daughters in lewdness; his courtesans false, jilting, and true courtezans throughout. And what of all this, pray? What does this make for you? It is not the cause of bawds or courtesans that we undertake; tho' even amongst them he represents a great part easy, loving, good-natur'd fools, and us'd accordingly by their lovers. But does Lucian pretend that there are no good women? Does he 'fall upon the sex in general? Or does not he bring in * Charicles in one place defending them, and does not he make the greatest encomiums that can be of Panthæa in another, and speak with abundance of esteem, of several other women in the same? And if he does introduce Callicratides in one of his dialogues railing at the sex, in opposition to Charicles, he does it in the defence of a sin, which I am sure you will scarce think it civil to name. What shall we say to Juvenal, but what Plato did to Xenocrates, bid him sacrifice to the graces. He is always violent, always declaiming, always in a passion; and what wonder if he falls upon the women in one of his fits? After all you will make no great mat-

§ See the dialogues of the courtesans.

* In the dialogue of love,

ter of him ! for if he has writ one satire upon the women, he has writ fifteen upon the men. For the comic poets and satirists, whom you mention in general, when you name them in particular, I shall give them particular answers. And now truly, sir, see yourself reduced to a miserable equipage ; some old husbands, and jilted lovers ; some men with ill faces, and worse meins, may possibly stick to you still ; but that is all : I am sorry to see a man so well made, of so much wit, and who has been so successful amongst the ladies, rank himself with such a tribe ; but you do it, I suppose by way of variety only ; and so let Misogynes appear, at the head of his regiment, that makes a worse figure than sir John Falstaffe's ; let them be encouraged with stummed wine and muddy ale ; let them give fire to their mundungus, and so let the battle begin, whilst we with all the heroes, wits, and philosophers, see how we can defend the cause we have undertaken.

I am sensible, sir, that I have broken the order of your discourse, and I beg your pardon for it : But I thought it was necessary to distinguish our enemies from our friends, before the armies joined, that so we might know whom to attack, and whom to spare ; and having done that, I shall now confine myself to your method, and follow the course that you please to lead me.

Though I perfectly agree with you in the esteem of the laws made for the encouragement of marriage, and consequently cannot but regret the want of them amongst ourselves ; yet I must beg your pardon, sir, if I wholly dissent from you, in the inference you would draw from it : For it is very apparent to me, and to any unbiassed person else, I suppose, that those laws were never made, as you fancy, for the forcing men to the love of women, to which all countries were naturally enough inclined ; but for the restraining them to particulars ; that whilst they followed the general pleasures of the sex, they might

not lose the useful part, which was the procreation of children. Had there been so few virtues amongst them, as you please to imagine, there had been no need of this; when we have but one dish of meat that we like, we fall upon that without any deliberation? but when the fancy is distracted with variety of dainties, we often lose more time in the making our choice, than would otherwise be requisite to the satisfying our appetites.

It is true, sir, it is a very good way to judge of people by the company they are fond of; but it is not a certain way to judge of people by the company that is fond of them. There was a tailor in love with queen Elizabeth, but it does not necessarily follow that queen Elizabeth was in love with a tailor. If there are ridiculous fellows who follow the ladies, before we run down the ladies for it, let us see if they do not laugh at them as well as we ourselves. And I cannot think their pursuing them any reason at all for men of sense to avoid them. You would think it very hard that Alexander and Cæsar should quit the art of war, because some Thraoes and bragging bullies pretended to it as well as they; and Virgil and Horace would take it very ill that you should damn all sorts of poetry because of the Bavius's and Mævius's, who set up for it; and whatever reason you would give against the being a minister of state, I dare say sir Politic Woudbee's aiming at it would be none. Here Philogynes seems to me not to understand the right use of that considerable part of mankind call'd fools; for it is only the half-wit that is intolerable, and a true fool is next a true wit the best company in the world; for as a noble author has extremely well observed.

Wit like terce claret, when't begins to pall,
Neglected lies, and's of no use at all;

But in its full perfection of decay,
Turns vinegar, and comes again in play. DORSET.

After this I need not tell you, fir, that it is very ill judging of people by their outside; and as I laugh at those who like a man only for his being well dressed, so I fancy you will allow them to be as ridiculous who run him down only for the same reason. It was objected against † Aristotle and ‡ Cicero, that they were too sumptuous in their apparel, and over-curious in their dress; and without doubt there were deep § critics in those times, said they minded nothing but making themselves fine; who yet, without any offence to their learning, we may suppose could not give so good an account of their studies as these two great men have done of theirs.

(Courage! there are two good precedents for the beaux.)

After all, fir, I know there are a great many of these gay coxcombs, of these eternal pretenders to love; and have nothing to say in their behalf; let them even shift for themselves amongst the Thraſoes, and Bavius's. But they do not only pretend (you say) they are successful too. It is very possible, fir; I do not know but there may be fools enough of the other sex, to like the fools of ours. But it is with the best sort of women too (you say) that they succeed. And who tells you so, pray? they themselves. I swear, fir, though I have a very great esteem for those gentlemen, yet I must beg their pardon for my faith in this point; I can never think a woman, whose wit we allow, can be fond of a man

† Diogenes Laertius in vit. Aristot.

‡ Plutarch in vit. Ciceronis.

§ See Verre's jests upon Cicero for his effeminacy.

Plut.
whose

whose folly we all see. On the other side, I know how natural it is for every one to avoid contempt; and when a man is despised in one place, what so reasonable as to make you believe he is esteemed in another. And I hope the gentlemen themselves will take it for a compliment, when I tell them I do not believe a word they say in this point; since certainly a man of honour would rather of the two, tell a lie to the prejudice of a woman who uses him ill, than a truth to the utter ruin of one who grants him all the favours he can ask.

But let us judge them by their actions, say you! Do not most of the young heiresses run away with the pitiful fellows? If they do, Sir, it should rather deserve your pity than your anger; or if you must be angry, be angry with the guardians whose severity frightens them away, and yet hinders them the sight of any men of merit to run away with. It is no wonder that one who has never seen any town but where he was born, should think that the finest in the world; and you cannot blame a woman for being in love with a man who does not deserve her, if she never saw any who did. All that we can reasonably expect in that point is, that she should make some satisfaction when she sees the world better; and if she shews her contempt of her choice then, it is as much, if not more, than can be required. In like manner you cannot say a widow makes an ill choice, except you prove she was offered a better. If a man, who is obliged to ride a journey, does it upon an ill horse, you will be very well satisfy'd certainly when he tells you it is the best he could get. (I confess madam, this seems to me but a very indifferent excuse for the widows; for he would make us believe it is but next oars with them; and so I told my friend; but he reply'd, I must consider it is only those widows who make an ill choice, about which he is to speak; and as he cannot say of them, as of the young maids, that

was for want of seeing the world; so they must be contented with this excuse, or make a better for themselves.) For the wives, who you say cuckold their husbands, there may be somewhat more to be said. Modesty being almost an inseparable quality of wit, there is no wonder that a man who is possessed of that, should so seldom succeed in these undertakings; whilst fools, by their natural impudence push on the thing; and married women are a sort of forts that are sooner taken by storm than treaty. So that this shews rather the great confidence of the man, than the little judgment of the woman; who it is forty to one had much rather a man of sense was possessed of her, if he would take the same methods to gain her as the other had done.

(After all, madam, I think none of these excuses extraordinary; therefore if I were worthy to advise the ladies, they should rather make use of men of wit in all these capacities, than put their friends to the trouble of inventing such pitiful defences for them.)

Now, Sir, as I cannot see any reason why women should naturally love fools more than men of wit, so I shall very hardly be brought to believe they do. In a husband I suppose they propose a man whose conversation shall be agreeable as well as his person; and who shall have wit to entertain them, as well as wisdom to direct them; and in whom can this be found, but in men of the best sense? If in a gallant, as you say, they propose pleasure without scandal, 'tis very hard the heat that warms a man's brain, should so entirely settle there as to render him incapable of pleasing them otherwise; though it is possible, by reason of his having variety of thoughts to divert him, he may not give himself so entirely up to those pleasures, as people less capable of thinking do: and for the scandal, who so proper to hinder that, as those who have prudence to manage things so as not to be found out, and wit enough

to turn it off if they are? Whilst a fool by his want of sense shall quickly make the thing public, if there be an intrigue, or by his vanity brag of one though there be none. Add to this, that when a woman seems pleased with a man of wit, every body is apt to attribute it to the pleasure of his conversation; whereas, when she is fond of a man, in whom we can see nothing to be liked, we naturally suppose she likes him for something that we do not see: and though it is possible it may be only want of judgment in the lady, yet the world is apt to compliment her understanding in that case, to the prejudice of her reputation. And to conclude, Sir, though I do not believe all those men successful who say they are not, yet I am very much inclined to believe all those men not to be successful who say they are.

For your examples of women-haters, I have sufficiently I think reply'd to them already; and for your other argument, if it be an affront to call a man effeminate, I hope you do not think it any great compliment to tell a woman she is masculine; and had that argument been urged against you, I dare answer for you you would have said, that that only proved the perfections of the sexes different: and as man was made for the ruder labours, it was requisite he should be strong and coarse; and the women, being made for the easier things, ought to be soft, tender and delicate: and as for mens being governed by their wives, though the being hector'd by them is not so commendable; yet it was observed by † Cato of the Romans, that they governed all the world, and that their wives governed them: amongst the † Assyrians it was a custom intro-

* Vide Alex. ab Alex. lib. 4. cap. 8.

† Plutarch in vit. Catonis.

† Vide Leges Connubiales.

duced by Semiramis (who had ruled that kingdom with so much glory) that the wives should have dominion over the husbands: the same custom prevailed likewise among the || Sauromatæ; and the § Egyptians had an expreis law to that purpose. We know how much the * Spartans (the bravest men of the world) were commanded by their wives, and that all the care and management of domestic affairs was committed to them. So that I cannot imagine how a thing should be so very scandalous, that was practised by most of the bravest people under the sun.

Here are very good precedents for married women, which it is to be hoped they will lay up in their hearts, and practise in their lives and conversations.

I have as great a veneration for those poets you mention, as any man can; and upon that account I shall not believe all the ill they say of their mistresses, because I suppose they would not have me: as I have been a lover myself, so I know very well that people are apt in those cases to take suspicions for realities, and surmises for matter of fact. Does not † Aurengzebe call Indamora faithless, and ingrate? And yet I believe he would be very angry that you should call her so too; and would not any one who came in when he was in one of his rants, conclude, a man who loved so well, would not be enraged against a mistress at that rate, unless her falsehood was very apparent? And yet when we come to examine the cause of this disorder, what is it but Morats giving him his life at her request, or his leaning upon her lap when he died. I rather mention this than

|| Nicholaus *ἐπὶ τῶν*, and from him Stobæus. Serm. 42.

§ Diodor. Sicul. lib. 1.

* Aristot. politic. lib. 2. cap. 7.

† See the tragedy by Mr. Dryden.

any of the poets you spoke of, not only because all the motions and passions of a lover are described with as much art and delicacy as in any of those ancients, but also that seeing the whole business before you, you may judge of every little cause of his disorder, as well as he himself, which in odes and elegies you cannot do. You see the lover there in a fury, but what cause he has to be so, there is no body to tell you, but he who is in it. Add to this, that a man often feigns jealousy of his mistress, to hinder her from being so of him, and will upbraid her falsehood to defend his own. (That is a thing, now I confess, madam, which I can hardly believe.) And it is evident, they had not really any such bad opinion of women, since with all this they did not cease to run after them. However, if you think these general answers not sufficient, let us see what we can say to particulars. For the complaints of cruelty and scorn, I look upon them as things of course; and therefore shall say nothing to them. If Anacreon's mistress did ask him nothing but money, why did he choose one whose necessities drove her upon it. And if other men have made complaints of the womens minding wealth more than love; I desire to know whether women have not as much reason to make the same complaints of the men. And for those who talk of their mistresses infidelity, let us see first whether they were constant to them. For Ovid, he does not pretend to put it upon you, but complains in § one place of his being in love with two at once, and tells you frankly in || another, that he was in love with all the town. For Horace, Suetonius (or whoever it was that writ his life) informs you that he was intemperately given to women; and what wonder then

§ Eleg. 1. Lib. 10. 1. || Eleg. 4. Lib. 1.

that a man who try'd so many, should find one or two false. Tibullus had two § mistresses whom he celebrates by name, and there are some more elegies that it does not appear whether they are writ to them or others; and though he tells us the * report was that his mistress was kind to other men; yet the report gave him so much torment, that he desired it should be stifled; if therefore you have any friendship for him, endeavour to fulfil his desire in that point. For Propertius, besides his † intemperate love of all women, he tells you his ‡ mistress caught him with two wenches at the same time; and confesses that he rails at the incontinence of women, only because she upbraided him with his. Thus whatever qualifications those great men had, constancy, you see, was none; and though we allow you, each of them had merit enough for any one woman, yet one man can hardly have enough for half a score.

Now if ruin and desolation has come to great men and states, from women, it shewed they had a good opinion of the sex in general, that they would suffer for them; and had they not been sensible the greatest part were good, they could never have been imposed upon by the bad. Then as for those ill women whom you have mentioned, as I suppose you will not undertake to defend all the actions of tyrants and murderers; so I do not think myself at all obliged to defend all the women who have been guilty of some of their crimes. The dispute is not whether there have been any ill women

§ Delia. Nemesis.

* Rumor ait crebro nostram peccasse puellam,
Quid miserum torques, Kumor acerbe? tace.

† Aspice uti cœlo modo Sol, modo Luna ministrat:
Sic etiam nobis una puella parum. 2 Lib. El. 22.

‡ Lib. 4. El. 9.

in the world, but whether there are not more good. And when I have told you that the book that condemns Dalilah, cries up Deborah and Jael: that if Homer has represented Helen guilty of some faults (for you will see that Homer does not represent her cause so violently bad) he tells us of Hecuba and Andromache, and a thousand others who were very good ones; that if Clytemnestra was false to Agamemnon, Penelope was as famous for her truth to Ulysses; and so put you example against example, which I forbear to do, only because it is so very easy; should I, I say, do but this, you would not complain that your arguments were unanswered. But truly, Sir, we might carry the thing much farther; we might defend some of those women you mentioned, and excuse the rest. For Dalilah I shall say nothing, out of respect to the scripture, that represents her as an ill woman; it is possible, were she alive, she might tell you in her own defence, that what account you have of her is from her professed enemies: that however taking the thing as they tell it; if she did commit a piece of treachery it was against an enemy of her country; and that it was very hard she should be so much run down for the same thing they have so much admired in Jael and Judith, as well as every body else did in Marcus Brutus; she would perhaps push her defence further, and tell you that though she deliver'd Samson to the Philistines to be kept prisoner, yet she neither drove a nail through his head, nor cut it off. But for Helen, give me leave to tell you, it is a great dispute amongst the historians, whether she was forced away by Paris, or went by her own consent; several are of the former opinion; and * Hoelztzim says plainly, he wonders Homer will put such a ridiculous story upon the world, as to make her

* Prolegom. ad Apollon.

the occasion of the Trojan war, (Menelaus it must be confessed, madam, if the story be true, was a very easy good-natur'd husband, who would be at so much pains and charge to fetch back a wife who run away with another man. I do not remember in my own memory to have known above five or six examples like it) And Plato in Phæd. speaks as if the belying her were the cause of Homer's blindness, as well as of Stesichorus's; but that the latter understood the way of expiating his fault better, and made his recantation to this effect. That there was not a word of truth in the story of her going to Troy. If Clytemnestra was consenting to her husband's death, yet it was Eghestus, a man, who gave the blow: And if Thais did advise the burning Persepolis, yet it was no less a person than Alexander the Great who put it in execution. And as for Deianira and Cleopatra, whatever fatality arrived to their lovers from them, may certainly be very well excused upon the innocence of their intentions, and their punishment of themselves afterwards, the one hanging, the other poisoning herself. If the Capuan women destroyed Hannibal's army, they destroyed a body of enemies that all the men in Italy could not. In like manner, for your other instances we might tell you, that Procopius, who tells those terrible stories of Theodora, Anecdota, is so very passionate all along, and mixes such ridiculous fables with what he tells, that there is no great credit to be given to him. (This Procopius was a soldier under Justinian, and has writ amongst other things, a secret history of those times: In this he represents the empress Theodora more like a devil than a woman; he makes her and the emperor converse frequently with spirits, and makes her put them to an employment, that savours more of the flesh than the spirit.) Though granting she was as lewd as he represents her, what wonder is it, that one who had been a strolling play-wench, and common strumpet, before the emperor

emperor married her, should not turn faint after? If the * princess of Parma embroiled Flanders, she did it by the command of Philip, for whom she governed. And as for your two queen Mary's, Cauffin, in his Holy Court you know, makes a faint of the one, and Parsons, of the other, with whom I leave you to fight it out, not thinking our dispute very much concerned in it.

Then, Sir, if there are impertinents, if there are ridiculous persons of the other sex, I hope you do not think they are all Plato's, nor all Aristotle's of our own; and I will undertake for every woman who plagues you with her business, for every wou'd-be politician, and for every pedant amongst them, to bring you double the number of the men. If Olivia is impertinent in the Plain-dealer, I hope there are Novels and Plausibles who keep her company; and if I should carry you to a city coffee-house, and there shew a parcel of people talking of things that they understand nothing at all of; and settling the governments of countries, which they never saw as much as in a map: From thence to a play-house, and shew you the pert and insipid rallery of the sparks upon the vizard-masks: From thence to a New-Market course, and enter you at a table, where you should hear nothing talked of but dogs and horses: From thence to a tavern, and shew you a set of men in their drunken frolicks: I fancy you would wish yourself in your drawing-room again, as a more agreeable folly than any of those I have mentioned. And I appeal to you, whether Lucian in his Timon, Boileau in his eighth satire, and my lord Rochester in his upon the like subject, say not as much against mankind, and make them as ridiculous as you can do the women. And I will assure you, Sir, I am far from being of the duke of Britanny's mind, that learning is un-

* See Bentivoglio, Strada, Garnier,

fit for a woman; and shall, without any offence either to him or you, continue of the same opinion, till you have answer'd Anna Maria Schurman's arguments in their behalf, and till you have taken away herself, who is one of the best arguments.

(This Anna Maria Schurman was a Dutch lady of Utrecht, of whom you will hear more anon. There was a long dispute between her and Rivetus, whether learning was fit for women? 'Tis printed in her works in Latin. Here, madam, there follows a tedious chapter of women who have been famous for wit and learning; which though it may be convenient for those who question their abilities that way, yet I do not see of what use it can be to your ladyship, or to any who have the honour of being acquainted with you; therefore if you please, madam, we will cast off here, and take hands again at the bottom.)

Nor need you fear that I should search three several countries, and three several ages, to furnish me with a learned woman apiece. No, Sir, even Greece itself, to go no further, had nine muses, nine sibyls, and nine lyric poetesses, if you are delighted with the number nine, which is three times three. And if you have more mind to particulars, we will shew you there * Megalistrate the mistress of Alcman, who had a gift of poetry as well as he; the daughters of † Stefichorus, who were as good poets as their father. We have also an Eretrian Sapho, as well as she who was in love with Phaon; Erinna and Demophila, the first the mistress of Sapho, the other equal to her, who flourished all four in the same time. After these we have Theano, the wife of Pythagoras, who undertook his school when he was

* Vossius de Poet. Græcis.

† Lilius Girald. in vit. Stefichi.

dead with two others of the same name (if you will believe Suidas) whereof one was a Lyric poetess, the other a Thurian, who writ of Pythagoras. We have also about the same time Cleobulina (the daughter of Cleobulus, one of the seven wise men of Greece) a poetess, and Corinna who had the surname given her of the Lyric Muse. We have presently after Telephilla, an Argive poetess, not only famous for her wit, but for her inspiring her country-women with so much courage, as to make them put to flight the Spartiates, who came upon them in the absence of their husbands. At the same time lived Praxilla, one of the nine Lyrics, and of whom we have a copy of verses to Calais yet extant; what will you say to Aspasia Milesia, who is celebrated as a sophistress, (you know the word || Sophister was not then abused) a teacher of rhetoric, and a poetess? There was also Hestiza, mentioned by Strabo; Antyte, by Tatian; and Nyffis, by Antipater Thessalus; of the two last of which there are some things yet extant. If you have a mind to see what they did after they turned Christians, we will produce Eudofia, the wife of Theodosius, instructed in all sort of learning, and who writ several treatises, very much cried up by Phocius. I have not said a word here of Lathemia the Mantineaean, nor Axiothea the Phliasia, tho' they are mentioned amongst the disciples of Plato, by Diogenes Laertius; and I own I forgot Hipparchia, whose life he writes, and commends both as a philosopher and a writer of Tragedies, and Hedyle the poetess, whom Athenæus quotes, and § Vossius it seems has forgot them as well as I. I question not but there are several others whose names we want, and I question not but there are several named whom I remem-

|| Plutarch in vit. Themistocl.
§ Vossius mentions neither of these two in his Poetis Græcis.

ber not: However this is enough to let you see we are not so hard put to it as you imagine, since one little country can furnish us with all these. What say you, Sir, are you yet satisfied there are women of wit and learning? Or shall we fetch you the * Cornelia you mentioned, † Sempronia, † Cornificia, Polla Argentaria the wife of Lucan, and who assisted him in his poem; Sulpicia, Proba Falconia, Helpine the wife of Boetius, from among the Latins? Or if these are not enow, shall we bring up our reserves of Italian, Spanish, French, German and English? And if you are not yet contented, because I fancy every body else is, I shall refer you to Jacobus à Sancto Carolo's library of women, illustrious for their writings; or to Anna Maria Schurman, who was indeed a library herself, since you mention her. Pardon me, Sir, if I detain you a little longer than ordinary with this woman; and though you may think it lost time, because you knew it before, yet it is possible every body does not know, that she was very well skilled in the Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, Arabic, Turkish, Greek, Latin, French, English, Italian, Spanish, German, Dutch and Flemish languages; that she had a very good faculty at poetry and painting; that she was a perfect mistress of all the philosophies; that the greatest divines of her time were proud of her judgment in their own profession; and that when we had this character of her, she was not above thirty years of age. What think you, Sir, is not this woman sufficient of herself? Or shall we refer you to mademoiselle || Gournay among the French, or § Lucretia Marinella among the Italians,

* Quintil. Lib. 4. † Sallust. Bel. Catil.

† Vossius de Poetis Latin. for the rest.

|| L'Egalité des Deux Sexes. § Nobilité delle Donne.

who have both writ in defence of their sex, and who are both arguments themselves of the excellency of it. I shall not as much as mention any of those ladies, whose wit Balzac and Voiture so much admire; I shall say nothing of the mesdemoiselles Scudene and le Fevre, to the first of which we do not only owe several excellent treatises published under her own name, but who is said also to have had a great share in those that appear under her brother's; and to the latter of which we are obliged for so many admirable versions and judicious observations upon most of the Greek and Latin poets. I shall not as much as trouble you with our own country-women. I shall say nothing of Sir Thomas More's daughters, about whose education * Erasmus has written; I shall pass by Sir Nicholas Bacon's, who were as learned as they; I shall say nothing of Sir Philip Sidney's lady Pembroke; nor as much as mention Mrs. Philips, or any of the rest of our English poetesses: but I can hardly forbear saying something of the lady Jane Gray, of whom all nations else speak, and whose fame is more celebrated in Italy, both for her learning and piety, by the account that Michael Angelo has given them of her, than it is here at home. Should I reckon up all those ladies whose wit and learning has been celebrated by our own poets; should I but enter upon the praises of queen Elizabeth of England, or Mary of Scotland, in that particular, I should never have done. But I can hardly omit two ladies who are strangers, and however I am straitned for room, yet methinks I ought to be just to those who were civil to me; since therefore I received particular favours from the procurator Cornara during my stay at Venice, let me not pass over in

* Epist. ad Budeum.

silence his daughter, for whom most of the greatest
 princes and learned men of Europe have testified such
 an esteem. This lady, besides her skill in rhetoric, lo-
 gic, music, and astronomy, writ and spoke perfectly
 well seven several languages; and made the course of all
 the speculative sciences with so much success, that she
 might very well profess herself a mistress of them; and
 all this before she was thirty years of age. Her sister,
 whom I had the honour to see (she herself being dead
 some time before) is likewise a person of very singular
 endowments; and all this whilst they are one of the best
 families of a town, where the nobility seem almost as
 proud of their ignorance, as their liberty. The other I
 shall mention is Christina queen of Sweden, a princess
 whose accomplishments are so generally known, that it is
 enough to have named her; a lady of that true judgment,
 that she knew how to esteem wit and learning at the same
 time that she despised crowns; and seemed to be born as
 a sufficient recompence to the commonwealth of letters,
 for all the mischiefs her predecessors the Goths and Van-
 dals had done it before; I am satisfied it is impossible for
 me to add any thing to a glory so established as that of
 this princess is; yet as I never passed any time either
 with greater benefit, or greater satisfaction, than what I
 passed in her conversation, so I am very well pleased,
 methinks, with any thing that gives me occasion to call
 it to my remembrance. There might be as advantageous
 characters, perhaps, given of some ladies of our own
 country now living, did not their modesty, that inseparable
 quality of wit and women, deter me from it.

We might tell you farther, sir, that this modesty too
 often hinders them from making their virtues known:
 That they are not of those eternal scriblers who are con-
 tinually plaguing the world with their works; and that
 it is not the vanity of getting a name, which several of
 the greatest men of the world have owned to be the

cause of their writing, that is the cause of the womens. Had not Sapho been so much in love, it is possible we had never heard any mention of one of the greatest wits that ever was born; had not Cicero and Quintilian given us accounts of Cornelia and the daughters of Lælius, and Hortensius, they had never done it themselves; had not Jane Gray been put to death, her virtues had never been so much taken notice of; had not the Portuguese nun been deserted by her gallant, we had missed some of the most passionate letters that these latter ages have produced; and had not Anna Maria Schurman's works been published by a friend without her consent, we had lost the benefit of them. We may tell you too, that it is not only in respect of their own sex that they are admired, but even of ours. That of those two odes we have yet of Sapho, we owe one to Dionysius Halicarnassæus, the other to Longinus, the two best critics of Greece, who chose them out for examples to their rules, before any of the mens: That the epistle of Sapho to Phaon, which is esteemed the most delicate of Ovid's, is supposed to be taken out of her writings: That Corinna was five times victorious over Pindar, the best Lyric poet of our sex. And were we here in England as forward in printing letters as they are in France and Italy, we might furnish volumes of them written by our own ladies that would make all the women-haters blush, or make all men else blush for them.

(Here, madam, I must own to you I grew jealous, for I could not imagine that Philogynes would have said this without having seen some of your ladyship's letters.)

We may tell you too, that granting the equal capacities of both sexes, it is a greater wonder to find one learned woman than a hundred learned men, considering the difference of their educations. If you should go into Greece, and, seeing the ignorance that is among them at present,

present, tell them their countrymen were incapable of learning, would you not be very well satisfied, when they told you of the Platos and Aristotles of antiquity? And that if they had not as famous men now, it was because they have not the same advantages they had then? And pray why may not the women be allowed the same excuse? Will you by your laws and customs endeavour to keep them ignorant, and then blame them for being so? And forbid all men of sense keeping them company as you do, and yet be angry with them for keeping company with fools? Consider what time and charge is spent to make men fit for somewhat; eight or nine years at school; six or seven years at the university; four or five years in travel; and after all this, are they not almost all fops, clowns, dunces or pedants? I know not what you think of the women, but if they are fools, they are fools, I am sure, with less pains, and less expence than we are.

Upon second thoughts I hope, Sir, you will allow that women may have wit and learning; for their courage and conduct we may possibly say more anon; But for heaven's sake, do not aggravate their faults always at that rate; for whatever Sapho's life and conversation were, there is nothing in her writings, but what represents the most tender and delicate passion in the world: and as for Aloisia Sigæa, (I give you thanks for putting me in mind of * Aloisia Sigæa,) who was as remarkable for her wit and learning as any of the other, I am very well assured you do not believe that infamous book which goes under her name, to have been written by her; † all who speak of it assure us the contrary? and that she was so far from writing it, that

* Vassæus Chron. Hisp. Thuanus.

† Vid. Eloges des hommes illustres de Monsieur de Thou.

she † never published any thing : on the other side, all historians represent her as remarkable for her virtue as her learning. For the queen of Sheba, there is no mention in scripture of her travelling for any thing but to be satisfied with the wisdom of Solomon ; however, if you will believe, she went to him for the same reason that || Thalestris did to Alexander the great ; it was no such great matter in countries where it was thought no sin if the one had a mind to have a child by the wisest man in the world, and the other by the bravest. After all, we must own if there are lewd women, they endeavour to conceal their lewdness, they do not brag of it, nor fly openly in the face of religion ; and if they once come to be publicly discovered, they are rendered infamous to all the world, and their nearest friends and relations avoid their company : whilst there are several men who boast of their iniquities, value themselves upon their being thought lewd, and what is worse, find others to value them upon it too ; nay, by their incitements and encouragements to wickedness, often bring themselves to that pass, that the least part of the sins they are to answer for, are what they have committed themselves. But not a word more, I beseech you, of Sapho, nor her new crime, let Lucian be forgotten for putting us in mind of it, and let it be cloister'd up within the walls of a Turkish seraglio ; I speak not this in behalf of the female sex, but of our own ; for if they should once hear of this argument, and fall upon us with § Socrates, * Plato, and all those heroes of antiquity

† Vld. Biblioth. Hispan.

|| Vid. Quint. Curtius, Book 6.

§ Socrates was in love with Alcibiades.

* Plato writes verses to Ager a boy, with whom he was in love.

quity whom Plutarch and Lucian produce in defence of a like sin in our sex; should they mention Anacreon, Tibullus, Martial, and all those poets who have eternized their infamy in their writings; and after that shew you what progresses this crime has made, not only in the Turks dominion, but even in Spain and Italy, I am sure, Sir, you would wish you had said nothing of a point that may be so severely made use of against ourselves.

Now tho' you are pleased to quote the lampoons, yet you think, as well as I, that such things are not worth any body's taking notice of; we both know there are a sort of people about this town who please themselves with defamations: one of these, if they see a man speak to a woman, make their little signs, their politic winks, and possibly when they meet him, in their insipid way of gallery, tax him with it: if he is angry at them, then he is piqued, and afraid the intrigue should be found out; If he says nothing (as it deserves nothing) then he is out of countenance, and cannot say a word; and if he laughs at them (which is all the answer a man would make to such stuff) then he is pleased with the thing; so that every way the poor lady's reputation suffers; and these sparks shall not fail to blow it about town, that there is an amour; not that they think so of you, but that you may return the compliment, and say so of them when they speak to any lady themselves.

For their garrulity, if you would see things which are against you in that treatise of † Plutarch, from whence you bring two of your instances, you might have been furnished with enow of the mens. But tho'

† De Garrulitate,

it is lawful to forget stories that are not for you, yet methinks you ought to tell out those you do mention; and when we have heard that the wife of Fulvius, seeing what she had done, shewed her husband the way to avoid the consequences of it, by stabbing herself first; we must certainly own, that such a woman had virtue enough to make amends for all her faults. And if in answer to the instances you bring, I should mention the † Melitish, or the Saxon women, who tho' they were all engaged in plots with their husbands, yet not one discovered it; if I should shew you || Leæna at Athens, or § Epicharis at Rome, who being both engaged in plots, one against the tyrant Pisistratus, the other against Nero, yet could not by all their tortures be brought to discover them; and that the former, for fear her torments should make her reveal it, bit off her tongue; certainly, Sir, you would have a better opinion of their taciturnity. But we need not go so far for instances; our own country, and our own time, will furnish us with enow. In all the plots we have had continually on foot, tho' we have had women engaged and accused; tho' there was one pilloried in the first, three executed in another, and sixteen or seventeen excepted in a general pardon; though there have been several seized upon like accounts since, yet, you see, there has not been one of them who ever made a discovery. Give me leave, Sir, to commend them for their virtues at the same time that I am far from defending their faults; and though I have a very good opinion of those men who discover a conspiracy upon remorse of conscience, yet I must take

† Plutarch. de Clar. Mulierib.

|| Plin. book 3. Plutarch. de Garrul.

§ Tacitus Annal. book 15.

leave to believe that there are some, at least, who do it upon another account; and without any sorrow at all for their design, except that it did not succeed, think to save their own lives by the sacrifice of other peoples; and make amends for their treason against the government, by their treachery to their friends.

But no wonder you are so severe upon the faults of modern women, when you fall upon those whom all antiquity has revered. It is hard that Jael and Judith, whose actions have been so long admired, should be called to account for them so many thousand years after. It would be an injury to their cause to say any thing in their defence; and a presumption in me to justify actions that the scripture has celebrated so much. But must poor Penelope fall under your displeasure too? I am sensible how much she is like to suffer, who is defended by so dull a fellow as Homer, against those most ingenious gentlemen who are the lampooners of our age: however, as their ability in scandal needs no foreign aid; and as I am satisfied they would think it a disparagement to them to be reckoned with Virgil and Ovid, let us free them, pray, from such unworthy companions. For the former, I believe you are fully satisfied the Priapeia are none of his, and as fully satisfied that the authority of such sort of verses is not extremely much to be depended upon: and for Ovid, if in the person of a bawd, who he tells you was a liar, he gives you a reflection upon Penelope; yet he makes her very sufficient amends when * he speaks in his own person. And taking the story as it lies, that her home was al-

* Penelope manfit, quamvis custode remoto,
Inter tam multos intemerata procos.

Ovid. Amor. Lib. 3. el. 4.

ways full of lovers whom she could by no means get away; Laertes being too old, Telemachus too young to encounter them; it certainly shews her virtue so much the more; for as there is no great courage required to keep a fortress in the time of peace, so a very little virtue is sufficient to preserve that chastity which no body ever thought it worth his while to attempt. Now if Lycophron and Duris Samius represent her as a lewd woman, as I understand not how they should come to know it, all the writers who lived before them giving so very different an account; so for Lycophron, it is no great wonder a Greek and a poet should lye; or that Duris Samius, seeing the etymology of the word Pan come so pat, should feed us with a story upon it, of his own invention. (Pan, you remember, madam, in Greek signifies all, and who would not tell a lye for so pretty a conceit?) You may observe also, that this author was not of so established a reputation as Cicero would make us believe, since † Plutarch, who quotes him once, does it only to contradict him in a point of history that he ought to have known better than this. For Lucretia, observe of Sir Charles Sidley, as of Ovid before, that he only makes the bawd say it; and if you consider the fear in which she was, you will find that that passion often makes people run into a great danger to avoid a less, of which you have instances enow in our own plantations, of the † slaves who hang themselves, to avoid their being beat.

After all this, Sir, if you still think with Le Chambore that men have a greater natural inclination to virtue than women, yet I hope you will grant they have taken

† Life of Alcibiades.

† Ligon's history of Barbados, Fol. p. 50.

a very becoming care to overcome that inclination; and if nature has not given so large a talent to the other sex, yet they have improved that talent much better than we have done ours. Then for your instances of some few ill women, I tell you, as I did before, that the cause in general is not at all concerned in them; and when I shew you an Atreus cutting his brother's children in pieces, and giving them to him to eat; a Phalaris roasting people alive in a brazen bull; a Buryis murdering all his guests; a Nero ripping open the womb of his mother to see the place where he had lain; and so for every crime of that sex, shew you how far they have been outdone by some of our own, as that Italian lady I mentioned does in her treatise upon a like occasion, I am sure you will find a very great disadvantage of your side. But I take you at your word, let us go a circuit with the judges, and if you find not six men condemn'd for one woman, I will pay the charges of the journey. It is true, indeed, as most of the women who are condemned, are so, for a crime which they commit to prevent their shame; so the care of that, and hypocrisy, are two faults of which our sex is not so generally guilty. Now though I do not think myself obliged to say one word for any one of those women you have condemned; and shall therefore leave Phædra and Fausta to your mercy, though neither of them expected the cruelty of their husbands should have carried things so far; and shall not argue much for Semiramis, though certainly her having all the bravery, wisdom and virtues of our sex in the greatest perfection, might move you to forgive her the having some

|| Lucretia Marinella, La Nobilità e l'eccellenza della Donne, con deffetti e mancamenti degli Huomini,

of our faults; and for her putting men to death, I am contented that every one who boast of ladies favours should be served in the same manner; (here, madam, I cannot at all agree with Philogynes, because it might be severe upon some honest gentlemen, whom all the laws against adultery and fornication would never reach.) Yet methinks I have an inclination to say somewhat for queen Joan of Naples, because she is generally represented so very ill. The common story is, that having married Andreossa an Hungarian, and her kinsman; and not finding him so capable of satisfying her, as his youth and beauty promised, she caused him to be strangled in a silk cord of her own making. The first and chief author of this story is Villani, a Florentine, (for Colenuccio takes it from him, though, as such things use, it has lost nothing in his hands) who tells you that he had it from a † relation made to his brother by a certain Hungarian, who had been a servant of Andreossa's: and in his return to Hungary, passed through Florence. Now the author of this story being an Hungarian, one of those of whom Petrarch writes so much ill, and also a servant of the dead king, he ought to speak passionately against the queen, of whom they were professed enemies; you may observe also, that the ‡ letter which Lewis the brother of Andreossa writes to her at the time that he came with a potent army to revenge his brother's death, speaks of her being privy to it, as

§ Essais de Montagne, Lib. 3. Cap. 5.

* Istoria di Napoli, Lib. 5.

† Vid. Annotazione e Supplimente al Istoria di Colenuccio per Costo.

‡ Inordinata vita præcedens, retentio potestatis in regno, neglecta vindicta, vir alter susceptus, & excusatio subsequens, necis viri tui te probant fuisse participem & consortem,

a thing that was suspected, rather than a thing that did plainly appear. On the other side, * Boccace, who lived a great while in that court, throws all the blame of the action upon the conspirators, and none at all upon the queen. After all, believe as you please, and do as you please with all these women who have offended you: If Helen runs away from Menelaus, let all Greece arm, and fetch her back again; If Clytemnestra consents to the killing Agamemnon, let Orestes kill her for it; if Semiramis puts the men she has made use of to death, let her own son serve her in the same manner; if Joan of Naples causes Andreossa to be strangled, let Durazzo cause her to be strangled in the same place; let not your severity stop there, but let their infamy live when they themselves are dead; and let the Euripides's, the Juvenals, and the Misogynes's, set out their actions in their true colours. But let the business go no farther, I beseech you. Let not Hecuba, nor Andromache suffer, because Helen is a wanton woman; nor Penelope be run down, because Clytemnestra is an ill wife; and if Joan of Naples strangles her husband, let not all those who have died for theirs, fall under the same condemnation. It is one of the chiefest ends of punishments to distinguish the good from the bad, do not you therefore by punishments confound them. If Tibullus and Ovid's mistresses jilt their lovers, let it be remembered against them two thousand years after; and if Misogynes's serve him so, let him shew his resentment in as severe a manner as he pleases. Let him disdain the mean revenge of malicious whispers, and nameless lampoons, and the much meaner way of railing at all, because one has injured him; but let him boldly hunt her out from the

* *Casi degli Huomini Illustri,*

herd; let him publish her infamy in lasting characters; though she is free from conscience, let her be plagued with the stings of shame; and let all women be terrified by her example from being false to men of wit, or kind to fools. But let him have very full satisfaction of the matter of fact first; let him not go upon dubious grounds, nor jealous surmises; let him not believe the vanity of some, nor the malice of others; let him consider the stories of † Bradamante in Ariosto, of Aurestilla in Conzalo de Cepedes, of Othello in Shakespeare, and let him see how far jealousy may seem reasonable, whilst nevertheless the person of whom they are jealous may be innocent. After all, I give you even in that greater power than I should care to take myself; I would rather by other peoples faults correct my own, and should think the noblest revenge a man could take upon a woman who injured him, would be the doing some action that would make all the world admire him; I would have every body upbraid her with my wrongs, whilst I myself was silent: It is true, if by the injuries she did me, there were any aspersions cast upon my reputation; there justice to myself would oblige me to make the story public. But I would certainly endeavour to reclaim her by mildness, before I made use even of that severity; and as I should scorn any favour that was the effect of fear, so if I once broke into an open war, all the submission she could make should never bring me to an amity again, though perhaps my own good nature might in time prevail upon me for a forgiveness.

This, sir, is what I thought necessary to reply to what you said; in which I see we have quite exceeded the bounds of a dialogue, and turn'd that into declamation, which was intended only for conversation. I have

† Orlan. Furioso. Canto 32.

troubled the company so much already, that I dare trespass no farther upon their patience, and shall therefore omit some other things, which I intended to have said upon this occasion.

You are like those people, cry'd Misogynes, who when they have provided all the dainties they could get, make an apology at the end of the treat, for their having got no more: If I am not altogether convinced of the goodness of your cause, yet I am very well convinced that you have said all the cause will bear.

Tho' perhaps I should have no great mercy upon you, replied Philogyges, yet I have too much for these gentlemen to detain them so long, as to hear all that I could say upon so glorious an occasion. Should I make a collection of what is written by the best authors of antiquity in their praises; should I but refer you to what Stobæus has collected for them, since you mention what he has done against them; should I but transcribe what * Plutarch, † Ludovicus Vives, ‡ Speron Sperone, the most learned of his countrymen, § Ribera, || Hilarión de Coite, ** Scuderie, and a thousand others have said of them in treatises written expressly in their praises: Should I but search all the bibliothèques for a catalogue of those who were famous for their writings; should I afterwards tell you of those who were remarkable for their piety, conjugal affection, penitence, and contempt of worldly vanities; should I but repeat the names of those who have died for the preservation of their chastity; should I shew you a \$\$\$ country even at this day, where they can-

* De Claris Mulier.

† De Fœminâ Christian.

‡ Dialoghi delle Dòne.

§ De la Gloire Immortelle des

Dames Illustres.

|| Eloges des Dames Illustres.

** Femme

heroïque.

\$\$\$ See Bernier's history of Indostan. Tavernier's and Man-

dello's travels,

not

not by any severity hinder women from burning themselves with the bodies of their deceased husbands: Should I mention the women of † Cios, amongst whom for seven hundred years there never was the least mention of any adultery or fornication; should I tell you that the first of those sins was so little known amongst the Spartans, that they did not think it worth their while to make any law against it: (Now, said my friend, whether this were not as good an argument of the mens chastity as the womens, I leave you to judge; but really I think not, madam; for besides intrigues with their own sex, which were common enough amongst the men in those eastern countries; I do not doubt but the men, being men of honour, would ask; tho' the women, being women of honour, would deny.) Should I but give you a list of the martyrs of that sex, from those who suffered under Tiberius, to those who suffered under our own queen Mary, I fancy I should make you ashamed of your Simonides, your Juvenal, and all your satirists put together. Should I after this defend them in the virtue to which they are thought to have least pretences, which is, courage; should I but name those who have been famous for their warlike atchievements; should I tell you of Deborah, Penthesilea, Thalestris, Camilla; should I shew you a country † of Amazons, even in our own time: should I carry you into France, and shew you a warlike virgin (at least an unmarried woman) whose memory is still annually celebrated by one of their chiefest § towns, and who, besides her fame in their chronicles, has given a subject to one of the most famous || heroic poems which that nation has produced;

† Plutarch. de Clar. Mulieribus.

‡ See Acoſta's history of the West-Indies.

|| La Pucelle de Monsieur Chapelain.

§ Orleans,

would you not, after all, confess they might very easily be defended, even in this point too? But I shall wave that; I am satisfied with the care universal custom has taken of them; and as seamen in a storm, to preserve their things of greatest value, throw away those of less; so I am very well pleased that mankind should be exposed to the hazards of war, whilst the fair-sex is preserved in safety at home, whose smiles are the noblest reward a brave man can desire for all the hazards and fatigues he has endured in a campaign.

But it is generally agreed that all virtues are requisite for those who govern well; and since there are some countries where women are excluded from the throne, and no country where they are not postponed, it would be convenient, methinks, to see what they do, when by accident they are placed upon it. I shall not trouble you here with Deborah, nor Esther, nor as much as mention Semiramis, though you have mentioned her upon another occasion; and yet certainly the bravery of most of her actions ought to make us forget the faults of some few; but I shall confine myself within the bounds of our own country.

* At a time when the Britons groaned under the servitude of the Romans; when the king by thinking to oblige the emperor, gave him an opportunity of pillaging his country; and that their patience under their sufferings, was only a means of making them more; when their houses were robbed, their wives and daughters ravished, and their sons taken away from them; then Boadicea arose, and by her courage, as well as eloquence, inspired her dispirited countrymen with a reso-

* Tacitus in Vita Agric. and from him Sammes in his *Britannia Illustrata*.

tution of throwing off that yoke which was grown intolerable to be born. It is true, indeed, the end was not answerable to the successes of the beginning; nor to the glory so heroic an undertaking deserved; however as it was neither want of courage nor conduct in her, so we ought to render her that veneration which is due to so resolute an enterprise.

But as one of the greatest attempts the Britons made for their liberty was whilst they were led by a woman, so we must own the greatest glory our nation could ever boast, was under the government of one of the same sex. It was in the time of queen Elizabeth that this island arrived at that pitch of greatness, to which it had been ascending for several ages, and from which it has been declining, till very lately, ever since: It is the name of this princess that is dearer to all Englishmen, than the names of all the monarchs since the conquest besides, and the only one whose birth-day has been celebrated after her death, by the voluntary gratitude of the people.

But however we may forget things that are past, let us not oversee that which lies before our eyes; and since the occasion is so very fair, I know not how we can omit the shewing our sense of those virtues, of which the whole nation has demonstrated so grateful an acknowledgement by the body of their representatives; and never were they more truly their representatives before. Yes, Sir, without going to foreign countries, without searching the histories of our own, we have even in our own time, and our own country, a princess who has governed to their general satisfaction, a people the most curious to pry into the faults of their governors, of any people under the sun. A princess, who though she never shewed any fondness of vain-glory, or authority, yet when the necessity of the kingdom called her to the helm, managed affairs with that dexterity, which is very rare

foun

found in those who are the most ambitious of command. Every thing during that little time of her government, was ordered with that courage, conduct, and prudence, that her greatest friends cannot find eloquence enough to commend, nor her greatest enemies the least pretences to condemn. Though she had a husband venturing his life in another country, with a bravery equal to what has made us suspect the stories of antiquity; tho' our fleet, the bulwarks of the nation, was managed in a manner the courage of the English seamen was utterly unacquainted with; tho' a monarch, who thinks himself able to contend with all Europe together, seemed to make his utmost efforts against a princess, who had nothing but the universal hearts of her subjects to defend her; tho' all Christendome was in suspense to see the event of the undertaking, and every little prince had forgot his own danger to contemplate hers; even at this time did we see her look with all the unconcern imaginable, and whilst every body else was alarmed for her safety, she only seemed to have known nothing of the danger. Not that this unconcern proceeded from any ignorance of her condition, or unreasonable contempt of her adversary; no, she provided against their attempts with all the prudence could be wished for, at the same time that she looked upon the danger with all the courage in nature.

But however great these virtues may appear, when they are set off by the lustre of a public command, yet they are in effect much greater, when they teach people to despise all such dazzling trifles. Here it is, Sir, that we have a fresh field for eloquence, when we see a lady dissatisfied at that glory which she had to every body's satisfaction beside, and grudge herself that authority, which she owed to the absence of a husband whom she loved so much better than that. What think you, Sir, of that alacrity, of that joy with which she resigned up
the

the government? Does it not put you in mind of the old Roman generals, who quitted their plough to command an army, and when the victory was gain'd, returned with greater content to their plough again? This is that wisdom which we should admire; this is that virtue which we should adore; and we ought to despise all those little pretenders to business, who thrust themselves into the management of affairs against every body's will but their own; and having neither virtue nor prudence enough to retire from it at the universal murmurs of the people, are generally made sacrifices at last to the just resentment of an enraged nation.

These are those blazing comets, whose fatal glories portend destruction to a government, whilst the virtues of the others, like those of the sun, give it life and heat, by their benign influence. Much more, Sir, might be said in defence of the sex, which I shall purposely omit, because I am satisfied I can never conclude with a more illustrious example.

ÆSCULAPIUS:
OR, THE
HOSPITAL of FOOLS.
A N
Imitation of LUCIAN.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

MAKE the third proclamation, Mercury.

MERCURY.

O—Yes! O—Yes! O—Yes! Whereas daily complaints are made by all the world, of the innumerable follies of mankind, by reason of which they are neither happy themselves, nor will suffer others to be so: The great Jupiter, out of his fatherly compassion to mankind, has sent Æsculapius to apply medicines to them. Whoever therefore there is, that is troubled with folly of what kind soever, let him repair hither, and he shall be cured without any fee.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

What shou'd be the meaning of this? Every particular man complains of the follies that are in the world; and when we come hither to apply medicines to them, there is not one man that offers himself to be cured.

MERCURY.

If I might be allowed to advise Æsculapius in points relating to physic, I would tell him there is one thing

in this disease of folly, different from all other kind of diseases; which is, that the men can easily find the least symptom of it in other people, yet there is no man that perceives the greatest in himself. I think it therefore advisable to make proclamation, that every man should give notice of what other people he knows who are troubled with this disease.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Let it be as you say.

MERCURY.

O—Yes! O—Yes! O—Yes! Whoever has any relation, friend, or acquaintance, that is troubled with folly of whatever kind, let him bring him hither, and he shall be cured without any fee.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

See! see! What crowds are getting together! Every man seizes his next neighbour, without any deliberation at all; and they come willingly too, because every man seems ready to accuse the other.

First MAN.

Here, Sir, I have brought you a fool to be cured.

Second MAN.

Pray, Sir, take this first, for he is dangerously ill,

Third MAN.

Take pity upon this, good Sir, for he has a complication of folly upon him.

MERCURY.

Pray, gentlemen, have a little patience: you shall be all cured, one after another.

First MAN.

Nay, for my part, I have no occasion for myself.

Second MAN.

How! no occasion, neighbour; I wish, for your own sake, you had not. For my part indeed —

Third MAN.

Prithee, good neighbour, hold thy tongue. What, cuc kolded

cuckolded and hen-pecked, and pretend to be free from folly?

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Mercury, keep the croud off with your Caduceus; and bring the patients up in order.

MERCURY.

Stand off there, gentlemen, and do not press upon us so. Here, you old fellow, come in here with your patient: make your reverence to Æsculapius, and tell him what you would have.

Old MAN.

An't please you, Sir, this young man is a kinsman of mine. He came very young to a great estate, half of which he has made a shift to squander away already; and he is in great danger of doing so by the rest in a short time, if you do not cure him of his folly. I have taken a great deal of pains in advising him, but all in vain. If he could not live upon his whole estate, I asked him how he hopes to live upon the half? And if he spent his estate when he was young and able to get one, what would become of him when he was old, and past getting one? But when I talk to him, he laughs at me, and that is all the thanks I have for my pains.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Mercury, put him in the hospital; care shall be taken of him.

Young MAN.

I desire, Sir, that you would please to hear me first, and judge whether it is this old man or I who have most need of your medicines. I confess, indeed, that what he says is true. But pray consider, that I spend this estate in pleasing myself; and were it not a great folly to debar myself of pleasure for the present moment, which is all I am sure of, for fear of not having means to enjoy them in a future time, to which I have no

security that I shall ever arrive. But, granting, I were certain of life, Is it not a madness to waste all my youth, which is the only time we are capable of pleasure, to lay up wealth, which we are to make use of in an age when we are not capable of any pleasure at all. But this old man, who has the confidence to accuse me, does ten times worse. He did not only heap up wealth all his youth, but he continues to do so still; and though his age, and the infirmities of his body give him hourly notice that he can hardly live one year longer, yet is he at his usury, his extortion, and a hundred ways to hoard up wealth, as if he were to live ten thousand years.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

A very palpable folly indeed. Mercury, put him aside too.

Young MAN.

I did not doubt, Sir, but that I should convince you at last. I may go away now?

ÆSCULAPIUS.

How, friend! Does that man's being a fool hinder you from being a fool too? If it be a folly in him to heap up money that he can never probably live to spend; is it not a folly therefore in you to squander away that money which probably you will live to want? Take care, Mercury, that they may be both put in the hospital.

MERCURY.

It shall be done. In the mean time here are some others.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Well, gentlemen, what have you to say?

First MAN.

This, Sir, is a friend of mine, an honest, good natur'd man as lives; but he has a wife who makes him the greatest fool in nature; and though she abuses him

him in the grossest manner imaginable, insomuch that half the town laugh at him, yet is he himself blind to that in his own house, which any stranger sees. Here is one who has been often found with her, and who can tell you more, if you examine him.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Well, Sir, and what can you say?

Second MAN.

All that I can say, Sir, is, that the gentleman is a very worthy gentleman; and his lady a very fine lady. He has often, indeed, bragg'd to me of the happiness of a marry'd life. I thought the best way to find out this happiness, was in going to his lady, who has fully convinced me of all her husband said. But as I have a perfect friendship for the gentleman, I must confess, Sir, I am as well satisfied with his having a fine wife, as if I had one myself.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

He has a fine time on't, the mean while.

HUSBAND.

I confess, Sir, I have nothing to say in contradiction to these gentlemen. All that the one says, and the other would insinuate, may be true for aught I know; nor do I think it much worth my while to enquire after it. Half the town, the first says, laugh at me for being a cuckold; and he would have me make it public that the other half might laugh at me too. But pray let us consider how much wiser he acts: he marry'd a wife, who by the way is not extremely taking; and yet you cannot imagine what care, what contrivance, what cunning stratagems, this wise person made use of to search out a thing, which after all, he did not care to find. And though with all his bustle he could find out nothing that really made against her, yet he has cast her off with infamy and shame, chiefly indeed to himself, for using a woman ill who never
gave

gave him occasion for it. If there be so many who laugh at me for a tame husband, let him hearken after his own concerns, and he will find a much greater number who rail at him for a base and ill-natur'd one.

Now for this brisk monsieur here, for this finished gentleman, who can with so much delicacy rally the poor fools that marry ! So very ingenious a person, no doubt, acts much more wisely himself. Lord, how is his estate divided ? One part upon taylors ; another upon milliners ; a third upon perfumers ; a fourth upon perriwig-makers. All his time spent between the toilet, the play-house, the park, and drawing-room. And upon what noble design, pray, is all this time and all this money wasted ; Even, gentlemen, that this most charming person of his, may attain that with all this cost which I received twenty thousand pound for doing. Would his niceness be contented with the meat that had been tumbled, and cold upon my trencher ? Truly, Sir, his happiness is little more than this, I that am the fool, come to her when I will, stay with her as long as I will, and command her as I will ; while this wise gentleman is waiting a frosty night under her window, breaking his brains for songs and billets for her ; bribing her women, losing his rest, and venturing the being abused, kicked down stairs, and having his throat cut whenever he happens to be found out.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Very great fools, truly, all three ! It is not strange, Mercury ; One would think every man wise, when we hear him talk of other peoples concerns ; and yet we find them all fools when we look into their own.

MERCURY.

Alas, Æsculapius, how should it be otherwise ? when a man is told of his folly, he does not consider whether it be true, and endeavour to mend it : he only considers whether

whether the man who tells him of this, be not guilty of some folly too; and if he find he is, as I doubt we shall find few who are not, he rests as well satisfied in laughing at him, as if he were absolutely free from all sort of folly himself.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Well, old gentlewoman! What is it you have to say against that young man?

Old Woman.

An't please you, Sir, this young man is my husband: he made fair pretences to me before marriage, but now he neglects and despises me for every other woman. Now I appeal to you, Sir, and to all the world, whether it be not a very great folly for a man to tye himself, during life, to a woman he does not love?

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Yes, without doubt, it is. Mercury, put them both up.

Old Woman.

An't please you, Sir, it is I who make the complaint.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Very good, mistress. And if it be a folly in him to marry a woman that he does not love, was it not a folly in you to marry a man without knowing first whether he loved you or no?

MERCURY.

Here are several other wives who complain of their husbands, and husbands who complain of their wives.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Put them in all, without farther deliberation. For though people may be allowed to be as critical in their choice as they please before marriage, yet when that is once done, it is a great folly to complain.

MERCURY.

Here are a vast quantity more of both men and women, brought upon account of their marriage.

ÆSCU-

ÆSCULAPIUS.

It were an endless work to hear of every one who play'd the fool in marriage. To save time, therefore, we will put up all the married people at a venture; and if there be any one who can give us satisfactory reasons, to prove that he did not play the fool in it, we will let him out again.

HUSBAND.

No, Sir, I will not go in: no one can say I committed any folly in marrying.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

How, friend, marry and commit no folly! What wife have you, pray?

HUSBAND.

One who has wit, beauty, virtue, riches, and is of a very considerable family.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

It is very much to be suspected that thou art guilty of folly in having this opinion of her. A woman with wit and beauty, marry an odd disagreeable fellow, and not cuckold him! However, friend, if it be so, you may go away, but be sure you send your wife in your place.

HUSBAND.

Do you reckon it a folly then in a woman not to cuckold her husband?

ÆSCULAPIUS.

No, friend, we do not tell you so. But when a woman who finds by her constitution that she shall make any husband a cuckold, takes one who is very fit for that purpose, there are some wicked people who think she does as wisely as a woman in her circumstances could. But when a woman marries a man who is fit for no other use than to make a cuckold of, without a design of putting him to any use, that that woman commits a folly, there was never any one yet could doubt.

MERCURY.

MERCURY.

But see what vast crowds are waiting for audience; and with how much eagerness are they set upon discovering the follies of one another? It is impossible for us to hear all the particular follies of which particular men are guilty. It seems to me therefore by very much the easiest way to pick out the wise men first, and when we have done that, we may apply general medicines to the rest, without enquiring farther into their particular distempers. Make proclamation therefore, Mercury, that people may no longer trouble themselves with bringing the fools of their acquaintance, but henceforward let them bring none but the wise men.

MERCURY.

Alas, *Æsculapius*! Art thou no better acquainted with the nature of mankind than this? Believe me, if we stay here till one man accuses another of being wise, we may stay till the end of the world. No, *Æsculapius*, no: in searching the follies of mankind, it was necessary to have an account of them from others, and not from themselves: but if you would search for wise men, you must not ask mens opinion of one another, but take what every man thinks of himself.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Thou art better acquainted with the humours of mankind than I am; do therefore as thou wilt.

MERCURY.

O—Yes! O—Yes! O—Yes! Let all those that are wise range themselves upon the right hand, and distinguish themselves from the rest.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

What is the meaning of this? Every man places himself on the right side, but one; and they jostle one another for room with the greatest violence imaginable! Here you Sir, what are you, pray, who appear so very confidently in the very head of the wise.

POET.

P O E T.

Who I, Sir? I am a poet.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Well; and pray, Mr. Poet, what pretence have you to place yourself so confidently before all the rest?

P O E T.

Can Æsculapius know I am a poet, and ask that question? As much as a man is above a beast, so much is a poet above another man. It is we who converse with the gods, and despise the rest of mankind. It is we who elevate ourselves above the transitory things that the vulgar are fond of; who despise riches, glory and honour, and seek for nothing but fame and immortality.

When conq'ring death shall ravish from their eyes,
Those trifling glories that the vulgar prize;
When crowns shall fall; when empires shall be lost;
And all that's mortal be dissolv'd to dust;
Then shall I live immortal in my fame,
And future ages shall extol my name.*

S T A T E S M A N.

I think there is no great need of convincing Æsculapius, how little that man deserves the title of wise, since he himself has been pleased to prove it sufficiently already. I will not say any thing to the man himself, or enquire what pretences he has to the title of a poet; but taking it for granted that he is as good as he fancies himself, yet can any thing be so ridiculous as the very design he proposes. He does not pretend that poetry makes people happy in this world, because we very plainly see

* In several places of Mr. Pope's works, it will be found, that he has a most ardent thirst after immortality.

the contrary; but he pleases himself with a vain rever-
 sion of imaginary honours that he is never to enjoy till
 he himself is insensible of them. It will be a very great
 satisfaction, doubtless, to a man when he is in the grave,
 to think his verses run as smoothly as ever; and one must
 be an infidel to doubt but that the author of a fine poem
 will be extremely considered in the other world.

I do not say this out of any malice to the profession
 of a poet, nor would I pretend to take a title from
 them, though they do not deserve it, but in order to
 shew you those who do. Do you ask me then who it is
 that deserves the title of a wise man? Whom should I
 answer, but him who knows how to govern the state.
 If particular persons of a community think they have
 any title to wisdom, how much more must they allow
 that title to those who are capable of governing the com-
 munity? It is they, certainly, who can move assemblies,
 who can advise kings, who can govern commonwealths,
 that deserve the title of the wise. How considerable a
 figure does such a man make in a government? How
 much is he followed and caressed? What advantages
 does he get to himself and family? And how much is
 he flattered and adored by these very poets who would
 vainly arrogate the title of wise to themselves? *

STOIC.

Though I am of a profession that do not trouble them-
 selves with the trifles of the world, yet I cannot, I con-
 fess, be pleased to see people take a title to themselves,
 to which they have not the least pretence. I might ob-
 serve here, that considering how kings are for the most
 part advised, and commonwealths governed, a Man has

* Such has been the quondam advice of Mr. Pope's Lelius,
 alias saint John, alias the examiner.

no great reason to boast of his having a hand in either. But I shall wave all that as to my particular, and speak to the employment of a statesman in general. Is there then any thing so ridiculous as for a man to propose the making himself great, as the end of all his actions? The only end a wise man proposes, is the making himself happy; how ridiculous then must he appear, who makes himself miserable, in order to make himself great? Who seeks the contempt of the wise, that he may get the admiration of fools? Who leads a false dissembling life; fawning upon those who treat him insolently, and treating those insolently who fawn upon him? Who values himself upon the bearing other peoples burdens, for which the only thanks he gets, is envy, or contempt: Envy if he succeed, and contempt if he fail? Should a man, who came late to an inn, instead of taking the rest that was requisite to refresh him for the next day's journey, enter into cabals, form designs, and manage intrigues to get the best room in the house, which would make him very uneasy if he fail'd of it; and from which, tho' he succeeded, he must necessarily depart the next morning; would not this man appear ridiculously foolish, and contemptible to all the world? And when we see a man in a world from which he must necessarily depart in a very short space of time, instead of preparing himself for what is to follow, waste all that little time in senseless cabals, in vain designs, and in ridiculous intrigues, to make himself great and powerful; which, if he do not attain it, makes him uneasy; and which, if he do, he must leave immediately again: Is not this man ten times more ridiculous, and more foolish than the other? The man who by his folly loses his rest one night, will without doubt grow wiser, and take a double share of rest the next: But alas! in the other case, it is quite different; there is no second opportunity of correcting the first;

it; and he who has spent one life foolishly will never be trusted with another to employ better.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Wisely urged, O incomparable stoic! The folly of this sort of men is very palpable; and you, certainly, who can so sagely find out their infirmities, can easily discover to us the men who are subject to no infirmities at all.

S T O I C.

You judge right, divine Æsculapius! it is among us, and only us, that you must expect to find a real wise man. And our leaders have taught us, upon a due consideration of the world, to pronounce all men mad beside. 'Tis true, their extravagance does not appear, perhaps to the vulgar; but as in a mad-house, one of the patients does not perceive that madness in his companion, which is presently found out by a sober stander by: so in this universal madness which possesses the world in general, tho' they do not discover it in one another, yet it is at first sight apparent to the eyes of the sage. Do you ask me then, who is this wise man that I have mentioned? It is he who places not his felicity in his beauty, his wealth, or his learning; who desires no pleasure, who fears no pain: whom the frowns of fortune cannot deject, nor her smiles exalt: who is happy in prisons, in banishments, in torments! who if he were broiling in Phalaris's bull, would cry out, How pleasant is this! It matters not how many arrows fortune aims at him, since he is impenetrable to them all. As there are some stones so hard, that the iron cannot touch; as diamonds can neither be cut nor broken, but resist the strongest force; as rocks in the sea break the fury of the waves, and, beaten upon so many ages, retain no marks of its rage; so is the soul of a wise man, solid and firm;

Q

and

and has collected so much strength, that it remains safe from all injuries, as any of the things I mentioned. But what will you say: is there no one then who will attempt the injuring a wise man? Yes, they will attempt it, but they cannot perform it: he is elevated so much above the vulgar, that none of their ill designs can arrive at him. When that foolish king darkened the day with his arrows, there was not one of them which reached the sun; when the chains were cast into the sea, they could not bind the waves; and those who destroy the temples, do no injury to the divinity: In like manner, whatever is done proudly, maliciously, or insolently, against a wise man, (who is in nothing different from a God, but in point of time) is but attempted in vain.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

O sage! O wonderful! O incomparable stoic! This, this is a wise man indeed! Is it possible that people can continue slaves to their follies, when wisdom proposes such sublime, such noble rewards to her followers? But descend a little from this high region, in which you are placed; conform yourselves to the weaknesses of others; and convince their stupidity by living examples of this high pitch of wisdom you have so nobly described to them. But what is the matter with that man to laugh so? You, there, who stand by yourself on the left side, while all the rest are gotten upon the right.

M A N, solus.

Alas! Sir, who can forbear laughing, to see men hope by their pride and vanity, to exempt themselves from those infirmities, to which all mankind are naturally subject? This sage, this wonderful, this incomparable stoic, after all his noble and high-flown families, is neither so hard as a diamond, so firm as a rock, nor so elevated as the sun. This mighty man, who would
laugh

lough in Phalaris's bull, yet is liable to pain and anguish, as well as the meanest of the people; the most vulgar weapon shall hurt him; and the most ordinary strength shall reach him. This contemplative person, who has found out the follies of all mankind, has one of his own that he does not see, ten times more extravagant than any of theirs: since there is no folly, sure, so extravagant, as for one who labours under all the frailties, and weaknesses, and infirmities of mankind, to think himself in any wise comparable to the perfection of a God.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Well, friend, what are you then, who dare accuse the stoics of folly, who accuse all the world beside?

MAN.

Alas! Sir, I am a fool too, and am so well convinced of it, that you see I keep by my self on the left side, when all the rest go to the right; and were I not convinced my self, I have given sufficient reason to convince any one else, by troubling myself with correcting the follies of others, while I have so many follies of my own that are uncorrected still.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

What are become of all the wise men then; are there none left?

MAN.

If you take every man's opinion of himself, never were there so many; if you take their opinions of one another, never were there so few.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Are all men then alike?

MAN.

No, there are some who are called wise, and some who are called fools; not but that the wisest man has a sufficient stock of folly too. But the best method I can

propose to distinguish mankind, is by calling those men wise, who know themselves to be fools; and those men fools, who think themselves to be wise.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Mercury, thou art a swift messenger, haste away to Jupiter, inform him of what we have done, and know his further pleasure in the matter: you may tell him, that upon a full survey of mankind it appears, that every one has such a sufficient share of folly, that he has no reason at all to complain of his neighbours having more. That in answer to those who think their folly obstructs their happiness, it is very plain, that the happiness of mankind is so complicated with this folly, that it is impossible to cure them of the one, without endangering the other too. Should we convince the fool who squanders away his money, that he might live to want it; should we convince the fool who heaps up treasure, that in a little time he must die, and have all his treasure taken from him; should we convince the husband, who places his happiness in his wife and children, that the one cuckolds him, and the other are none of his; should we convince the man who does things to be eternally famous, that after death he will have no sense of fame, or of whatever is said of him; we should make them all miserable and wretched. On the other side, by taking away their folly, we shou'd take away one of the most useful qualities in the world, since it is very evident, that mankind live upon the follies of one another. Were there not fools who sell estates, what would become of the fools who buy them? Were there not fools who marry, human kind would come to an end. Were there not fools of business, how would the fools that meddle with no business be managed? Were there not fighting fools, who would protect the
fools,

fools, that would not fight, from oppression? And were there not writing fools, what would the reading fools do for a diversion: So that upon the whole matter I think we had even as good leave the world as we find it. However, if he thinks there ought to be somewhat done in this matter, after having made so much noise about it; the most general folly in men being that of shewing severity to other peoples faults, while they neglect those they commit themselves; he may order a solemn proclamation to be made, that no man shall have the privilege of censuring the follies of other people, till he can bring a certificate, under the hands of three judicious neighbours, that he has none at all of his own.

The DESPAIRING LOVER.

Distracted with care,
 For Phyllis the fair;
 Since nothing cou'd move her,
 Poor Damon her lover,
 Resolves in despair
 No longer to languish,
 Nor bear so much anguish:
 But, mad with his love,
 To a precipice goes;
 Where a leap from above
 Wou'd soon finish his woes.

When in rage he came there,
 Beholding how steep
 The sides did appear,
 And the bottom how deep;

His torments projecting,
 And sadly reflecting,
 That a lover forsaken
 A new love may get;
 But a neck when once broken,
 Can never be set:
 And, that he cou'd die
 Whenever he wou'd;
 But, that he cou'd live
 But as long as he cou'd:
 How grievous soever
 The torment might grow,
 He scorn'd to endeavour
 To finish it so.
 But bold, unconcern'd
 At thoughts of the pain,
 He calmly return'd
 To his cottage again.

S O N G.

OF all the torments, all the cares,
 With which our lives are curst:
 Of all the plagues a lover bears,
 Sure rivals are the worst!
 By partners, in each other kind,
 Afflictions easier grow;
 In love alone we hate to find
 Companions of our woe.

Sylvia, for all the pangs you see,
 Are lab'ring in my breast;
 I beg not you would favour me,
 Would you but slight the rest?

How great foe'er your rigours are,
With them alone I'll cope;
I can endure my own despair,
But not another's hope.

A SONG TO PHILLIS.

PHILLIS, we not grieve that nature,
Forming you, has done her part;
And in every single feature
Shew'd the utmost of her art.

II.

But in this it is pretended;
That a mighty grievance lies,
That your heart shou'd be defended,
Whilst you wound us with your eyes.

III.

Love's a senseless inclination,
Where no mercy's to be found;
But is just, where kind compassion
Gives us balm to heal the wound.

IV.

Persians, paying solemn duty,
To the rising sun inclin'd,
Never would adore his beauty,
But in hopes to make him kind.

PHILLIS's Resolution.

I.

WHEN Slaves their liberty require,
 They hope no more to gain;
 But you not only that desire,
 But ask the pow'r to reign.

II.

Think how unjust a suit you make,
 Then you will soon decline;
 Your freedom, when you please, pray take,
 But trespass not on mine.

III.

No more in vain, Alcander, crave,
 I ne'er will grant the thing,
 That he, who once has been my slave,
 Should ever be my king.

An EPISTLE to a Lady who had resolv'd against MARRIAGE.

MADAM, I cannot but congratulate
 Your resolution for a single state:
 Ladies, who would live undisturb'd and free,
 Must never put on Hymen's livery.
 Perhaps, its outside seems to promise fair,
 But underneath is nothing else but care.
 If once you let the Gordian knot be ty'd,
 Which turns the name of virgin into bride;

That

That one fond act your life's best scene foregoes,
 And leads you in a labyrinth of woes;
 Whose strange Meanders you may search about
 But never find the clue to let you out.
 The marry'd life affords you little ease,
 The best of husbands is so hard to please.
 This in wives careful faces you may spell,
 Tho' they dissemble their misfortunes well.
 No plagues so great as an ill-ruling head,
 Yet 'tis a fate which few young ladies dread:
 For love's insinuating fire they fan,
 With sweet ideas of a Godlike man.
 Chloris and Phillis glory'd in their swains,
 And sung their praises on the neighb'ring plains;
 Oh! they were brave, accomplish'd charming men,
 Angels till marry'd, but proud devils then.
 Sure some resistless pow'r with Cupid sides,
 Or we should have more virgins, fewer brides:
 For single lives afford the most content,
 Secure and happy, as they're innocent:
 Bright as Olympus, crown'd with endless ease,
 And calm as Neptune on the Halcyon seas.
 Your sleep is broke with no domestic cares:
 No bawling children to disturb your pray'rs;
 No parting sorrows to extort your tears,
 No blustering husband to renew your fears!
 Therefore dear madam, let a friend advise,
 Love and its idle deity despise:
 Suppress wild nature, if it dares rebel;
 There's no such thing as leading apes in hell.

CELIA

CLELIA TO URANIA.

A N O D E.

I.

THE dismal regions which no sun beholds,
 Whilst his fires roll some distant world to cheer,
 Which in dry darkness, frost, and chilling cold,
 Spend one long portion of the dragging year,
 At his returning influence never knew
 More joy than Clelia, when she thinks of you.

II.

Those zealots, who adore the rising sun,
 Would soon their darling deity despise,
 And with more warm, more true devotion run,
 To worship nobler beams, Urania's eyes;
 Had they beheld her lovely form divine,
 Where rays more glorious, more attracting, shine.

III.

But, ah! frail mortals, tho' you may admire
 At a convenient distance all her charms,
 Approach them, and yon'll feel a raging fire,
 Which scorches deep; and all your pow'r disarms:
 Thus like th' Arabian bird, your case proceeds
 From the bright object, which your pleasure breeds.

S O N G.

I

TH O' Celia's born to be ador'd,
 And Strephon to adore her born,
 In vain her pity is implor'd,
 Who kills him twice, with charms and scorn.

II. Fair

II.

Fair Saint to your blest orb repair,
 To learn in heav'n a heav'nly mind;
 Thence hearken to a sinner's pray'r,
 And be less beauteous, or more kind.

E C L O G U E.

L Y C O N.

STREPHON and Damon's flocks together fed,
 Two charming swains as e'er Arcadia bred;
 Both fam'd for wit, and fam'd for beauty both;
 Both in the lustre of their blooming youth:
 No sullen cares their tender thoughts remove,
 No passions discompose their souls, but love.
 Once, and but once alone, as story goes,
 Between the youths a fierce dispute arose;
 Not for the merit of their tuneful lays,
 (Tho' both deserv'd, yet both despis'd that praise;) 2
 But for a cause of greater moment far,
 That merited a lover's utmost care.
 Each swain the prize of beauty strove to gain,
 For the bright shepherdess that caus'd his pain.
 Lycon they chose the diff'rence to decide,
 Lycon, for prudence and sage counsel try'd;
 Who love's mysterious arts had study'd long,
 And taught, when old, what he had practis'd young:
 For the dispute alternate verse they choose,
 Alternate verse delights the rural muse.

Strep. To Flavia, love, thou justly ow'st the prize,

She owns thy pow'r, nor does thy laws reprove.

Dam. Tho' Sylvia, for herself, love's pow'r defies,

What crowds of vassals has she made to love?

Strep.

Strep. When Flavia comes attir'd for rural games,
Each curl, each flow'r she wears, a charm express,

Dam. Sylvia, without a foreign aid, inflames;
Charm'd with her eyes we never mind her dress.

Strep. Have you seen Flavia with her flaxen hair?
She seems an image of the queen of love!

Dam. Sylvia's dark hair like Leda's locks appear,
And yet, like her, has charms to conquer Jove.

Strep. Flavia by crowds of lovers is admir'd;
Happy that youth who shall the fair enjoy!

Dam. Sylvia neglects her lovers, lives retir'd;
Happy, that could her lonely thoughts employ!

Strep. Flavia, where-e'er she comes, the swains subdues,
And ev'ry smile she gives conveys a dart.

Dam. Sylvia the swains with native coldness views,
And yet what shepherd can defend his heart?

Strep. Flavia's bright beauties in an instant strike;
Gazers, before they think of it, adore.

Dam. Sylvia's soft charms, as soon as seen we like;
But still the more we think, we love the more.

Strep. Who is so stupid that has Flavia seen,
As not to view the nymph with vast delight?

Dam. Who has seen Sylvia and so stupid been,
As to remember any other sight?

Strep. What thoughts has Flavia, when with care she
views

Her charming graces in the crystal lakes?

Dam. To see hers, Sylvia need no mirrors use:
She sees them by the conquests that she makes.

Strep. With what assurance Flavia walks the plains?
She knows the nymphs must all their lovers yield.

Dam. Sylvia with blushes wounds the gazing swains,
And while she strives to fly, she wins the field.

Strep. Flavia at first young Melibœus lov'd;
For me she did that charming youth forsake.

Dam,

Dam. Sylvia's relentless heart was never mov'd ;
 Gods! that I might the first impression make!

Strep. Shou'd Flavia hear that Sylvia vy'd with her,
 What indignation would the charmer show;

Dam. Sylvia wou'd Flavia to herself prefer:
 There we alone her judgment disallow.

Strep. If Sylvia's charms with Flavia's can compare,
 Why is This crowded still, and That alone?

Dam. Because their ways of life so diff'rent are;
 Flavia gives all men hopes, and Sylvia none.

Lycon. Shepherds, enough; now cease your am'rous war:
 Or too much heat may carry both too far:

I well attended the dispute, and find

Both nymphs have charms, but each in diff'rent kind.

Flavia deserves more pains than she will cost;

As easily got, were she not easily lost.

Sylvia is much more difficult to gain;

But, once possess'd, will well reward the pain.

We with them Flavia's all, when first we burn;

But, once possess'd, with they would Sylvia's turn.

And, by the diff'rent charms in each express,

One we shou'd soonest love, the other best.



ADDITIONS
TO THE
WORKS
OF
THOMAS TICKEL, Esq;

A Poem in Praise of the Horn-Boo

Written under a fit of the GOUT.

Magni magna Patrant, nos non nisi Ludica——
———Podagra hæc otia fecit.

HAIL! antient book, most venerable code!
Learning's first cradle, and it's last abode!
The huge unnumber'd volumes which we see,
By lazy plagiaries are stol'n from thee.
Yet future times, to thy sufficient store,
Shall ne'er presume to add one letter more.

Thee will I sing in comely wainscot bound,
And golden verge enclosing thee around;

The faithful horn before, from age to age,
Preserving thy invaluable page;
Behind, thy patron saint in armour shines,
With sword and lance, to guard thy sacred lines:
Beneath his courser's feet the dragon lies
Transfix'd; his blood thy scarlet cover dies;
Th' instructive handle's at the bottom fix'd,
Left wrangling critics thou'd pervert the text.

Or if to ginger-bread thou shalt descend,
And liquorish learning to thy babes extend;
Or sugar'd plane o'erspread with beaten gold,
Does the sweet treasure of thy letters hold;
Thou still shalt be my song——Apollo's choir
I scorn t' invoke; Cadmus my verse inspire:
T'was Cadmus who the first materials brought
Of all the learning which has since been taught,
Soon made compleat! for mortals ne'er shall know
More than contain'd of old the Christ-cross row;
What masters dictate, or what doctors preach,
Wife matrons hence, e'en to our children teach,
But as the name of ev'ry plant and flow'r
(So common that each peasant knows its pow'r)
Physicians in mysterious cant express,
T' amuse the patient, and enhance their fees;
So from the letters of our native tongue,
Put in Greek scrawls, a myst'ry too is sprung,
Schools are erected, puzzling grammars made,
And artful men strike out a gainful trade,
Strange characters adorn the learned gate,
And heedless youth catch at the shining bait.
The pregnant boys the noisy charms declare,
And *Tan's, and Delta's, make their mothers stare;

* The Greek letters T, Δ.

Th' uncommon sounds amaze the vulgar ear,
 And what's uncommon never costs too dear.
 Yet in all tongues the HORN-BOOK is the same,
 Taught by the Grecian master, or the English dame.

But how shall I thy endless virtues tell,
 In which thou dost all other books excell?
 No greasy thumbs thy spotless leaf can soil,
 Nor crooked dogs-ears thy smooth corners spoil;
 In idle pages no errata stand,
 To tell the blunders of the printer's hand:
 No fulsome dedication here is writ,
 Nor flatt'ring verse, to praise the author's wit:
 The margin with no tedious notes is vex'd,
 Nor various readings to confound the text:
 All parties in thy lit'ral sense agree,
 Thou perfect center of concordancy!
 Search we the records of an ancient date,
 Or read what modern histories relate,
 They all proclaim what wonders have been done
 By the plain letters taken as they run,
 " * Too high the floods of passion us'd to roll,
 " And rend the Roman youth's impatient soul;
 " His hasty anger furnish'd scenes of blood,
 " And frequent deaths of worthy men ensu'd:
 " In vain were all the weaker methods try'd,
 " None could suffice to stem the furious tide,
 " Thy sacred line he did but once repeat,
 " And laid the storm, and cool'd the raging heat.

* The lines thus " mark'd, describe the advice given to Augustus, by Athenodorus the stoic philosopher, who desired the emperor neither to say nor do any thing till he had first said over the alphabet, or letters of the horn-book; the strict observance of this rule would be the means to make his passion fall, and prevent any rash words or actions.

Thy heav'nly notes, like angels music, cheer
 Departing souls, and sooth the dying ear.
 An aged peasant, on his latest bed,
 With'd for a friend some godly book to read;
 The pious grandson thy known handle takes,
 And (eyes lift up) this sav'ry lecture makes:
 Great A, he gravely read; th' important sound
 The empty walls and hollow roof rebound:
 Th' expiring antient rear'd his drooping head,
 And thank'd his stars that Hodge had learn'd to read.
 Great B, the yonker bauls; O heavenly breath!
 What ghostly comforts in the hour of death!
 What hopes I feel! Great C, pronounc'd the boy
 The grandfire dies with extasy of joy.

Yet in some lands such ignorance abounds,
 Whole parishes scarce know thy useful sounds.
 Of Essex hundreds fame gives this report,
 But fame, I ween, says many things in sport.
 Scarce lives the man to whom thou'rt quite unknown,
 Tho' few th' extent of thy vast empire own.
 Whatever wonders magick spells can do
 On earth, in air, in sea, in shades below;
 What words profound and dark wife Mah'met spoke,
 When his old cow an angel's figure took;
 What strong enchantments sage Canidia knew,
 Or Horace sung, fierce monsters to subdue,
 Omighty book, are all contain'd in you!
 All human arts, and ev'ry science meet,
 Within the limits of thy single sheet:
 From thy vast root all learning's branches grow,
 And all her streams from thy deep fountain flow.
 And lo! while thus thy wonders I indite,
 Inspir'd I feel the pow'r of which I write;

P

The

The gentler gout his former rage forgets,
 Less frequent now, and less severe the fits;
 Loose grow the chains which bound my useless feet;
 Stiffness and pain from ev'ry joint retreat;
 Surprizing strength comes every moment on,
 I stand, I step, I walk and now I run.
 Here let me cease, my hobbling numbers stop,
 And at † thy handle hang my crutches up.

† Votiva Tabula, Hor.



THE

THE POETICAL
WORKS
OF
Dr. SPRAT
Bishop of ROCHESTER.

THE POETICAL

WORKS

OF

DR. S. P. R. A. T.

Bishop of Rochester.

(213)

To the Reverend

Dr. WILKINS,

Warden of Wadham College in Oxford.

S I R,

SEEING you are pleased to think fit that these papers should come into the public, which were at first designed to live only in a desk, or some private friend's hands; I humbly take the boldness to commit them to the security which your name and protection will give them with the most knowing part of the world. There are two things especially in which they stand in need of your defence: one is, that they fall so infinitely below the full and lofty genius of that excellent poet, who made this way of writing free of our nation: the other, that they are so little proportioned and equal to the renown of that prince, on whom they were written. Such great actions and lives deserving rather to be the subjects of the noblest pens and divine fancies, than of such small beginners and weak essayers in poetry as myself. Against these dangerous prejudices, there remains no other shield, than the universal esteem and authority which your judgment and approbation carries with it. The right you have to them, sir, is not only on the account of the relation you had to this great person, nor of the general favour which all arts receive from you; but more particu-

DEDICATION.

larly by reason of that obligation and zeal with which I am bound to dedicate myself to your service: for having been a long time the object of your care and indulgence towards the advantage of my studies and fortune, having been moulded as it were, by your own hands, and formed under your government, not to entitle you to any thing which my meanness produces, would not only be injustice, but sacrilege: so that if there be any thing here tolerably said, which deserves pardon, it is yours, Sir, as well as he, who is,

Your most devoted,

and obliged servant,

THO. SPEAT.



To the happy M E M O R Y of the late]

LORD PROTECTOR.

I.

TIS true, great name, thou art secure
 From the forgetfulness and rage
 Of death, or envy, or devouring age;
 Thou canst the force and teeth of time endure:
 Thy fame, like men, the elder it doth grow,
 Will of it self turn whiter too,

Without what needless art can do;
 Will live beyond thy breath, beyond thy hearse,
 Tho' it were never heard or sung in verse.

Without our help, thy memory is safe;
 They only want an epitaph,
 That do remain alone
 Alive in an inscription,

Remembred only on the brass, or marble-stone,
 'Tis all in vain what we can do:

All our roses and perfumes
 Will but officious folly show,
 And pious nothings to such mighty tombs.
 All our incense, gums and balm,
 Are but unnecessary duties here:

The poets may their spices spare,
 Their costly numbers, and their tuneful feet:
 That need not be embalm'd, which of itself is sweet;

II.

We know to praise thee is a dangerous proof
 Of our obedience and our love :
 For when the sun and fire meet,
 The one's extinguish'd quite ;
 And yet the other never is more bright.
 So they that write of thee, and join
 Their feeble names with thine ;
 Their weaker sparks with thy illustrious light,
 Will lose themselves in that ambitious thought ;
 And yet no fame to thee from hence be brought.
 We know, blest'd spirit, thy mighty name
 Wants no addition of another's beam ;
 It's for our pens too high, and full of theme :
 The muses are made great by thee, not thou by them,
 Thy fame's eternal lamp will live,
 And in thy sacred urn survive,
 Without the food of oil, which we can give.
 'Tis true ; but yet our duty calls our songs ;
 Duty commands our tongues :
 Tho' thou want not our praises, we
 Are not excus'd for what we owe to thee ;
 For so men from religion are not freed,
 But from the altars clouds must rise,
 Tho' heaven itself doth nothing need,
 And tho' the Gods don't want an earthly sacrifice.

III.

Great life of wonders, whose each year
 Full of new miracles did appear !
 Whose every month might be
 Alone a chronicle, or history !
 Others great actions are
 But thinly scatter'd here and there ;
 At best, but all one single star ;
 But thine the milky-way,
 All one continued light, of undistinguish'd day ;

They

They throng'd so close, that nought else could be seen,
Scarce any common sky did come between:

What shall I say, or where begin?

Thou may'st in double shapes be shown,
Or in thy arms, or in thy gown;
Like Jove, sometimes with warlike thunder, and
Sometimes with peaceful scepter in his hand;

Or in the field, or on the throne.

In what thy head, or what thy arm hath done,

All that thou didst was so refin'd,

So full of substance, and so strongly join'd,

So pure, so weighty gold,

That the least grain of it,

If fully spread and beat,

Would many leaves and mighty volumes hold.

IV.

Before thy name was publish'd, and whilst yet

Thou only to thyself wert great,

Whilst yet the happy bud

Was not quite seen or understood,

It then sure signs of future greatness shew'd :

Then thy domestic worth

Did tell the world what it would be,

When it should fit occasion see,

When a full spring should call it forth :

As bodies in the dark and night,

Have the same colours, the same red and white,

As in the open day and light ;

The sun doth only shew

That they are bright, not make them so.

So whilst but private walls did know

What we to such a mighty mind should owe,

Then the same virtues did appear,

Tho' in a less and more contracted sphere,

As full, tho' not as large as since they were :

And

And like great rivers, 'fountains, tho'
 At first so deep thou didst not go :
 Tho' then thine was not so enlarg'd a flood ;
 Yet when 'twas little, 'twas as clear, as good.

V.

'Tis true thou was not born unto a crown,
 Thy scepter's not thy father's, but thy own :
 Thy purple was not made at once in haste,
 But after many other colours past,
 It took the deepest princely dye at last.
 Thou didst begin with lesser cares,
 And private thoughts took up thy private years :
 Those hands which were ordain'd by fates
 To change the world and alter states,
 Practis'd at first that vast design
 On meaner things with equal mien.
 That soul which should so many scepters sway,
 To whom so many kingdoms should obey,
 Learn'd first to rule in a domestic way :
 So government itself began
 From family, and single man,
 Was by the small relation first
 Of husband and of father nurs'd,
 And from those less beginnings past,
 To spread itself o'er all the world at last.

VI.

But when thy country (then almost enthrall'd)
 Thy virtue and thy courage call'd ;
 When England did thy arms intreat,
 And't had been sin in thee not to be great :
 When every stream, and every flood,
 Was a true vein of earth, and run with blood :
 When unus'd arms, and unknown war
 Fill'd every place, and every ear ;
 When the great storms and dismal night

Did all the land affright ;
 'Twas time for thee to bring forth all our light.
 Thou left'st thy more delightful peace,
 Thy private life and better ease ;
 Then down thy steel and armour took,
 Wishing that it still hung upon the hook :
 When death had got a large commission out,
 Throwing the arrows and her sting about ;
 Then thou (as once the healing serpent rose)
 Wast lifted up, not for thyself but us.

VII.

Thy country wounded was, and sick, before
 Thy wars and arms did her restore :
 Thou knew'st where the disease did lie,
 And like the cure of sympathy,
 The strong and certain remedy
 Unto the weapon didst apply ;
 Thou didst not draw the sword, and so
 Away the scabbard throw,
 As if thy country shou'd
 Be the inheritance of Mars and blood :
 But that when the great work was spun,
 War in itself should be undone ;
 That peace might land again upon the shore,
 Richer and better than before :
 The husbandmen no steel shall know,
 None but the useful iron of the plow ;
 That bays might creep on every spear ;
 And tho' our sky was overspread
 With a destructive red ;
 'Twas but till thou our sun didst in full light appear.

VIII.

When Ajax dy'd, the purple blood,
 That from his gaping wound had flow'd,
 Turn'd into letter, every leaf
 Had on it wrote his epitaph :

So from that crimson flood,
 Which thou by fate of times wert led
 Unwillingly to shed,
 Letters, and learning rose, and renewed:
 Thou fought'st, not out of envy, hope, or hate,
 But to refine the church and state;
 And like the Romans, whate'er thou
 In the field of Mars didst mow,
 Was, that a holy island hence might grow.
 Thy wars, as rivers raised by a shower,
 Which welcome clouds do pour,
 Tho' they at first may seem
 To carry all away with an enraged stream;
 Yet did not happen that they might destroy,
 Or the better parts annoy:
 But all the filth and mud to scour,
 And leave behind another slime,
 To give a birth to a more happy power.

IX.

In fields unconquer'd, and so well
 Thou didst in battles and in arms excel;
 That steely arms themselves might be
 Worn out in war as soon as thee;
 Success so close upon thy troops did wait,
 As if thou first hadst conquer'd fate;
 As if uncertain victory
 Had been first o'ercome by thee;
 As if her wings were clipt, and could not flee,
 Whilst thou didst only serve,
 Before thou hadst what first thou didst deserve,
 Others by thee did great things do,
 Triumph'dst thyself, and mad'st them triumph too;
 Tho' they above thee did appear,
 As yet in a more large and higher sphere:
 Thou, the great Sun, gav'st light to every star;
 Thyself

Thy self an army wert alone,
And mighty troops contain'd in one.
Thy only sword did guard the land,
Like that which flaming in the angel's hand,
From men God's garden did defend,
But yet thy sword did more than his,
Not only guarded, but did make this land a paradise:

X.

Thou fought'st not to be high or great,
Nor for a scepter or a crown,
Or ermin, purple, or the throne;
But as the vestal heat,
Thy fire was kindled from above alone:
Religion putting on thy shield
Brought thee victorious to the field.
Thy arms, like those which ancient heroes wore,
Were given by the God thou didst adore:
And all the words thy armies had,
Were on an heavenly anvil made;
Not int'rest, or any weak desire
Of rule or empire, did thy mind inspire:
Thy valour like the holy fire,
Which did before the Persian armies go,
Liv'd in the camp, and yet was sacred too:
Thy mighty sword anticipates,
What was deserv'd by heaven and those blest seats,
And makes the church triumphant here below.

XI.

Tho' fortune did hang on thy sword,
And did obey thy mighty word;
Tho' fortune, for thy side and thee,
Forgot her lov'd inconsistency;
Amidst thy arms and trophies thou
Wert valiant and gentle too;
Woundedst thyself, when thou didst kill thy foe.

Like

Like steel, when it much work has past,
 That which was rough does shine at last,
 Thy arms by being oftner us'd did smother grow.
 Nor did thy battles make thee proud or high,
 Thy conquest rais'd the state, not thee :
 Thou overcam'st thyself in every victory.
 As when the sun in a directer line,
 Upon a polish'd golden shield doth shine,
 The shield reflects unto the sun again his light :
 So when the heavens smil'd on thee in fight ;
 When thy propitious God had lent
 Success and victory to thy tent ;
 To heav'n again the victory was sent.

XII.

England, 'till thou did'st come,
 Confia'd her valour home ;
 Then our own rocks did stand
 Bounds to our fame as well as land,
 And were to us as well
 As to our enemies unpassable ;
 We were asham'd at what we read,
 And blush'd at what our fathers did,
 Because we came so far behind the dead.
 The British lion hung his main, and droop'd,
 To slavery and burden stoop'd,
 With a degenerate sleep and fear
 Lay in his den, and languish'd there ;
 At whose least voice before,
 A trembling echo run through every shore,
 And shook the world at every roar :
 Thou his subdu'd courage didst restore,
 Sharpen his claws, and from his eyes
 Mad'st the same dreadful lightning rise ;
 Mad'st him again affright the neighbouring floods,
 His mighty thunder sounds through all the woods :
 Thou hast our military fame redeem'd,

Which

Which was lost, or clouded seem'd :
 Nay, more, heaven did by thee bestow
 On us, at once an iron age, and happy too.

XIII.

Till thou command'dst, that azure chain of waves,
 Which nature round about us sent,
 Made us to every pirate slaves,
 Was rather burden than an ornament ;
 Those fields of sea, that wash'd our shores,
 Were plow'd, and reap'd by other hands than ours :
 To us, the liquid mass,
 Which doth about us run,
 As it is to the sun,

Only a bed to sleep on was :
 And not as now a powerful throne,
 To shake and sway the world thereon.
 Our princes in their hand a globe did shew,
 But not a perfect one,
 Compos'd of earth and water too.
 But thy commands the floods obey'd,
 Thou all the wilderness of water sway'd :
 Thou did'st not only wed the sea,
 Not make her equal, but a slave to thee.
 Neptune himself did bear thy yoke,
 Stoop'd, and trembled at thy stroke :
 He that ruled all the main,
 Acknowledg'd thee his sovereign :
 And now the conquer'd sea doth pay
 More tribute to thy Thames than that unto the sea,

XIV.

Till now our valour did ourselves more hurt ;
 Our wounds to other nations were a sport ;
 And as the earth, our land produc'd
 Iron and steel, which should to tear ourselves be us'd :
 Our strength within itself did break,
 Like thund'ring cannons crack,

And

And kill'd those that were near,
 While the enemies secur'd and untouch'd were.
 But now our trumpets thou hast made to sound
 Against their enemies walls in foreign ground;
 And yet no echo back to us returning found.
 England is now the happy peaceful isle,
 And all the world the while,
 Is exercising arms and wars
 With foreign or intestine jars.
 The torch extinguish'd here, we lent to others oil.
 We give to all, yet know ourselves no fear;
 We reach the flame of ruin and of death,
 Where-e'er we please our swords to unsheath,
 Whilst we in calm and temperate regions breathe:
 Like to the sun, whose heat is hurl'd
 Through every corner of the world;
 Whose flame through all the air doth go,
 And yet the sun himself the while no fire does know.

XV.

Besides, the glories of thy peace
 Are not in number, nor in value less.
 Thy hand did cure, and close the scars
 Of our bloody civil wars;
 Not only lanc'd but heal'd the wound,
 Made us again as healthy and as sound:
 When now the ship was well nigh lost,
 After the storm upon the coast,
 By its mariners endanger'd most;
 When they their ropes and helms had left,
 When the planks asunder cleft,
 And floods came roaring in with mighty sound,
 Thou a safe land and harbour for us found,
 And savedst those that would themselves have drown'd:
 A work which none but heaven and thee could do,
 Thou mad'st us happy whether we would or no:

Thy judgment, mercy, temperance so great,
As if those virtues only in thy mind had seat:
Thy piety not only in the field, but peace,
When heaven seem'd to be wanted least;
Thy temples not like Janus only were
Open in time of war,
When thou hadst greater cause to fear:
Religion and the awe of heaven posselt
All places and all times alike thy breast.

XVI.

Nor didst thou only for thy age provide,
But for the years to come beside;
Our after-times and late posterity,
Shall pay unto thy fame as much as we;
They too are made by thee.
When fate did call thee to a higher throne,
And when thy mortal work was done,
When heaven did say it, and thou must be gone,
Thou him to bear thy burden chose,
Who might (if any could) make us forget thy loss;
Nor hadst thou him design'd,
Had he not been
Not only to thy blood, but virtue kin,
Not only heir unto thy throne, but mind:
'Tis he shall perfect all thy cures,
And with a fine thread weave out thy loom:
So one did bring the chosen people from
Their slavery and fears,
Led them through their pathless road,
Guided himself by God.
H'as brought them to the borders; but a second hand
Did settle and secure them in the promis'd land.

To a Person of Honour, (Mr. EDWARD HOWARD) upon his Incomparable, Incomprehensible Poem, intitled the British Princes.

YOUR book our old knight-errants fame revives,
 Writ in a stile agreeing with their lives.
 All rumours strength their prowess did out-go,
 All rumours skill your verses far out-do :
 To praise the Welch the world must now combine,
 Since to their leeks you do your laurel join :
 Such lofty strains your country's story fit,
 Whose mountain nothing equals but your wit.
 Bonduca, were she such, as here we see
 (In British paint) none could more dreadful be :
 With naked armies she encounter'd Rome,
 Whose strength with naked nature you o'ercome,
 Nor let small criticks blame this mighty queen,
 That in king Arthur's time she here is seen :
 You that can make immortal by your song,
 May well one life four hundred years prolong.
 Thus Virgil bravely dar'd for Dido's love,
 The settled course of time and years to move,
 Though him you imitate in this alone,
 In all things else you borrow help from none :
 No antick tale of Greece or Rome you take,
 Their fables and examples you forsake.
 With true heroic glory you display
 A subject new, writ in the newest way.

Go forth, great author, for the world's delight ;
 Teach it, what none e'er taught you, how to write ;

They

They talk strange things that ancient poets did;
 How trees, and stones they into buildings lead:
 For poems to raise cities, now, 'tis hard,
 But yours, at least, will build half Paul's churchyard.

On his MISTRESS Drown'd.

SWEET stream, that dost with equal pace
 Both thyself flye and thyself chase,
 Forbear awhile to flow,
 And listen to my woe.

Then go and tell the sea that all its brine
 Is fresh; compar'd to mine;
 Inform it that the gentler dame,
 Who was the life of all my flame,
 In th' glory of her bud
 Has pass'd the fatal flood;
 Death by this only stroke triumphs above
 The greatest power of love:
 Alas, alas! I must give o'er,
 My sighs will let me add no more.
 Go on, sweet stream, and henceforth rest
 No more than does my troubled breast;
 And if my sad complaints have made thee stay,
 These tears, these tears shall mend thy way.

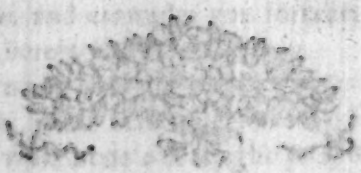


They call strange things that ancient poets did;
How poets, and how they into buildings lead;
For poets to raise cities, now, 'tis hard;
But poets, at least, will build half-Poet's churchyard.

On his Mistress Drowned.

SWIFT, then, standing with equal pace
Both through the fire and the self space,
To show that it is to live,
And then to my woe.

Then go and tell the fish that all in vain
Is left, compared to mine;
Mourn that the gentle dame,
Was the life of his flame,
In the glory of his bed,
Has paid the final blood.
Doubt by this only stroke triumphs above
The greatest power of love;
Alas, alas! I shall give o'er,
My life will be me add no more.
Go on, sweet friend, and honour me;
No more than does my troubled breast;
And if my sad-complains be made thee less,
These tears, these tears shall mend thy woe.



WALTER POPE
THE
PLAGUE of ATHENS,

Which happen'd in the

Second Year of the Peloponnesian War.

First describ'd in Greek by THUCYDIDES;
Then in Latin by LUCRETIVS.

THE

PLAQUE OF ATHENS

Which happen'd in the

Second Year of the Peloponnesian War.

First describ'd in Greek by Thucydides;
Then in Latin by Lucianus.

To my Worthy and Learned Friend,

Dr. WALTER POPE,

Late Professor of the

University of OXFORD.

S I R,

I Know not what pleasure you could take in bestowing your commands so unprofitably, unless it be that for which nature sometimes cherishes and allows monsters, the love of variety. This only delight you will receive by turning over this rude and unpolish'd copy, and comparing it with my excellent patterns, the Greek and Latin. By this you will see how much a noble subject is changed and disfigured by an ill hand, and what reason Alexander had to forbid his picture to be drawn but by some celebrated pencil. In Greek, Thucydides so well and so lively expresses it, that I know not which is more a poem, his description or that of Lucretius. Though it must be said, that the historian had a vast advantage over the poet; he having been present on the place, and assaulted by the disease himself, had the horror familiar to his eyes, and all the shapes of the misery still remaining on his mind, which must needs make a great impression on his pen and fancy; whereas the poet

forced to follow his footsteps, and only work on that matter he allowed him. This I speak, because it may in some measure too excuse my own defects: for being so far removed from the place whereon the disease acted his tragedy, and time having denied us many of the circumstances, customs of the country, and other small things which would be of great use to any one who did intend to be perfect on the subject; besides only writing by an idea of that which I never yet saw, nor care to feel, (being not of the humour of the painter in Sir Philip Sidney, who thrust himself into the midst of a fight, that he might the better delineate it.) Having, I say, all these disadvantages, and many more for which I must only blame myself, it cannot be expected that I should come near equalling him, in whom none of the contrary advantages were wanting. Thus then, Sir, by emboldening me to this rash attempt, you have given opportunity to the Greek and Latin to triumph over our mother-tongue. Yet I would not have the honour of the countries or languages engaged in the comparison, but that the inequality should reach no farther than the authors. But I have much reason to fear the just indignation of that excellent person, (the present ornament and honour of our nation) whose way of writing I imitate: for he may think himself as much injured by my following him, as were the heavens by that bold man's counterfeiting the sacred and unimitable noise of thunder, by the sound of brass and horses hoofs. I shall only say for myself, that I took

Cicero's

Cicero's advice, who bids us, in imitation, propose the noblest pattern to our thoughts; for so we may be sure to be raised above the common level, tho' we come infinitely short of what we aim at. Yet I hope that renowned poet will have none of my crimes any way reflect on himself; for it was not any fault in the excellent musician, that the weak bird, endeavouring by straining its throat to follow its notes, destroyed herself in the attempt. Well, Sir, by this, that I have chosen rather to expose myself than to be disobedient, you may guess with what zeal and hazard I strive to approve myself,

SIR,

Your most humble and

Affectionate Servant,

THO. SPRAT.

THUCYDIDES, LIB. II.

As it is excellently translated by Mr. HOBBS.

IN the very beginning of summer, the Peloponnesians, and their confederates, with two thirds of their forces, as before, invaded Attica, under the conduct of Archidamus, the son of Zeuxidamas, king of Lacedæmon: and after they had encamped themselves, wasted the country about them.

They had not been many days in Attica, when the plague first began amongst the Athenians, said also to have seized formerly on divers other parts, as about Lemnos, and elsewhere; but so great a plague, and mortality of men was never remembered to have happened in any place before. For at first neither were the physicians able to cure it, through ignorance of what it was, but died fastest themselves, as being the men that most approached the sick, nor any other art of man availed whatsoever. All supplications to the Gods, and enquiries of oracles, and whatsoever other means they used of that kind proved all unprofitable, insomuch, as subdued with the greatness of the evil, they gave them all over. It began (by report) first in that part of Æthiopia that lieth upon Ægypt, and thence fell down into Ægypt and Africk, and into the greatest part of the territories of the king. It invaded Athens on a sudden, and touched first upon those that dwelt in Pyræus, insomuch as they reported that the Peloponnesians had cast poison into their wells; for springs there were not any in that place. But afterwards it came up into the high city, and then they died a great deal

deal faster. Now let every man, physician or other, concerning the ground of this sickness, whence it sprung, and what causes he thinks able to produce so great an alteration, speak according to his own knowledge; for my own part, I will deliver but the manner of it, and lay open only such things as one may take his mark by to discover the same if it come again, having been both sick of it myself, and seen others sick of the same. This year, by confession of all men, was of all other, for other diseases, most free and healthful. If any man were sick before, his disease turned to this; if not, yet suddenly, without any apparent cause preceding, and being in perfect health, they were taken first with an extreme ach in their heads, redness and inflammation in the eyes; and then inwardly their throats and tongues grew presently bloody, and their breath noisom and unflavoury. Upon this followed a sneezing and hoarseness, and not long after, the pain, together with a mighty cough, came down into the breast. And when once it was settled in the stomach it caused vomit, and with great torment came up all manner of bilious purgation that physicians ever named. Most of them had also the hickyex, which brought with it a strong convulsion, and in some ceased quickly, but in others was long before it gave over. Their bodies outwardly to the touch, were neither very hot nor pale, but reddish, livid, and beset with little pimples and wheelks; but so burned inwardly, as not to endure any the lightest cloaths or linnen garment to be upon them, nor any thing but mere nakedness, but rather most willingly to have cast themselves into the cold water. And many of them that were not looked to, possessed with insatiate thirst, ran unto the wells; and to drink much or little was indifferent, being still from ease and power to sleep as far as ever.

As long as the disease was at the height, their bodies wasted not, but resisted the torment beyond all expectation,

tion, infomuch as the most of them either died of their inward burning in nine or seven days, whilst they had yet strength; or if they escaped that, then the disease falling down in their bellies, and causing there great exulcerations and immoderate looseness, they died many of them afterwards through weakness: for the disease (which first took the head) began above, and came down, and passed through the whole body: and he that overcame the worst of it, was yet marked with the loss of his extreme parts; for breaking out both at their privy members, and at their fingers and toes, many with the loss of these escaped. There were also some that lost their eyes, and many that presently upon their recovery were taken with such an oblivion of all things whatsoever, as they neither knew themselves nor their acquaintance. For this was a kind of sickness which far surmounted all expression of words, and both exceeded human nature in the cruelty wherewith it handled each one, and appeared also otherwise to be none of those diseases that are bred among us, and that especially by this: For all, both birds and beasts, that use to feed on human flesh, though many men lay abroad unburied, either came not at them, or tasting perished. An argument whereof, as touching the birds, was the manifest defect of such fowl, which were not then seen, neither about the carcases, or anywhere else; but by the dogs, because they are familiar with men, this effect was seen much clearer. So that this disease (to pass over many strange particulars of the accidents that some had differently from others) was in general such as I have shewn; and for other usual sicknesses at that time, no man was troubled with any. Now they died, some for want of attendance, and some again with all the care and physick that could be used. Nor was there any, to say, certain medicine, that applied must have helped them; for if it did good to one, it did harm

harm to another ; nor any difference of body for strength or weakness that was able to resist it ; but carried all away, what physick soever was administred. But the greatest misery of all was, the defection of mind, in such as found themselves beginning to be sick (for they grew presently desperate, and gave themselves over without making any resistance) as also their dying thus like sheep, infected by mutual visitation: For if men forbore to visit them for fear, then they died forlorn, whereby many families became empty, for want of such as should take care of them. If they forbore not, then they died themselves, and principally the honestest men: for out of shame they would not spare themselves, but went in unto their friends, especially after it was come to that pass, that even their domesticks, wearied with the lamentations of them that died, and overcome with the greatness of the calamity, were no longer moved therewith. But those that were recovered, had much compassion both on them that died, and on them that lay sick, as having both known the misery themselves, and now no more subject to the like danger; for this disease never took a man the second time so as to be mortal. And these men were both by others counted happy, and they also themselves, through excess of present joy, conceived a kind of light hope never to dye of any other sickness hereafter. Besides the present affliction, the reception of the country people, and of their substance into the city, oppressed both them, and much more the people themselves that so came in. For having no houses, but dwelling at that time of the year in stifling booths, the mortality was now without all form; and dying men lay tumbling one upon another in the streets, and men half dead about every conduit through desire of water. The temples also where they dwelt in tents, were all full of the dead that died within them; for
op-

oppressed with the violence of the calamity, and not knowing what to do, men grew careless, both of holy and profane things alike. And the laws which they formerly used touching funerals, were all now broken, every one burying where he could find room. And many for want of things necessary, after so many deaths before, were forced to become impudent in the funerals of their friends. For when one had made a funeral pile, another getting before him, would throw on his dead, and give it fire. And when one was in burning, another would come, and having cast thereon him whom he carried, go his way again. And the great licentiousness, which also in other kinds was used in the city began at first from this disease. For that which a man before would dissemble, and not acknowledge to be done for voluptuousness, he durst now do freely, seeing before his eyes such quick revolution, of the rich dying, and men worth nothing inheriting their estates; inasmuch as they justified a speedy fruition of their goods, even for their pleasure, as men that thought they held their lives but by the day. As for pains, no man was forward in any action of honour, to take any, because they thought it uncertain whether they should die or not before they achieved it. But what any man knew to be delightful, and to be profitable to pleasure, that was made both profitable and honourable. Neither the fear of the gods, nor laws of men, awed any man. Not the former, because they concluded it was alike to worship or not worship, from seeing that alike they all perished: nor the latter, because no man expected that his life would last 'till he received punishment of his crimes by judgment. But they thought there was now over their heads some far greater judgment decreed against them; before which fell, they thought to enjoy some little part of their lives.

The PLAGUE of ATHENS.

I.
 UNhappy man ! by nature made to sway,
 And yet is every creature's prey,
 Destroy'd by those that should his power obey!
 Of the whole world we call mankind the lords,
 Flatt'ring ourselves with mighty words;
 Of all things we the monarchs are,
 And so we rule, and so we domineer;
 All creatures else about us stand
 Like some prætorian band,
 To guard, to help, and to defend;
 Yet they sometimes prove enemies,
 Sometimes against us rise;
 Our very guards rebel, and tyrannize.
 Thousand diseases sent by fate,
 (Unhappy servants !) on us wait;
 A thousand treacheries within
 Are laid, weak life to win;
 Huge troops of maladies without,
 (A grim, a meagre, and a dreadful rout :)
 Some formal sieges make,
 And with sure slowness do our bodies take;
 Some with quick violence storm the town,
 And throw all in a moment down:
 Some one peculiar fort assail,
 Some by general attempts prevail.
 Small herbs, alas, can only us relieve,
 And small is the assistance they can give:

How

How can the fading offspring of the field
Sure health and succour yield?

What strong and certain remedy,
What firm and lasting life can ours be,
When that which makes us live, doth ev'ry winter die?

II.

Nor is this all: we do not only breed
Within ourselves the fatal seed.
Of change, and of decrease in ev'ry part,
Head, belly, stomach, and root of life, the heart,
Not only have our autumn, when we must
Of our own nature turn to dust,
When leaves and fruit must fall;
But are expos'd to mighty tempests too,
Which do at once what they would slowly do,
Which throw down fruit and tree of life withal.

From ruin we in vain
Our bodies by repair maintain,
Bodies compos'd of stuff
Mouldring and frail enough;
Yet from without as well we fear
A dangerous and destructive war.
From heaven, from earth, from sea, from air,
We like the Roman empire should decay,
And our own force would melt away

By the intestine jar
Of elements, which on each other prey,
The Cæsars and the Pompeys which within we bear:
Yet are (like that) in danger too
Of foreign armies, and external foe.
Sometimes the Gothish and the barbarous rage
Of plague or pestilence attends man's age,
Which neither force nor arts assuage;
Which cannot be avoided or withstood,
But drowns, and over-runs with unexpected flood.

III.

III.

On Ethiopia, and the southern sands,
 The unfrequented coasts, and parched lands,
 Whither the sun too kind a heat doth send,
 (The sun, which the worst neighbour is, and the best
 friend,)

Hither a mortal influence came,
 A fatal and unhappy flame,
 Kindled by heaven's angry beam.

With dreadful frowns, the heavens scatter'd here
 Cruel infectious heats into the air:
 Now all the stores of poison sent,

Threatning at once a general doom,
 Lavish'd out all their hate, and meant

In future ages to be innocent,
 Not to disturb the world for many years to come.

Hold! heavens hold! why should your sacred fire,
 Which doth to all things life inspire,
 By whose kind beams you bring
 Forth yearly every thing,
 Which doth th' original seed

Of all things in the womb of earth that breed,
 With vital heat and quick'ning feed;

Why should you now that heat employ,
 The earth, the air, the fields, the cities to annoy?
 That which before reviv'd, why should it now destroy?

IV.

Those Africk desarts straight were double desarts
 grown,

The rav'nous beasts were left alone,

The rav'nous beasts then first began

To pity their old enemy man,

And blam'd the plague for what they would themselves
 have done.

Nor staid the cruel evil there,

Nor could be long confin'd unto one air;

R

Plagues

Plagues presently forsake
 The wilderness which they themselves do make.
 Away the deadly breaths their journey take,
 Driven by a mighty wind,
 They a new booty and fresh forage find?
 The loaded wind went swiftly on,
 And as it pass'd was heard to sigh and groan.
 On Egypt next it seiz'd,
 Nor could but by a general ruin be pleas'd,
 Egypt in rage, back on the south did look,
 And wondred thence should come th' unhappy stroke,
 From whence before her fruitfulness she took.
 Egypt did now curse and revile
 Those very lands from whence she has her Nile;
 Egypt now fear'd another Hebrew God,
 Another angel's hand, a second Aaron's rod.

V.

Then on it goes, and through the sacred land
 Its angry forces did command;
 But God did place an angel there,
 Its violence to withstand,
 And turn into another road the putrid air.
 To Tyre it came, and there did all devour;
 Though that by seas might think itself secure.
 Nor staid, as the great conqueror did,
 'Till it had fill'd and stopp'd the tide,
 Which did it from the shore divide,
 But pass'd the waters, and did all possess,
 And quickly all was wilderness.
 Thence it did Persia over-run,
 And all that sacrifice unto the sun:
 In every limb a dreadful pain they felt,
 Tortur'd with secret coals they melt;
 The Persians call'd their sun in vain,
 Their God increas'd the pain.

They look'd up to their God no more,
But curse the beams they worshipp'd before,
And hate the very fire which once they did adore.

VI.

Glutt'd with ruin of the east,
She took her wings and down to Athens past;
Just plague! which dost no parties take,
But Greece as well as Persia sack,
While in unnatural quarrels they
(Like frogs and mice) each other slay;
Thou in thy ravenous claws took'st both away,
Thither it came, and did destroy the town,
Whilst all its ships and soldiers looked on;
And now the Asian plague did more
Than all the Asian force cou'd do before.
Without the wall the Spartan army fate,
The Spartan army came too late:
For now there was no farther work for fate,
They saw the city open lay,
An easy and a bootless prey;
They saw the rampiers empty stand,
The fleets, the walls, the forts unmann'd.
No need of cruelty or slaughters now,
The plague had finish'd what they came to do;
They might now unresist'd enter there,
Did they not the very air
More than the Athenians fear.
The air itself to them was wall, and bulwarks too.

VII.

Unhappy Athens! it is true thou wert
The proudest work of nature and of art:
Learning and strength did thee compose,
As soul and body us:
But yet thou only thence art made
A nobler prey for fates t'invade;

Those mighty numbers that within thee breathe,
 Do only serve to make a fatter feast for death.
 Death in the most frequented places lives ;
 Most tribute from the crowd receives ;
 And though it bears a scythe, and seems to own
 A rustic life alone,
 It loves no wilderness,
 No scatter'd villages,
 But mighty populous palaces,
 The throng, the tumult, and the town.
 What strange unheard of conqueror is this,
 Which by the forces that resist it doth increase !
 When other conquerors are
 Oblig'd to make a slower war,
 Nay sometimes for themselves may fear
 And must proceed with watchful care,
 When thicker croops of enemies appear ;
 This stronger still, and more successful grows,
 Down sooner all before it throws,
 If greater multitudes of men do it oppose.

VIII.

Thy tyrant first the haven did subdue ;
 Lately th' Athenians (it knew)
 Themselves by wooden walls did save,
 And therefore first to them th' infection gave,
 Lest they new succour thence receive.
 Cruel Pyræus ! now thou hast undone
 The honour thou before hadst won ;
 Not all thy merchandize,
 Thy wealth, thy treasures,
 Which from all coasts thy fleet supplies,
 Can to atone this crime suffice.
 Next o'er the upper town it spread,
 With mad and undiscerned speed ;

In every corner, every street,
Without a guide did set its feet,
And too familiar every house did greet.
Unhappy Greece of Greece ! great Theseus now
Did thee a mortal injury do,
When first in walls he did thee close,
When first he did thy citizens reduce,
Houses and government, and laws to use.
It had been better if thy people still
Dispersed in some field or hill,
Though savage and undisciplin'd, did dwell,
Though barbarous, untame and rude,
Than by their numbers thus to be subdu'd,
To be by their own swarms annoy'd,
And to be civiliz'd only to be destroy'd.

IX.

Minerva started when she heard the noise,
And dying mens confused voice.
From heaven in haste she came, to see
What was the mighty prodigy,
Upon the castle pinnacles she sat,
And dar'd not nearer fly,
Nor midst so many deaths to trust her very deity.
With pitying look she saw at every gate
Death and destruction wait ;
She wrung her hands, and call'd on Jove,
And all th' immortal powers above ;
But though a goddess now did pray.
The heav'ns refus'd, and turn'd their ear away,
She brought her olive and her shield,
Neither of these, alas ! assistance yield.
She lookt upon Medusa's face,
Was angry that she was
Herself of an immortal race,

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Was angry that her Gorgon's head
 Could not strike her as well as others dead:
 She sat and wept awhile, and then away she fled.

X.

Now death began her sword to whet,
 Not all the Cyclops sweat,
 Nor Vulcan's mighty anvils could prepare
 Weapons enough for her.
 No weapons large enough, but all the age
 Men felt the heat within 'em rage,
 And hop'd the air would it assuage,
 Call'd for its help, but th' air did them deceive,
 And aggravate the ills it should relieve,
 The air no more was vital now,
 But did a mortal poison grow ;
 The lungs which us'd to fan the heart,
 Only now serv'd to fire each part ;
 What should refresh, increas'd the smart :
 And now their breath,
 The chiefest sign of life, was turn'd the cause of death.

XI.

Upon the head first the disease,
 As a bold conqueror, doth seize,
 Begins with man's metropolis,
 Secur'd the capitol, and then it knew
 It cou'd at pleasure weaker parts subdue.
 Blood started through each eye ;
 The redness of that sky
 Foretold a tempest nigh.
 The tongue did flow all o'er
 With clotted filth and gore ;
 As doth a lion's when some innocent prey
 He hath devour'd and brought away :
 Hoarseness and sores the throat did fill,
 And stopt the passages of speech and life ;

No room was left for groans or grief;
 Too cruel and imperious ill!
 Which not content to kill,
 With tyrannous and dreadful pain,
 Dost take from men the very power to complain.

XII.

Then down it went into the breast,
 There all the seats and shops of life possess'd.
 Such noisome smells from thence did come,
 As if the stomach were a tomb;
 No food would there abide,
 Or if it did, turn'd to the enemy's side,
 The very meat new poisons to the plague supply'd.
 Next, to the heart the fires came,
 The heart did wonder what usurping flame,
 What unknown furnace shou'd
 On its more natural heat intrude;
 Straight call'd its spirits up, but found too well,
 It was too late now to rebel.
 The tainted blood its course began,
 And carried death where-e'er it ran;
 That which before was nature's noblest art,
 The circulation from the heart,
 Was most destructful now,
 And nature speedier did undo,
 For that the sooner did impart
 The poison and the smart,
 Th' infectious blood to every distant part.

XIII.

The belly felt at last its share,
 And all the subtle labyrinths there
 Of winding bowels did new monsters bear.
 Here seven days it rul'd and sway'd,
 And oftner kill'd because it death so long delay'd.
 But if through strength and heat of age
 The body overcame its rage,

The plague departed as the devil doth,
 When driven by pray'rs away he goeth.
 If pray'rs and heaven do him controul
 And if he cannot have the soul;
 Himself out of the roof or window throws,
 And will not all his labours lose,
 But takes away with him part of the house:
 So here the vanquish'd evil took from them
 Who conquer'd it, some part, some limb.
 Some lost the use of hands and eyes,
 Some arms, some legs, some thighs;
 Some all their lives before forgot,
 Their minds were but one darker blot;
 Those various pictures in the head,
 And all the numerous shapes were fled;
 And now the ranfack'd memory
 Languish'd in naked poverty,
 Had lost its mighty treasury;
 They past the Lethe lake, although they did not die.

XIV.

Whatever lesser maladies men had,
 They all gave place and vanished;
 Those petty tyrants fled,
 And at this mighty conqueror shrunk their head.
 Fevers, agues, palsies, stone,
 Gout, colick and consumption,
 And all the milder generation,
 By which mankind is by degrees undone,
 Quickly were rooted out and gone;
 Men saw themselves freed from the pain,
 Rejoic'd, but all, alas, in vain:
 'Twas an unhappy remedy,
 Which cur'd them that they might both worse and sooner
 die.

XV.

Physicians now could naught prevail,
 They the first spoils to the proud Victor fall.

Nor would the plague their knowledge trust,
 But fear'd their skill, and therefore slew them first :
 So Tyrants when they would confirm their yoke,
 First make the chiefeſt men to feel the ſtroke,
 The chiefeſt and the wiſeſt heads, leaſt they
 Should ſooner diſobey,
 Should firſt rebel, and others learn from them the way.
 No aid of herbs, or juices power,
 None of Apollo's art could cure,
 But help'd the plague the ſpeedier to devour.
 Phyſick itſelf was a diſeaſe,
 Phyſick the fatal tortures did increaſe,
 Preſcriptions did the pains renew,
 And Æſculapius to the ſick did come.
 As afterwards to Rome,
 In form of ſerpent, brought new poiſons with him too.

XVI.

The ſtreams did wonder that ſo ſoon
 As they were from their native mountains gone,
 They ſaw themſelves drunk up, and fear
 Another Xerxes' army near.
 Some caſt into the pit the urn,
 And drink it dry at its return :
 Again they drew, again they drank ;
 At firſt the coolneſs of the ſtream did thank,
 But ſtraight the more were ſcorch'd, the more did burn ;
 And drunk with water, in their drinking ſank :
 That urn which now to quench their thirſt they uſe,
 Shortly their aſhes ſhall incloſe,
 Others into the cryſtal brook,
 With faint and wondering eyes did look,
 Saw what a ghawſtly ſhape themſelves had took,
 Away they would have fled, but them their legs forſook :
 Some ſnatch the waters up,
 Their hands, their mouths the cup ;

They

They drunk, and found they flam'd the more,
And only added to the burning store.

So have I seen on lime cold water thrown,
Straight all was to a ferment grown,
And hidden seeds of fire together run ;
The heap was calm and temperate before,
Such as the finger could endure ;
But when the moistures it provoke,
Did rage, did swell, did smoke,
Did move, and flame, and burn, and straight to ashes
broke.

XVII.

So strong the heat, so strong the torments were,
They like some mighty burden bear
The lightest covering of air.
All sexes and all ages do invade
The bounds which nature laid,
The laws of modesty which nature made ;
The virgins blush not, yet uncloath'd appear,
Undress'd to run about, yet never fear.
The pain and the disease did now
Unwillingly reduce men to
That nakedness once more,
Which perfect health and innocence caus'd before,
No sleep, no peace, no rest,
Their wand'ring and affrighted minds possess'd ;
Upon their souls and eyes
Hell and eternal horror lies,
Unusual shapes and images,
Dark pictures and resemblances
Of things to come, and of the world below,
O'er their distemper'd fancies go :
Sometimes they curse, sometimes they pray unto
The Gods above, the Gods beneath ;

Some-

Sometimes they cruelties and fury breathe,
Not sleep, but waking now was sister unto death.

XVIII.

Scatter'd in fields the bodies lay,
The earth call'd to the fowls to take their flesh away.

In vain she call'd, they come not nigh,
Nor would their food with their own ruin buy:
But at full meals they hunger, pine and dye.

The vultures afar off did see the feast,
Rejoic'd, and call'd their friends to taste,
They rallied up their troops in haste;

Along came mighty droves,
Forsook their young ones, and their groves,
Each one his native mountain and his nest;
They come, but all their carcases abhor,

And now avoid the dead men more
Than weaker birds did living men before.
But if some bolder fowls the flesh assay,

They were destroy'd by their own prey.
The dog no longer bark'd at coming guest,
Repents its being a domestick beast,

Did to the woods and mountains haste:

The very owls at Athens are

But seldom seen and rare,

The owls depart in open day,
Rather than in infected ivy more to stay.

XIX:

Mountains of bones and carcases,

The streets, the market place possess,

Threatning to raise a new Acropolis.

Here lies a mother and her child,

The infant suck'd as yet and smil'd,

But straight by its own food was kill'd.

Their parents hugg'd their children last,

Here parting lovers last embrac'd,

But

But yet not parting neither,
 They both expir'd and went away together.
 Here pris'ners in the dungeon die,
 And gain a twofold liberty ;
 They meet and thank their pains,
 Which them from double chains
 Of body and of iron free.
 Here others poison'd by the scent
 Which from corrupted bodies went,
 Quickly return the death they did receive,
 And death to others give ;
 Themselves now dead the air pollute the more,
 For which they others curs'd before,
 Their bodies kill all that come near,
 And even after death they all are murderers here.

XX.

The friend doth hear his friend's last cries,
 Parteth his grief for him and dies,
 Lives not enough to close his eyes.
 The father at his death
 Speaks his son heir with an infectious breath ;
 In the same hour the son doth take
 His father's will and his own make.
 The servant need not here be slain,
 To serve his master in the other world again ;
 They languishing together lie,
 Their souls away together fly ;
 The husband gaspeth, and his wife lies by,
 It must be her turn next to die :
 The husband and the wife
 Too truly now are one and live one life.
 That couple which the Gods did entertain,
 Had made their prayer here in vain ;
 No fates in death could them divide,
 They must without their privilege together both have dy'd.

XXI.

There was no number now of death,
The sisters scarce stood still themselves to breathe :
The sisters now quite wearied
In cutting single thread,
Began at once to part whole looms,
One stroke did give whole houses dooms :
Now dy'd the frosty hairs,
The aged and decrepid years ;
They fell, and only begg'd of fate
Some few months more, but 'twas alas too late.
Then death, as if ashamed of that,
A conquest so degenerate,
Cut off the young and lusty too ;
The young were reckoning o'er
What happy days, what joys they had in store :
But fate, ere they had finish'd their account, them flew.

The wretched usurer died,
And had no time to tell where he his treasures hid ;
The merchant did behold
His ships return with spice and gold ;
He saw't, and turn'd aside his head,
Nor thank'd the gods, but fell amidst his riches dead.

XXII.

The meetings and assemblies cease, no more
The people throng about the orator,
No course of justice did appear,
No noise of lawyers fill'd the ear,
The senate cast away
The robe of honour, and obey
Death's more resistless sway,
Whilst that with dictatorian power
Doth all the great and lesser officers devour,
No magistrates did walk about ;
No purple aw'd the rout :

The

The common people too
 A purple of their own did shew:
 And all their bodies o'er
 The ruling colours bore.
 No judge, no legislators sit,
 Since this new Draco came,
 And harsher laws did frame,
 Laws that, like his, in blood are writ.
 The benches and the pleading-place they leave,
 About the streets they run and rave;
 The madness which great Solon did of late
 But only counterfeit
 For the advantage of the state,
 Now his successors do too truly imitate.

XXIII.

Up starts the soldier from his bed,
 He, though death's servant, is not freed.
 Death him cashier'd, 'cause now his help she did not need.
 He that ne'er knew before to yield,
 Or to give back, or leave the field,
 Would fain now from himself have fled.
 He snatch'd his sword now rusted o'er,
 Dreadful and sparkling now no more,
 And thus in open streets did roar;
 How have I, death, so ill deserv'd of thee,
 That now thyself thou should'st revenge on me?
 Have I so many lives on thee bestow'd?
 Have I the earth so often dy'd in blood?
 Have I, to flatter thee, so many slain?
 And must I now thy prey remain?
 Let me at least, if I must die,
 Meet in the field some gallant enemy.
 Send, Gods, the Persian troops again:
 No, they're a base and a degenerate train;
 They by our women may be slain.

Give me, great heav'n's, some manful foe,
 Let me my death amidst some valiant Grecians choose,
 Let me survive to dye at Syracuse,
 Where my dear country shall her glory lose.
 For you, great Gods! into my mind infuse,
 What miseries, what doom
 Must on my Athens shortly come:
 My thoughts inspir'd presage,
 Slaughters and battles to the coming age:
 Oh! might I dye upon that glorious stage:
 Oh! that! but then he grasp'd his sword, and death
 concludes his rage.

XXIV.

Draw back, draw back thy sword, O fate!
 Lest thou repent when 'tis too late.
 Lest by thy making now so great a waste,
 By spending all mankind upon one feast,
 Thou starve thyself at last:
 What men wilt thou reserve in store,
 Whom in the time to come thou mayst devour,
 When thou shalt have destroyed all before?
 But if thou wilt not yet give o'er,
 If yet thy greedy stomach calls for more,
 If more remain whom thou must kill,
 And if thy jaws are craving still,
 Carry thy fury to the Scythian coasts,
 The northern wilderness, and eternal frosts!
 Against those barb'rous crowds thy arrows whet,
 Where arts and laws are 'rangers yet;
 Where thou may'st kill, and yet the loss will not be great.
 There rage, there spread, and there infect the air,
 Murder whole towns and families there,
 Thy worst against those savage nations dare,
 Those whom mankind can spare,
 Those whom mankind itself doth fear;

Amidst

Amidst that dreadful night and fatal cold,
 There thou may'st walk unseen, and bold,
 There let thy flames their empire hold.
 Unto the farthest seas, and nature's ends,
 Where never summer's sun its beams extends,
 Carry thy plagues, thy pains, thy heats,
 Thy raging fires, thy torturing sweats,
 Where never ray, or heat did come,
 They will rejoice at such a doom,
 They'll bless thy pestilential fire,
 Though by it they expire,
 They'll thank the very flames with which they do
 consume.

XXV.

Then if that banquet will not thee suffice,
 Seek out new lands where thou may'st tyrannize:
 Search every forest, every hill,
 And all that in the hollow mountains dwell;
 Those wild and untame troops devour,
 Thereby thou wilt the rest of men secure,
 And that the rest of men will thank thee for.
 Let all those human beasts be slain,
 'Till scarce their memory remain;
 Thyself with that ignoble slaughter fill,
 'Twill be permitted thee that blood to spill.
 Measure the ruder world throughout,
 March all the ocean shores about,
 Only pass by and spare the British isle.
 Go on, and (what Columbus once should do,
 When days and time unto their ripeness grow)
 Find out new lands and unknown countries too:
 Attempt those lands which yet are hid
 From all mortality beside:
 There thou may'st steal a victory,
 And none of this world hear the cry

Of those that by thy wounds shall die ;
 No Greek shall know thy cruelty,
 And tell it to posterity.
 Go, and unpeople all those mighty lands;
 Destroy with unrelenting hands;
 Go, and the Spaniard's sword prevent;
 Go make the Spaniard innocent;
 Go, and root out all mankind there,
 That when the European armies shall appear,
 Their sin may be the less,
 They may find all a wilderness,
 And without blood the gold and silver there possess.

XXVI.

Nor is this all which we thee grant;
 Rather than thou should'st full employment want,
 (We do permit) in Greece thy kingdom plant.
 Ranfack Lycurgus' streets throughout,
 They've no defence of walls to keep thee out.
 On wanton and proud Corinth seize;
 Nor let her double waves thy flames appease.
 Let Cyprus feel more fires than those of love:
 Let Delos, which at first did give the sun,
 See unknown flames in her begun,
 Now let her with she might unconstant prove,
 And from her place might truly move:
 Let Lemnos all thy anger feel,
 And think that a new Vulcan fell,
 And brought with him new anvils, and new hell,
 Nay, at Athens too we give thee up,
 All that thou find'st in field, or camp, or shop:
 Make havock there without control
 Of every ignorant and common soul.
 But then, kind plague, thy conquests stop;
 Let arts, and let the learned there escape,
 Upon Minerva's self commit no rape;

Touch not the sacred throng,
 And let Apollo's priests, be, like him, young,
 Let him be healthful too, and strong.
 But ah! too ravenous plague, whilst I
 Strive to keep off the misery,
 The learned too, as fast as others, round me die;
 They from corruption are not free,
 Are mortal, though they give an immortality.

XXVII.

They turn'd their authors o'er, to try
 What help, what cure, what remedy
 All nature's stores against this plague supply;
 And though besides they shunn'd it every where,
 They search'd it in their books, and fain would meet it
 there,
 They turn'd the records of the ancient times;
 And chiefly those that were made famous by their crimes,
 To find if men were punish'd so before;
 But found not the disease nor cure.
 Nature, alas! was now surpris'd,
 And all her forces seiz'd,
 Before she was how to resist advis'd.
 So when the elephants did first affright
 The Romans with unusual fight,
 They many battles lose,
 Before they knew their foes,
 Before they understood such dreadful troops to oppose.

XXVIII.

Now ev'ry different sect agrees
 Against their common adversary, the disease,
 And all their little wranglings cease;
 The Pythagoreans from their precepts swerve,
 No more their silence they observe,
 Out of their schools they run,
 Lament, and cry, and groan;

They

They now desir'd their metempsychosis;
 Not only to dispute, but with
 That they might turn to beasts, or fowls, or fish.
 If the Platonicks had been here,
 They would have curs'd their masters year.
 When all things shall be as they were,
 When they again the same disease should bear:
 All the philosophers would now,
 What the great Stagyrice shall do,
 Themselves into the waters headlong throw.

XXIX.

The Stoicks felt the deadly stroke,
 At first assault their courage was not broke,
 They call'd in all the cobweb aid
 Of rules and precepts, which in store they had ;
 They bid their hearts stand out,
 Bid them be calm and stout,
 But all the strength of precepts will not do't.
 They can't the storms of passions now assuage ;
 As common men, are angry, grieve and rage.

The Gods are call'd upon in vain,
 The Gods gave no release unto their pain,
 The Gods to fear even for themselves began.
 For now the sick unto their temples came,

And brought more than an holy flame,
 There at the altars made their prayer,
 They sacrific'd and died there,
 A sacrifice not seen before ;
 That heaven, only us'd unto the gore
 Of lambs or bulls, should now
 Loaded with priests see its own altars too !

XXX.

The woods gave fun'ral piles no more,
 The dead the very fire devour,
 And that almighty conqueror o'er power

The noble and the common dust
 Into each other's graves are thrust,
 No place is sacred, and no tomb,
 'Tis now a privilege to consume;
 Their ashes no distinction had;
 Too truly all by death are equal made.
 The ghosts of those great heroes that had fled
 From Athens long since banished,
 Now o'er the city hovered;
 Their anger yielded to their love,
 They left th' immortal joys above,
 So much their Athens' danger did them move.
 They came to pity, and to aid,
 But now, alas! were quite dismay'd,
 When they beheld the marbles open lay'd,
 And poor mens bones the noble urns invade:
 Back to the blessed seats they went,
 And now did thank their banishment,
 By which they were to die, in foreign countries sent.

XXXI.

But what, great Gods! was worst of all,
 Hell forth its magazines of lust did call,
 Nor would it be content
 With the thick troops of souls were thither sent;
 Into the upper world it went.
 Such guilt, such wickedness,
 Such irreligion did increase,
 That the few good which did survive,
 Were angry with the plague for suffering them to live.
 More for the living than the dead did grieve.
 Some robb'd the very dead,
 Tho' sure to be infected ere they fled,
 Tho' in the very air sure to be punished.
 Some nor the shrines nor temples spar'd,
 Nor Gods, nor heavens fear'd,
 Tho' such example of their power appear'd.

Virtue was now esteem'd an empty name,
 And honesty the foolish voice of fame;
 For having past those tort'ring flames before,
 They thought the punishment already o'er,
 Thought heaven no worse torments had in store;
 Here having felt one hell, they thought there was no more.

Upon the Poems of the English Ovid,
 Anacreon, Pindar and Virgil, ABRA-
 HAM COWLEY, in Imitation of his
 own Pindarick Odes.

I.

LET all this meaner rout of books stand by
 The common people of our library;
 Let them make way for Cowley's leaves to come,
 And be hung up within this sacred room:
 Let no prophane hands break the chain,
 Or give them unwish'd liberty again,
 But let his holy relic be laid here,
 With the same religious care,
 As Numa once the target kept,
 Which down from heaven leapt;
 Just such another is this book,
 Which its original from divine hands took,
 And brings as much good too, to those that on it look.
 But yet in this they differ, that cou'd be
 Eleven times likened by a mortal hand,
 But this which here doth stand
 Will never any of its own sort see,
 But must still live without such company.

For never yet was writ,
 In the two learned ages which time left behind,
 Nor in this ever shall we find,
 Nor any one like to it,
 Of all the numerous monuments of wit.

II.

Cowley! what God did fill thy breast,
 And taught thy hand t' indite?
 (For God's a poet too,
 He doth create, and so do you)
 Or else at least
 What angel sat upon thy pen when thou didst write?
 There he sat and mov'd thy hand
 As proud of his command,
 As when he makes the dancing orbs to reel,
 And spins out poetry from heaven's wheel.
 Thy hand too like a better sphere,
 Gives us more ravishing musick made for men to hear.
 Thy hand too like the sun which angels move,
 Has the same influence from above,
 Produces gold and silver of a nobler kind;
 Of greater price and more refin'd.
 Yet in this it exceeds the sun, 't has no degenerate race,
 Brings forth no seed, nor any thing so base.

III.

What holy vestal hearth,
 What immortal breath,
 Did give so pure poetic flame its birth?
 Just such a fire as thine,
 Of such an unmix'd glorious shine,
 Was Prometheus's flames,
 Which from no less than heav'n came,
 Along he brought the sparkling coal,
 From some celestial chimney stole,
 Quickly the plundered stars he left,
 And as he hastned down

With the robb'd flames his hands still shone,
 And seem'd as if they were burnt for the theft,
 Thy poetry's compounded of the same,
 Such a bright immortal flame,
 Just so temper'd is thy rage,
 Thy fires as light and pure as they,
 And go as high as his did, if not higher,
 That thou may'st seem to us
 A true Prometheus,
 But that thou didst not steal the least spark of thy fire.

IV.

Such as thine was Arion's Verse,
 Which he did to the list'ning fish rehearse;
 Which when they heard play'd on his lute,
 They first curs'd nature that she made them mute.
 So noble were his lines, which made the very waves
 Strive to turn his slaves,
 Lay down their boisterous noise,
 And dance to his harmonious voice,
 Which made the Sirens lend their ear,
 And from his sweeter tunes some treachery fear;
 Which made the dolphin proud,
 That he was allow'd,
 With Atlas, the great porter of the skies, to take
 Such heav'nly musick up, and carry't on his back.
 So full and graceful thy words go,
 And with the same majestick sweetness flow,
 Yet his verse only carry'd him o'er the seas,
 But there's a very sea of wit in these,
 As salt and boundless as the other ocean is.

V.

Such as thine are, was great Amphion's song,
 Which brought the wond'ring stones along;
 The wond'ring stones skipt from their mother earth,
 And left their father cold as his first breath,
 They rose, and knew not by what magic force they hung.

So were his words, so plac'd his sounds,
 Which forc'd the marbles rise from out their grounds,
 Which cut and carved, made them shine,
 A work which can be out done by none but thine,
 The amazed poet saw the building rise,
 And knew not how to trust his eyes :
 The willing mortar came, and all the trees
 Leapt into beams he sees.
 He saw the streets appear,
 Streets, that must needs be harmonious there :
 He saw the walls dance round t' his pipe,
 The glorious temple shew its head,
 He saw the infant city ripe,
 And all like the creation by a word was bred.
 So great a verse is thine, which tho' it will not raise
 Marble monuments to thy praise ;
 Yet 'tis no matter, cities they must fall,
 And houses, by the greatest glutton time be eaten all ;
 But thy verse builds a fame for thee,
 Which fire cannot devour, nor purify,
 Which sword and thunder doth defy,
 As round, and full, as the great circle of eternity.

VI.

To thee the English tongue doth owe,
 That it need not seek
 For elegancy from the round-mouth'd Greek ;
 To thee, that Roman poets now may hide,
 In their own Latium, their head :
 To thee, that our enlarged speech can shew,
 Far more than the three western daughters born
 Out of the ashes of the Roman urn :
 Daughters born of a mother, which did yield to admit
 The adulterate seed of several tongues with it ;
 More than the smooth Italian, tho' nature gave
 That tongue in poetry a genius to have:

And that she might the better fit it to't,
 Made the very land a foot,
 More than the Spanish, tho' that in one mass,
 The Morish, Jewish, Gothish treasures has,
 And just as in their kingdom, in their tongue,
 Most quarters of the earth together throng.
 More than the courtly French, tho' that doth pace,
 And not trot o'er the tongue its race:
 That has not any thing, so elaborate wit:
 Tho' it by its sliding seems to have more oil in it.
 Thy soul hath gone thro' all the muses track;
 Where never poets feet were seen before,
 Hath pass'd those sands where others left their wrecks.
 And sail'd an ocean through, which some thought had
 no shore,
 Thy spirit has discover'd all poetry;
 Thou found'st no tropicks in the poets sky.
 More than the sun can do, hast brought a sacred flower
 To mount Parnassus; and hast open'd to our hand
 Apollo's holy land,
 Which yet hid in the frigid zone did lie,
 Thou hast sail'd the muses globes,
 Not as the other Drake, or Ca'ndish did, to rob.
 Thou hast brought home the treasure too,
 Which yet no Spaniard can claim his due:
 Thou hast search'd thro' every creek,
 From the East-Indies of the poets world, the Greek,
 To the America of wit,
 Which was last known, and has most gold in it.
 That mother-tongue which we do speak,
 This world thy greater spirit has run through,
 And view'd and conquer'd too,
 A world as round and large as th' other is,
 And yet in it there can be no antipodes,
 For none hereafter will go contrary to you.

VII.

Poets 'till now deserv'd excuse, not praise,
 'Till now the muses liv'd in taverns, and the bays
 That they were truly trees did shew,
 Because by sucking liquor they did only grow.
 Verses were counted fiction, and a lye
 The very nature of good poetry.

He was a poet that cou'd speak least truth:
 Sober and grave men scorn'd the name,
 Which once was thought the greatest fame.
 Poets had nought else of Apollo, but his youth:
 Few ever spake in rhyme, but that their feet
 The trencher of some liberal man might meet.
 Or else they did some rotten mistress paint,
 Call her their goddesses, or their saint.
 Tho' contrary in this, they to their master run,
 For the great God of wit, the sun,
 When he doth shew his mistress, the white moon,
 He makes her spots, as well as beauty to be shewn.
 'Till now the sisters were too old, and therefore grew
 Extremely fabulous too:
 'Till you, Sir, came, they were despis'd;
 They were all heathens yet,
 Nor ever into the church could get;
 And tho' they had a font so long, yet never were baptis'd.

VIII.

You, Sir, have rais'd the price of wit,
 By bringing in more store of it:
 Poetry, the queen of arts, can now
 Reign, without dissembling too.
 You have shewed a poet must not needs be bad;
 That one may be Apollo's priest,
 And be fill'd with his oracles, without being mad;
 'Till now, wit was a curse (as to Lot's wife,
 'Twas to be turn'd to salt)

Because it made men lead a life,
Which was nought else but one continual fault.
You first the muses to the Christians brought,
And you then first the holy language taught :
In you good poetry and divinity meet,
You are the first bird of paradise with feet.

IX.

Your miscellanies do appear,
Just such another glorious indigested heap,
As the first mass was, where
All heav'ns and stars inclosed were,
Before they each one to their place did leap.
Before God the great censor them bestow'd,
According to their ranks, in several tribes abroad:
Whilst yet sun and moon
Were in perpetual conjunction :
Whilst all the stars were but one milky way,
And in natural embraces lay.
Whilst yet none of the lamps of heav'n might
Call this their own, and that another's light.
So glorious a lamp is thine,
Which chymistry may separate, but not refine :
So mixt, so pure, so united does it shine,
A chain of sand, of which each link is all divine.

X.

Thy mistress shews, that Cupid is not always blind,
Where we a pure exalted muse do find,
Such as may well become a glorified mind.
Such songs tune angels when they love,
And do make courtship to some sister-mind above.
(For angels need not scorn such soft desires,
Seeing thy heart is touch'd with the same fires.)
So when they clothe themselves in flesh,
And their light in some human shapes do dress,
(For which they fetch'd stuff from the neighbouring air :)
So when they stoop, to like some mortal fair,

Such

Such woods, such odes as thine they use,
 With such soft strains, love into her heart infuse.
 Thy love is on the top, if not above mortality;
 Clean, and from corruption free,
 Such as affections in eternity shall be;
 Which shall remain unspotted there,
 Only to shew what once they were:
 Thy Cupid's shafts all golden are;
 Thy Venus has the salt, but not the froth o' th' sea.

XI.

Thy high Pindaricks soar
 So high, where never any wing till now could get;
 And yet thy wit
 Doth seem so great, as those that do fly lower.
 Thou stand'st on Pindar's back;
 And therefore thou a higher flight dost take:
 Only thou art the eagle, he the wren,
 Thou hast brought him from the dust,
 And made him live again.
 Pindar has left his barbarous Greece, and thinks it just
 To be led by thee to the English shore;
 An honour to him: Alexander did no more,
 Nor scarce so much, when he did save his house before,
 When his word did assuage
 A warlike army's violent rage:
 Thou hast given to his name,
 Than that great conqueror sav'd him from, a brighter
 flame.
 He only left some walls where Pindar's name might stay,
 Which with time and age decay:
 But thou hast made him once again to live;
 Thou didst to him new life and breathing give.
 And as in the last resurrection,
 Thou hast made him rise more glorious, and put on
 More majesty; a greater soul is given to him, by you,
 Than ever he in happy Thebes or Greece could shew.

XXII.

Thy David too——

But hold thy headlong pace, my muse;
None but the priest himself doth use
Into the holy'st place to go.
Check thy young Pindaric heat,
Which makes thy pen too much to sweat;

'Tis but an infant yet,
And just now left the teat,
By Cowley's matchless pattern nurs'd:
Therefore it is not fit,
That it should dare to speak so much at first.
No more, no more for shame.

Let not thy verse be as his worth is, infinite:
It is enough that thou hast learn'd, and spoke thy
father's name.

He that thinks, Sir, he can enough praise you,
Had need of brazen lungs and forehead too.



ADDITIONS
TO THE
WORKS
OF
GEORGE STEPNEY, Esq;

TRANSLATION of the following
Verse from LUCAN.

Victrix Causa Diis placuit, sed Victa CATONI.

THE Gods and CATO, did in this divide,
They choose the conqu'ring, he the conquer'd side.

TO Mr. EDMUND SMITH.

MUN, rarely credit common fame,
Unheeded let her praise or blame;

As whimsies guide the gossip rattles,
Of wits, of beauties, and of battles;
To day the warrior's brow she crowns,
For naval spoils, and taken towns:
To-morrow all her spite she rallies,
And votes the victor to the gallies.

Nor in her visits can she spare

The reputation of the fair:

For instance, — Chloe's bloom did boast

A while to be the reigning toast:

Lean hectic sparks abandon'd bohea,

And in beer-glasses pledg'd to Chloe.

What fops of figure did she bring

To the front-boxes and the ring?

While nymphs o' quality look' fullen,

As breeding wives, or moulting pullen.

Bless'd charmer she, till prying fame

Incog. to miss's toilet came;

Where in the gally-pots she spy'd

Lilies, and roses that defy'd

The frost of age with certain pickles,

They call — Cosmetics for the freckles;

Away she flew with what she wanted,

And told at court that Chloe painted.

' Then who'd on common fame rely?

' Who's chief employment's to decry;

A cogging, fickle, jilting female,

As ever ply'd at six in the Mall;

' The father of all fibs begat her

' On some old news man's fusty daughter.

O CAPTAIN! Taisez vous — 'twere hard

Her novels ne'er should have regard:

One proof I'll in her favour give,

Which none but you will disbelieve.

When Phœbus sent her to recite

The praises of the most polite,

Whose

272 Additions to the Works of

Whose scenes have been, in ev'ry age,
The glories of the British stage;
Then she, to rigid truth confin'd,
Your name with lofty Shakespear join'd;
And speaking, as the God directed,
The praise she gave was unsuspected.

The SPELL.

WHENE'ER I wive, young Strephon cry'd,
Ye pow'rs that o'er the noose preside!
Wit, beauty, wealth, and humour give,
Or, let me still a rover live:
But if all these no nymph can share,
And I'm predestin'd to the snare,
Let mine, ye pow'rs! be doubly fair.

Thus pray'd the swain in heat o' blood,
Whilst Cupid at his elbow stood;
And twitching him, said, youth be wise,
Ask not impossibilities:
A faultless make, a manag'd wit,
Humour and fortune never met:
But if a beauty you'd obtain,
Court some bright Phillis o' the brain;
The dear idea long enjoy,
Clean is the bliss, and will not cloy.
But trust me, youth, for I'm sincere,
And know the ladies to a hair;
Howe'er small poets whine upon it,
In madrigal, and song, and sonnet;
Their beauty's but a SPELL to bring
A lover to th' enchanted ring,
Ere the sack-poffet is digested,
Or half of Hymen's taper wasted,
The winning air, the wanton trip,
The radiant eye, the velvet lip,

From

From which you fragrant kisses stole,
And seem to suck her springing soul. —
These, and the rest, you doted on,
Are nauseous or insipid grown;
The SPELL dissolves, the cloud is gone,
And Sacharissa turns to Joan.

ELEGY upon the Death of TIBULLUS.

From OVID.

IF Memnon's fate bewail'd with constant dew,
Does, with the day, his mother's grief renew;
If her son's death mov'd tender Thetis' mind
To swell with tears the waves, with sighs the wind;
If mighty Gods can mortals sorrow know,
And be the humble partners of our woe;
Now loose your tresses, penfive elegy,
(Too well your office and your name agree)
Tibullus once the joy and pride of fame,
Lies now rich fuel on the trembling flame.
Sad Cupid now despairs of conqu'ring hearts,
Throws by his empty quiver, breaks his darts:
Eases his uselefs bows from idle strings;
Nor flies, but humbly creeps with flagging wings.
He wants, of which he robb'd fond lovers,
And wounds with furious hands his penfive breast.
Those graceful curls which wantonly did flow,
The whiter rivals of the falling snow,
Forget their beauty, and in discord lie,
Drunk with the fountain from his melting eye.
Not more Æneas' loss the boy did move;
Like passions for them both, prove equal love.

T

Tibullus

Tibullus' death grieves the fair goddess more,
 More swells her eyes, than when the savage boar
 Her beautiful, her lov'd Adonis tore.

Poets large souls heav'n's noblest stamps do bear;
 (Poets, the watchful angels darling care)
 Yet death (blind archer) that no diff'rence knows,
 Without respect his roving arrows throws.
 Nor Phoebus, nor the muses queen, could give
 Their son, their own prerogative, to live.
 Orpheus, the heir of both his parents skill,
 Tam'd wond'ring beasts, nor death's more cruel will.
 Linus' sad strings on the dumb lute do lie,
 In silence forc'd to let their master die.
 Homer (the spring to whom we poets owe
 Our little all, does in sweet numbers flow)
 Remains immortal only in his fame,
 His works alone survive the envious flame.

In vain to Gods (if Gods there are) we pray,
 And needless victims prodigally pay,
 Worship their sleeping deities: yet death
 Scorns votaries, and stops the praying breath.
 To hallow'd shrines intruding fate will come,
 And drag you from the altar to the tomb.

Go, frantick poet, with delusions fed,
 Think laurels guard your consecrated head,
 Now the sweet master of your art is dead.
 What can we hope? since that a narrow span
 Can measure the remains of thee, great man.
 The bold, rash flame that durst approach so nigh,
 And see Tibullus, and not trembling die,
 Durst seize on temples, and their Gods defy.
 Fair Venus (fair ev'n in such sorrows) stands,
 Closing her heavy eyes with trembling hands.
 Anon, in vain, officiously she tries
 To quench the flame with rivers from her eyes.

His mother weeping does his eye-lids close,
 And on his urn tears, her last gift, bestows.
 His sister too, with hair dishevell'd, bears
 Part of her mother's nature, and her tears.
 With those, two fair, two mournful rivals come,
 And add a greater triumph to his tomb:
 Both hug his urn, both his lov'd ashes kiss,
 And both contend which reap'd the greater bliss.
 Thus Delia spoke (when sighs no more could last)
 Renewing by remembrance pleasures past;
 " When youth with vigour did for joy combine,
 " I was Tibullus' life, Tibullus mine:
 " I entertain'd his hot, his first desire,
 " And kept alive, till age, his active fire.
 To her then Nemesis (when groans gave leave)
 " As I alone was lov'd, alone I'll grieve:
 " Spare your vain tears, Tibullus' heart was mine,
 " About my neck his dying arms did twine;
 " I snatch'd his soul, which true to me did prove;
 " Age ended yours, death only stopp'd my love.
 If any poor remains survive the flames,
 Except thin shadows, and more empty names;
 Free in Elysium shall Tibullus rove,
 Nor fear a second death should cross his love.
 There shall Catallus, crown'd with bays, impart
 To his far dearer friend his open heart.
 There Gallus (if fame's hundred tongues all lye)
 Shall, free from censure, no more rashly die.
 Such shall our poet's blest companions be,
 And in their deaths, as in their lives, agree.
 But thou, rich urn, obey my strict commands,
 Guard thy great charge from sacrilegious hands.
 Thou, earth, Tibullus' ashes gently use,
 And be as soft and easy as his muse.

To the EVENING-STAR.

English'd, from a Greek Idyllium.

BRight star! by Venus fix'd above,

To rule the happy realms o' lovers

Who in the dewy rear of day,

Advancing thy distinguish'd ray,

Dost other lights as far out-shine,

As Cynthia's silver glories thine;

Known by superior beauty there,

As much as Pastorella here.

Exert, bright star, thy friendly light,

And guide me thro' the dusky night;

Defrauded of her beams, the moon

Shines dim and will be vanish'd soon.

I would not rob the shepherd's fold,

I seek no miser's hoarded gold;

To find a nymph, I'm forc'd to stray,

Who lately stole my heart away.

Ad Regem SUECIÆ.

PAcatâ Hoffatiâ, Russoque & Saxone fractis,

Laudis & imperii jam satis Arctos habet.

Nil Patriæ optatum tanto sub Rege maneret,

Ni deesset vacuo Regia Sponsa toro,

Hanc Proceres, Populique petunt, spes inde Gothorum

Pendet, & Arctoi maxima Cura Poli.

Tolle,

solle, Hymenæe, moras, sacra injice vincula Regi;
 Quem nemo potuit vincere, vincat amor.
 Utilior regnis erit omni pompa triumphò,
 Si tua, magnanimus, sub juga, Victor eat.

Subprofessor Græcæ Linguæ, Cantabr.

TRES nuper Jvenes, quos nondum Gloria * nigræ
 Ornârat ventosa togæ (nimis invida nondum
 Cura Patrum vetuit) repetunt dum fortè tabernam,
 Græculus esuriens ter dicto χαῖρε salutât;
 Intrantes sequitur; sedem capiamus, amici:
 Mirantur; mox Vina fluunt, rogat unus et alter
 Quis fiet; exponit: doctæ spes maxima Grantæ
 Dicor, vos nostras miror latuisse Camcenas.
 Ille ego, Pygmæas forti conamine Turmas
 Qui cecini, qui fata gruum, victasque Phalanges;
 Nec recito cuiquam nisi amicis; incipit ultro.
 Illi compressis agitantés plurima labris,
 Se fessi extendunt; pergit jam protinus alter,
 Ohe jam satis! expectant te Pocula, clamat.
 Ut taceat bibitur; dant Vina in carmina Vires.
 Illi idem atque Εοθῆρα cano, καὶ πότμον Ἀμῆνος,
 Τύππον, ἡδὲ Γοῆρα, Παμάνη τὴ Πητορα Γράβης,
 Quæ (modò nè recitet) dum se legisse fatentur,
 Pumice quæ nuper poliuntur habebitis, inquit;
 Principis & Nigri promit de veste † Volumen.
 Quò fugiant, miseris cùm sit via nulla? queruntur,
 Conficis! excrucias! agitis nil, usquè tenebo;
 Et legit invitis. Hic protinus oscitat; alter

* Alumni Trin. Col. (nondum graduati) purpureis togantur.

† Historiam scil. quam ipse scripsit.

Ingemit ; & somnos captat felicior alter.
 Cum jam Carminibus bis tres consumpserat horas ;
 Vos lepidi fortasse sales ; & habebitis, inquit,
 † Castigator eram viriorum (conscia qualem
 Nuper Granta horret) nec si pateretur, erit quis,
 Qui nostras sumat partes felicior : ultro
 Vera canam : mensam ascendit, repetitque jocator
 Insulsus, mimusque sui : pulso pavimento,
 Quæ solvenda rogant ; dant Symbola ; protinus ille,
 Non ego me illorum, dederim quibus esse Poetis,
 Excerptam numero ; quadrans mihi nullus in arcâ,
 Nec loculis : fremuere ; tacet : jecur urere bilis
 Incipit : Haud tanti vendes mala carmina, clamant.
 Vinitor heus ! Audi, quid debeat ille, Poeta
 Non, nisi Pauperiem, quid habens : Ter versat inanes
 Vana manus oculos ; nec scit quæ pignora promat.
 Rident : ille gemit : sed Vinitor acriter instat ;
 Nulla fugæ via, nulla mora est, cum carmina triste
 Singultans profert ; hæc sit tibi plurima merces.
 Vinitor hoc Pretium (sortem miseratus iniquam)
 Vile capit ; vacuusque foras exivit Homerus.

In Nuptias P. Georgii & D. Annæ.

Circumvolantum blanda Cupidinum
 Huc Mater axes flectat eburneos,
 Dum sævientis flagra dextra
 Chaoniz metuant Columbae :

† Terra-filius sive Prævaricator.

Seu

Seu, ne jugales heu! nimium pigroa

Damnent Amantes, ocyus ocyus

Impelle currum fortiori

Remigio volitans olorum.

Junctum Marinæ Pelea Conjugi,

Senique junctam Cyprida Troico,

Delira ne jactet vetustas,

Connubio superata nostro:

Illustriori stemmate Regiam

Ditabit aulam nobilior Parens;

Virtute & Ænean, Nepotes,

Viribus & superent Achillem.

Quin bellicosæ Gloria Cimbriz,

Nunc invidendæ spes, decus Angliæ,

Ira, horror, & vultus minaces

In Dominæ tumultentur ulnis,

Cessate lites; spicula, machinæ

Dormite lethi: libret & unicus,

Præbent Puellæ quas ocelli,

Armiger innocuus sagittas.

Quam dulcè vultu Virgineo rubet

Pandora? (quantum, dum rubet, afficit?)

Tacetque, sed narrant vicissim

Lumina luminibus calores.

Liquisset Evan Gnosida, floridam

Tu, Phœbe, Daphnen hanc peteres magis:

Nec non Tonantis pluma mendax,

Cornua seu tegerent amores.

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Lacæna nunquam damna modestiæ
Tulisset, Idæ si Puer huc vagus
Errâisset, ardentem videret
Funere tergemino Penates,

Flammâsque viles crederet Ilii.
Mercede tali quis stadium piger
Fatale vitet? quis timeret
OEnomai fremitum sequentis?

Te præda nullo parta periculo,
Te gaza nullis empta laboribus
Expectat ultrò: fata, Princeps,
Hæc meritis statuere tantis.

Ætas ut aptis vernet amoribus,
Blando fideles murmure turtures,
Nexuque vites arctiori, &
Basiolis superate Conchas.

Cùm dextra Cœli prodiga Carolum
Ornârit omni dote, Britannia
Oblita & hæredis futuri,
Nec dederit similem, aut secundum;

Te, spes ruentis faustior Imperi,
Nomen beabit Patris amabile,
Heroas illustres daturum,
Qui domitum moderentur orbem.

Infans Parenti laudibus æmulus
Assurgat, annos dissimulans breves;
Patris decorem mas verendum,
Matris & os referant Puellæ.

In Obitum CAROLI Secundi.

Dilaniata comas, pronisque in fata cupressis
 Cincta, fave citharæ, mœsta Thalia, mem:
 Sed neque festivos vox defera hymnos,
 Nec laceret madidas impis dextra gehas;
 Tempestiva levent insanos Gaudia Lucus:
 Conveniunt Elegis utraque, Diva, Tuis.
 Seu caneres CAROLI mores Cœlestibus æquos,
 (Heu! nimis ante diem, qui voluere Suum):
 Debita non Impar seu carmina provocet Hæres:
 Quem teneat, cœlis æmula, Terra Suum!
 Nè quis deficiat, sequitur sic Castora Pollux,
 Fratrisque accendit funere Luna facem.
 Sic pius assumpsit Numa Divi sceptrum Quirini;
 Rex solium ascendit, cum tulit ara Deum.
 Quàm bene Achillæas torserunt fata sagittas!
 Præbet, que dederat dextera, vulnus, opem.
 Lubrica fors facto nocet, atque indulget, eodem:
 Si non errâsset, fecerat illa minùs.

To the KING.

AS victors lose the trouble they sustain
 In greater trophies which the triumphs gain;
 And martyrs, when the joyful crown is giv'n,
 Forget the pain, by which they purchas'd heav'n:
 So when the Phoenix of our empire dy'd,
 And with a greater heir the empty throne supply'd,
 Your

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Your glory dissipates our mournful dew,
 And turns our grief for Charles to joy for you.
 Myſterious fate ; whoſe one decree cou'd prove,
 The high extreme of cruelty, and love !
 May then no ſlight of a blaſpheming muſe
 Thoſe wiſe reſolves of providence accuſe,
 Which eas'd our Atlas of his glorious weight :
 Since ſtronger Hercules ſupports the ſtate.
 England no more ſhall penſive thoughts employ
 On him, ſhe's loſt ; but him ſhe has, enjoy
 So Ariadne, when her lover fled,
 And Bacchus honour'd the deſerted bed,
 Ceas'd with her tears to raiſe the ſwelling flood,
 Forgot her Theſeus, and embrac'd the god.

The Audience.

THE Criticks that pretend to ſenſe
 Do cavil at the audience,
 As if his grace were not as good
 To bow to, as a piece of wood.
 Did not our fathers heretofore
 Their ſenſeleſs duties adore ?
 Did not old Delphos all along
 Vent Oracles without a tongue ?
 And wiſeſt monarchs did importune
 From the dumb God to know their fortune.
 Did not the ſpeaking-head, of late,
 Of matters learnedly debate ?
 And rendred without tongue or ears,
 Wiſe answers to his whiſp'ring-peers ?
 And ſhall we to a living prince
 Deny the ſtate of audience ?

What tho' the bantling cannot speak?
Yet like the blockhead he may squeak?

Give audience by interpreter,
The wisest prince can do no more.

Then enters with a prince's banner,
Sir Charles, after the usual manner.
Great Sir, his holiness from Rome
Greets your high birth. The prince cry'd Mum.

The consecrated pilch and clour,
If you'll vouchsafe to hear me out,
And many other toys, I'm come
To lay them at your sacred bum.

So young, yet such a God-like ray!
Phœbus, your dad, was priest Dad-a.
Great prince, I have no more to say.

Conducted next, there comes, great Sir,
An envoy from the emperor,
To gratulate your lucky fate,
That gives to England's throne new date.
We joy that any thing should reign,
To baffle Orange and the Dane.

The youth, to see them thus beguil'd,
In token of his favour smil'd:
But at the Spaniard laugh'd outright,
As sham'd again in eighty eight.

Next, having pass'd the inward centry,
The doubtful monsieur made his entry:
The king, my master, Sir, has sent
Your royal birth to complement;

If you will make it but appear,
That you are England's lawful heir.

Here lady Powis took him short,
Have you a king; Thank Maz'rine for't!
[Mr. man] Whoe'er the father was, the mother
Was France's Q. (P—is) who questions t'other?

At this reproof he pawn'd a purse,
 And parting made his peace with nurse.
 The Dane, the Swede, with other nations,
 Come in with loud congratulations.
 Upon the Swede, so fam'd for battle,
 He cast a frown, and shook his rattle.
 And for the Dane, who took the part
 Of good prince George, he let a fart.
 This put him in a sullen fit,
 Nurse scarce could dance him out of it:
 When an ambassador from Poland
 Knock'd at the door, and Velt from Holland;
 He crying suck'd, and sucking cry'd,
 When lady governess reply'd,
 Peace prince, peace prince, peace pretty prince,
 And let the states have audience,
 Dutch-man.] From Holland I am hither sent,
 To challenge, not to complement.
 Prepare with speed your twenty sail,
 Your twice four thousand on the nail;
 Which by your Senate was enacted,
 With Orange, when your fire contracted.
 The name of Holland did affright,
 And make th' young hero scream outright.
 But Orange nam'd, the royal elf,
 The sweet, sweet babe, beshit himself.
 Tyrconnel, who came o'er no less
 Than to be made his governess,
 To take her leave, by luck came in,
 She suck'd his nose, and lick'd him clean.
 Last came the Lady H ——— from play,
 Mov'd by instinct, he cry'd, mamma,
 And posted to the queen away.

A

SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

MINOR POETS, &c.

PART II.

UPPER EMBROID

TO THE

MINOR POETS &c

PART II.

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DRYDEN'S Satire to his MUSE.

Written by the Lord SOMERS.

*Quo licet libris, non licet ire mihi.
Turpiter hoc, illuc ingeniosus erat.*

OVID.
HOR.

HEAR me, dull prostitute, worse than my wife,
Like her, the shame and clog of my dull life;
Whose first essay was in a tyrant's praise,
Bawdy in prologues, blasphemous in plays:
So lewd, thou mad'st me for the church unfit,
And I had starv'd, but for a lucky hit,
When the weak ministers implor'd my wit:
Stol'st me from business, where I might have made
A solid fortune to thy barren trade.
My father wisely bid me be a clerk;
Thou whisper'd'st, boy, be thou a tearing spark.
I from that fatal hour new hopes pursu'd,
Set up for wit, and awkwardly was lewd;
Drank 'gainst my stomach, 'gainst my conscience swore,
Against my will, I marry'd a rank whore:
After two children, and a third miscarriage,
By brawny brothers hector'd into marriage.
Affected rapes and lusts I had never known;
As if that all Gomorrah was my own.
Nor love, nor wine, could ever see me gay,
To writing bred, I knew not what to say.
With scolding wife and starving chits beset,
When I want money, and no friend will treat,
Chear'd with one cup of thy Castalian spring,
I can abuse the church, my friend, and king
Tell him he's jilted, fool'd, led by the nose,
Then, like Almanzor, turn upon his foes;

A 2

Libel

Hispany in Oliver Cromwell

Libel his mistresses, and statesmen too,
 Then o'er his whoring life old David throw,
 By whom Uriah was so basely slain;
 But our good monarch spares his Castlemain,
 And Oates his plots, and treasons, swears in vain:
 Defame the men that gave me meat and clothes,
 And then deny it with a thousand oaths.
 Adriel to please, call Rochester a fool,
 Sedley a capuchin, and Dorset dull.
 I, like Borosky, by the false count hir'd,
 On Scroop my blunderbuss of satire fir'd;
 In cool blood call'd him fool, knave, coward too;
 What more to Hall, or Cranbourn could I do;
 Who long enjoy'd e'er I began to woo?
 Thou'lt say, perhaps, what is all this to thee,
 If I a coward, cuckold, villain be?
 But then thou should'st thy sacred aid refuse,
 When I invoke it to so base a use;
 Blunt, of my murd'ring pen, the killing point,
 And honestly refuse the odious hint.
 But thou ne'er com'st so gladly to my call,
 As when on merit unprovok'd I fall,
 Is there a patriot to be defam'd,
 Lady abus'd or virtuous action blam'd?
 Thou, with officious haste, rank'st ev'ry word,
 And giv'st thy raging madman a sharp sword:
 Devils to witches are not more at hand,
 Than thou, when I an hellish task command.
 To thee, ungrateful! what has Monmouth done,
 That, parson-like, thou call'st him Absalon?
 And by that name dost foolishly infer,
 He from old David's head the crown would tear.
 Was he ambitious, he had kept his place:
 Stood high in David's as the people's grace;
 And warlike chief of the Prætorian bands,
 To the whole nation's hearts had join'd their hands;

Of publick good dissembled his deep care;
 With the false Jebusite a-while kept fair;
 Then in some great decisive glorious day,
 Make those vile cormorants disgorge their prey;
 Our church, religion, freedom, and our laws,
 Those darling morsels of their longing jaws.
 Wife Stanley thus, till Bosworth's fatal day,
 Did seeming faith to cruel Richard pay;
 But left the tyrant in the heat of fight,
 And brought success to Harry's drooping right.
 Monmouth's brave mind could no disguise endure,
 Still noble ways preferring to secure,
 While David lavishes his people's love,
 He buys the purchase with design t'improve;
 And like some prudent kinsmen, re-convey
 What the wild heir hath vainly thrown away,
 Left the great ancient family decay.
 Good honest David why would'st thou have made
 Of such a son and parliament afraid?
 Which whilst he sways, what faction dares dispute,
 Or who can say, he is not absolute!
 Thro' them he may command the people's purse,
 And spend their wealth and blood without a curse;
 By laws they would a popish heir exclude,
 Not by rude force, or a tumultuous crowd:
 Against Navarre the factious princes leagu'd,
 And the right heir the papal world intrigu'd:
 When a long war had plac'd him on the throne,
 The state-religion he was forc'd to own;
 The harmless people took it in good part,
 The zealous church yet stabb'd him to the heart;
 Taught all by story, there was no defence,
 But they must change their faith, or change their prince.
 Who would not here the like extremes prevent,
 And settle things by aid of parliament?

Thou only court presiding at the helm,
 Which mak'st all others useful to the realm;
 Inferior judges trembling to decree
 What may hereafter be condemn'd by thee:
 The chancellor's and ill statesman's only dread,
 For it is thou alone can reach their head.
 By thee fell Wolsey, and false Clarendon,
 Abandon'd by their kings, but here undone;
 Both over-whelm'd for daring to remove,
 Or stem the torrent of their master's love:
 The one fair Bullen to his prince deny'd;
 The other made lov'd Stuart, Richmond's pride,
 And with the royal blood for ever mingled Hyde.
 To their own ruin can all men agree,
 And none the precipice but courtiers see?
 Courtiers, who importune the sovereign,
 To pardon robbers, cut-throats, for their gain;
 Who live on ideots, lunaticks, forfeits, fines,
 And cannot thrive but when the nation pines,
 Unhappy we, if rul'd by such, whose rent
 Consists in breaches of the government.
 Some few there are with great estates indeed,
 Yet labour with imaginary need:
 Strange sort of fools, who, for one pension more,
 Enslave themselves, and all they had before.
 Others, with titles and new earldoms caught,
 Would give up all for which the barons fought:
 They're equally unfit for government,
 Who nothing have, or nothing will content.
 Who bid thee in Achitophel's vile name,
 Old David's errors and his faults proclaim?
 Or say, plots true or false are needful things,
 To set up commonwealths, and pull down kings?
 That David, whom thou dost with rev'rence name,
 Charm'd into ease, grows careless of his fame,

And brib'd with petty sums of foreign gold,
 Is grown in Bathsheba's embraces old?
 That, like the prince of angels, from his height,
 He now comes downward with diminish'd light?
 If David once ill language lay to heart,
 Who shall the poet from the traytor part?
 The people's voice, of old the voice of God,
 Thou call'st the voice of an unruly crowd:
 Crowds are the fools, —
 That flock to thine and D'Urfey's loyal plays,
 And give implicit claps on your third days:
 About the stage of montebank they wait,
 And whoop at cudgels, or a broken pate,
 But have, like thee, no int'rest in the state.
 Rule as thou wilt the realm of Mexico,
 And under iron yokes make Indians bow;
 But with old England what hast thou to do?
 Who from our kings an useful pow'r would take,
 Nor have they pow'r; but for the people's sake
 Warn themselves, and anarchy bespeak.
 Kings may do good at their full stretch of will,
 And need not for a strain of law stand still.
 They spare with mercy, tho' with judgment kill,
 Confin'd, like God, only from doing ill.
 Thus in our papal fire, to save the town,
 Some houses were blown up, and some pull'd down:
 None blam'd the order, since 'twas understood,
 A private mischief's for a publick good,
 Tho' we all perish, yet we must forbear
 The sacred title of a popish heir,
 If we thy foolish politicks should hear.
 Somewhere there must a sov'reign power be,
 In kings, in lords, in commons, or all three,
 Deriv'd from God, and only less than his,
 Which can do all, and nothing do amiss;

The sacred ties of marriage can dissolve,
 And children in their parents crimes involve,
 Making those bastards who had else been heirs,
 And injur'd husbands legal widowers;
 Cut off entails, make new, repeal old laws,
 And of contending kings decide the cause.
 Thus from the helm our learned Richard thrust,
 Confess'd their pow'r, and own'd their sentence just.
 And on the throne our brave fourth Edward sat,
 Whilst Harry liv'd a pris'ner of the state.
 Alphonso thus depos'd for his weak life,
 Pedro enjoy'd his kingdom and his wife.
 There *jus divinum* barks not at his right,
 Damns not his rule by day, nor love by night.
 In his defence, each private man kill;
 Must then a nation perish and stand still?
 If for our laws, faith, God, we may not fight,
 When can a christian sword be in the right?
 O! the prodigious wit, and wond'rous sting,
 To call Achit'phel son, unfeather'd two-legg'd thing!
 So by old Plato man was once defin'd,
 'Till a pull'd cock that notion undermin'd.
 Thy Amiel with bull Jonas self may vie
 For all but courage, wit, and honesty.
 As loud he roar'd 'gainst the prerogative,
 As sharply blam'd, as stingily would give,
 'Till his own wants oblig'd him to receive,
 And on his cheated fire he could no longer live:
 Whose whole estate, when he in trust, had got,
 Thy honest Amiel grudg'd him pipe and pot.
 Thy Hushai next, a true friend e'er a man,
 So soon his dearness with his prince began,
 Was but fourteen when David was abroad,
 Less fit for a king's friendship than a rod;
 Which he deserv'd, when he with tears reply'd,
 And in full house the loyal baby cry'd,

How could one German journey teach his youth,
 And add experience to his native truth!
 Abroad he learn'd to live upon his prince,
 As ev'ry fool, whore, bully, has done since;
 To other merit he has no pretence.
 Barzillai's praise I could rehearse again,
 And make the second labour of my pen;
 Wife, valiant, loyal, rich, of high descent,
 Born t' all that fortune for her darlings meant,
 Who nobly scorn'd a private happiness,
 When he beheld the sov'reign in distress:
 To arms he flew, but, with bold Cato's fate,
 Espous'd the cause that fortune seem'd to hate:
 Striving to save the head that wore the crown,
 He pull'd the mighty ruin on his own.
 But why extoll't Jerusalem's fagan,
 At drink and whores indeed a very dragon?
 Not Magdalen, possess'd in all her prime
 With her ten devils, could have equall'd him.
 Why would'st thou call thy Adriel a muse,
 And David of his hasty rise accuse?
 When we all know the same obliging hand
 Gave him his George, and Churchill his command,
 Jermin his country house, and Bromwich his point band,
 Or Jotham flatter'd that vain fickle thing,
 Famous for jests upon the church and king:
 One while Pythagoras's harmless food,
 For thoughts and politicks must cool his blood;
 And then again with whores and lusty wines,
 Revels all night, and thinks him mad that dines.
 Quibbles, jokes, puns, and trifling wit he has,
 And, like the Swede, is very rich in brass:
 Against the court and David's self he roar'd,
 How ill he govern'd, and how worse he whor'd;
 Would swear a parrot had more wit than Nelly,
 With her parch'd face, more wrinkled than p—— belly.
 Yet

Yet now to both, like popish saints, he prays,
 Which shews he will not burn in James's days;
 In his plain band, and honesty in show;
 He only aim'd at Danby's overthrow;
 Which when obtain'd, this patriot had his ends;
 And farewell all his plain well-meaning friends;
 There was no plot, no popish duke to fear;
 With Danby all our dangers disappear.
 Danby thus setting, to prevent dark night,
 This paler moon shews forth its clearer light,
 Misguides our counsellors with her glim'ring ray;
 And all our men of bus'ness lose their way:
 Our parliament's dissolved; new members meet,
 An Oxford journey must allay their heat:
 But the true English interest appear'd,
 The silver-smiths for their Diana fear'd;
 Pop'ry would pass on us in no disguise,
 No flow'rs could hide that serpent from our eyes;
 We're in such haste dissolv'd, that in the street
 New chosen with dissolving members meet;
 And then a paper, in good David's name,
 Must the proceedings of the house defame.
 Sheriffs and juries pack'd, justices made
 Knights of th' address, and all false colours laid,
 To cheat their party with a vain conceit,
 The people, parliaments both fear, and hate.
 What Sampson in a dungeon, captive, blind,
 In spiteful rage for cruel foes design'd,
 The house of commons must be thought to do
 Against themselves, and those that trust 'em too.
 The head shall sooner fear its own right hand,
 Parents their smiling infants death command,
 The chearful birds sit silent in the spring,
 Than lords or commons hurt the realm or king.
 They may thy heroes, that small faithful band,
 Precious counsellors, who dare singly stand
 'Gainst the collective wisdom of the land.

David in exile had more friends than thou
Wilt to his best, his happier days allow.
Why sounds thy trumpet in the time of peace?
Art thou afraid our diff'rence should cease,
That thus thou talk'st of rebels, treasons, more
Than any Irish witness ever swore;
Soldiers of fortune thus to drive a trade,
Care not what ruin, or what slaughter's made.

But hear me prophesy, and mark me well
E'er thrice the rose renews its fragrant smell,
People and king shall join, like man and wife,
And both abhor the engines of their strife:
No more shall they endure a hackney pen,
And thou, cashier'd, shalt to the stage again,
Please none but silly women, or worse men,
David shall find duty an empty word,
(For diff'rent faiths can never have one sword,
The knot of friendship is but loosely ty'd,
Twixt those that heavenly concerns divide.)
He then shall with his parliament agree,
And lives and fortunes shall their language be,
Monmouth be bless'd for all that he has done,
While thy vile heroes to their pardons run.

POEMS by Mr. PRIOR.

A Satyr on the Modern Translators.

Odi imitatores servum pecus, &c.

SINCE the united cunning of the stage
Has balk'd the hireling drudges of the age:
Since Betterton of late so thrifty's grown,
Revives old plays, or wisely acts his own:
Thumb'd Rider with a catalogue of rhimes,
Makes the compleatest poet of our times:
Those who with nine months toil had spoil'd a play,
In hopes of eating at a full third day,
Justly despairing longer to sustain
A craving stomach from an empty brain,
Have left stage-practice, chang'd their old vocations,
Attoning for bad plays, with worse translations;
And like old Sternhold, with laborious spite,
Burlesque what noble muses better write:
Thus while they for their causes only seem
To change the channel, they corrupt the stream.
So breaking vintners, to increase their wine,
With nauseous drugs debauch the generous vine:
So barren gypsies, for recruit are said,
With strangers issue to maintain the trade;
But least the fairer bantling should be known,
A daubing walnut makes him all their own,
In the head of this gang too John Dryden appears,
But to save the town-censure, and lessen his fears,
Join'd with a spark, whose title makes me civil,
For *scandalum magnatum* is the devil;
Such mighty thoughts from Ovid's letters flow,
That the translation is a work for two;

Nay, I could hear him damn last ages wit,
 And rail at excellence he ne'er can hit ;
 His envy shou'd at pow'rful Cowley rage,
 And banish sense with Johnson from the stage :
 His sacrilege should plunder Shakespear's urn,
 With a dull prologue make the ghost return,
 To bear a second death, and greater pain,
 While the fiend's words the oracle prophane.
 But when not satisfy'd with spoils at home,
 The pirate would to foreign borders roam ;
 May he still split on some unlucky coast,
 And have his works or dictionary lost ;
 That he may know what Roman authors mean,
 No more than does our blind translatress Behn.
 The female wit, who next convicted stands,
 Not for abusing Ovid's verse, but Sands' ;
 She might have learn'd from the ill-borrow'd grace,
 (Which little helps the ruin of her face)
 That wit, like beauty, triumphs o'er the heart,
 When more of nature's seen, and less of art :
 Nor strive in Ovid's letters to have shown
 As much of skill, as lewdness in her own.
 Then let her from the next inconstant lover,
 Take a new copy for a second rover :
 Describe the cunning of a jilting whore,
 From the ill arts her self has us'd before ;
 Thus let her write, but paraphrase no more.

R——mer to Crambo privilege does claim,
 Not from the poet's genius, but his name ;
 Which providence in contradiction meant,
 Tho' he predestination could prevent,
 And with bold dulness translate heaven's intent.
 Rash man ! we paid thee adoration due,
 That ancient criticks were excell'd by you :
 Each little wit to your tribunal came
 To hear their doom, and to secure their fame :

But

But for respect you servilely sought praise,
Slighted the umpire's palm to court the poet's bays;
While wise reflections, and a grave discourse,
Declin'd to zoons a river for a horse;
So discontented Pemberton withdrew,
From sleeping judges to the noisy crew;
Chang'd awful ermin for a servile gown,
And to an humble fawning, smooth'd his frown:
The simile will differ here indeed;
You cannot versify, though he can plead.

To painful Creech my last advice descends,
That he and learning would at last be friends;
That he'd command his dreadful forces home,
Not be a second Hannibal to Rome.

But since no counsel his resolves can bow;
Nor may thy fate, O Rome, resist his vow;
Debar'd from pens as lunaticks from swords,
He should be kept from waging war with words:

Words which at first like atoms did advance
To the just measure of a tuneful dance,
And jump't to form, as did his worlds, by chance.

This pleas'd the genius of the vicious town;
The wits confirm'd his labours with renown;
And swear the early atheist for their own.

Had he stop't here — but ruin'd by success,
With a new spawn he fill'd the burden'd press,
Till as his volumes swell'd, his fame grew less.

So merchants flatter'd with increasing gain,
Till tempt the falshood of the doubtful moine:
To the first running of the lucky dice,

Soes eager bully to new bets intice;
Till fortune urges him to be undone,
And ames-ace-loses what kind fixes won.

Witness this truth Lucretia's wretched fate,
Which better have I heard my nurse relate;

The

The matron suffers violence again,
 Not Tarquin's lust so vile as Creech's pen;
 Witness those heaps his midnight studies raise,
 Hoping to rival Ogilby in praise:
 Both writ so much, so ill, a doubt might rise,
 Which with most justice might deserve the prize;
 Had not the first the town with cuts appeas'd,
 And where the poem fail'd, the picture pleas'd.

Wits of a meaner rank, I would rehearse,
 But will not plague your patience nor my verse:
 In long oblivion may they happy lie,
 And with their writings, may their folly die.
 Now, why should we poor Ovid yet pursue,
 And make his very book an exile too,
 In words more barbarous than the place he knew?
 If Virgil labour'd not to be translated,
 Why suffers he the only thing he hated?
 Had he foreseen some ill-officious tongue,
 Wou'd in unequal strains blaspheme his song;
 Nor prayers, nor force, nor fame shou'd e'er prevent
 The just performance of his wise intent:
 Smiling h' had seen his martyr'd work expire,
 Nor live to feel more cruel foes than fire.

Some fop in preface may those thefts excuse,
 That Virgil was the draught of Homer's muse:
 That Horace's by Pindar's lyre was strung,
 By the great image of whose voice he sung.
 They found the mass, 'tis true, but in their mould
 They purg'd the droffy oar to current gold:
 Mending their pattern, they escap'd the curse;
 Yet had they not writ better, they'd writ worse.
 But when we bind the lyric up to rhyme,
 And lose the sense to make the poem chime:
 When from their flocks we force Sicilian swains,
 To ravish milk-maids in our English plains;

And wandring authors, e'er they touch our shore,
 Must, like our locust Hugonots, be poor;
 'T'd bid th' importing club their pains forbear,
 And traffick in our own, tho' homely ware;
 Whilst from themselves the honest vermin spin,
 'T'd like the texture, tho' the web be thin;
 Nay, take Crown's plays, because his own, for wit;
 And praise what Dursley, not translating, writ.

A Satyr upon the Poets, being a Translation out of the seventh Satyr of JUVENAL.

Et spes, & ratio studiorum, &c.

S I R,

ALL my endeavours, all my hopes depend
 On you the orphan's, and the muse's friend;
 The only great good man, who will declare
 Virtue and verse the object of his care;
 And prove a patron in the worst of times,
 When hungry Bayes forsakes his empty rhymes,
 Beseeching all true catholicks charity,
 For a poor prostitute which long did lie
 Under the mortal sins of verse and heresy.

Shadewell, and starving T—— I cease to name,
 Poets of all religions are the same:
 Recanting Settle brings the tuneful ware,
 Which wiser Smithfield damn'd to Sturbridge fair;
 Protests his tragedies and libels fail,
 To yield him paper, penny-loaves and ale,

B

And

And bids our youth by his example fly
The love of politicks and poetry.

And all retreats except New Hall refuse
To shelter Durfey, and his jocky muse.
There to the butler and his grace's maid,
He turns, like Homer, sonetteer for bread;
Knows his just bounds, nor ever durst aspire
Beyond the swearing groom and kitchen fire.

Is there a man to these examples blind,
To clinking numbers fatally design'd,
Who by his parts would purchase meat, and fame,
And in next miscellanies plant his name;
Were my beard grown the wretch I'd thus advise,
Repent, fond mortal, and be timely wise;
Take heed, nor be by gilded hopes betray'd,
Clio's a jilt, and Pegasus a jade;
By verse you'll starve: John Saul con'd never live,
Unless the bellman made the poet thrive;
Go rather in some little shed by Paul's,
Sell Chevy-chase, or Baxter's salve for souls;
Cry raree-shows, sell ballads, transcribe votes,
Be Care, or Ketch, or anything but Oates.

Hold, sir, some bully of the muses cries,
Methinks you're more satyrical than wise;
You rail at verse indeed, but rail in rhyme,
At once encourage, and condemn the crime.

True, sir, I write and have a patron too,
To whom my tributary songs are due;
Yet with your leave I'd honestly dissuade
Those wretched men from Pindus' barren shade:
Who tho' they fire their muse, and rack their brains
With blustering heroes, and with piping swains,
Can no great patient giving man engage
To fill their pockets, and their title-page,
Were I, like these, unhappily decreed
By penny elegies to get my bread,

Or want a meal, unless George Croom and I
 Could strike a bargain for my poetry,
 I'd damn my works to wrap up soap and cheese,
 Or furnish squibs for city prentices-
 To burn the pope, and celebrate queen Bess.

But on your ruin stubbornly pursue,
 Herd with the hungry little chiming crew,
 Obtain the empty title of a wit,
 And be a free cost noisy in the pit;
 Print your dull poems, and before 'em place
 A crown of laurel, and a meager face.
 And may just heav'n thy hated life prolong,
 Till thou, blest author, seest thy deathless song,
 The dusty lumber of a Smithfield stall,
 And findest thy picture starch'd 'gainst suburb wall,
 With Johnny Armstrong, and the prodigal.
 And to complete the curse,

When age and poverty comes faster on,
 And sad experience tells thou art undone,
 May no kind country grammar-school afford
 Ten pound a year to pay for bed and board;
 Till void of any fix'd employ, and now
 Crown useless to the army and the plow,
 You've no friend left, but trusting landlady,
 Who stows you on hard truckle garret-high,
 To dream of dinner, and curse poetry.

Sir, I've a patron, you reply. 'Tis true,
 Fortune and parts you say may get one too:
 Why faith e'en try, write, flatter, dedicate,
 My lord's, and his forefathers deeds relate:
 Yet know he'll wisely strive ten thousand ways,
 To shun a needy poet's fulsom praise;
 Nay, to avoid thy importunity,
 Neglect his state, and condescend to be
 A poet, tho' perhaps a worse than thee.

Thus from a patron he becomes a friend ;
 Forgetting to reward, learns to commend ;
 Receives your twelve long months succesſſeſs toil,
 And talks of authors, energy, and ſtile ;
 Damns the dull poems of the ſcribling town,
 Applauds your writings, and repeats his own,
 Whilſt thou in complaiſance oblig'd, muſt ſit
 T' extol his judgment, and admire his wit ;
 And wrapt with his eſſay on poetry
 Swear Horace writ not half ſo ſtrong as he,
 But that we're partial to antiquity.
 Yet this authentick peer perhaps ſcarce knows
 With jingling ſounds to tag inſipid proſe,
 And ſhou'd be by ſome honeſt Manly told,
 H'ad loſt his credit to ſecure his gold.

But if thou'rt bleſt enough to write a play,
 Without the hungry hopes of kind third day,
 And he believes that in thy dedication
 Thou'lt fix his name, not bargain for the ſtation,
 My lord his uſeleſs kindneſs then aſſures,
 And to the utmoſt of his pow'r he's yours ;
 How fine your plot, how exquiſite each ſcene !
 And play'd at court, would ſtrangely pleaſe the queen.
 And you may take his judgment ſure, for he
 Knows the true ſpirit of good poetry ;
 And might with equal judgment have put in
 For poet laureat as lord Ch——in.
 All this you ſee and know, yet ceaſe to ſhun ;
 And ſeeing knowing, ſtrive to be undone.
 So kidnapt dutcheſs once beyond Graveſend,
 Rejects the counſel of recalling friend ;
 Is told the dreadful bondage ſhe muſt bear,
 And ſees unable to avoid the ſnare.
 So praſtis'd thief oft taken, ne'er afraid,
 Forgets the ſentence, and purſues the trade,

Tho' yet he almost feels the smoaking brand,
 And sad T. R. stands fresh upon his hand.
 The author then, whose daring hopes would strive
 With well-built verse to keep his fame alive,
 And something to posterity present,
 That's very new and very excellent ;
 Something beyond the uncall'd drudging tribe,
 Beyond what Bays can write, or I describe ;
 Shou'd in substantial happiness abound,
 His mind with peace, his board with plenty crown'd.
 No early duns should break his learned rest,
 No saucy cares his nobler thoughts molest,
 Only the God within should shake his labouring breast. }

In vain we from our sonetteeres require,
 The height of Cowley's, and Anacreon's lyre.

In vain we bid 'em fill the bowl,

Large as their capacious soul,

Who since the king was crown'd ne'er tasted wine,

But write at sight, and know not where to dine;

In vain we bid dejected Settle hit

The tragick flights of Shakespear's tousing wit ;

He needs must miss the mark, who's kept so low,

He has not strength enough to draw the bow.

Sedly, indeed, and Rochester might write

For their own credit, and their friends delight,

Shewing how far they cou'd the rest outdo,

As in their fortunes, so their writings too,

But should drudge Dryden this example take

And Absolom's for empty glory make,

He'd soon perceive his income scarce enough,

To feed his nostril with inspiring snuff ;

Starving for meat, not surfeiting on praise,

He'd find his brains as barren as his bays.

There was a time when Otway charm'd the stage,
 Otway the hope, the sorrow of our age ;

When the full pit with pleas'd attention hung,
 Wrapt with each accent from Castalio's tongue.
 With what a laughter was his soldier read!
 How mourn'd they when his Jaffier struck, and bled!
 Yet this best poet, tho' with so much ease,
 He never drew his pen but sure to please;
 Tho' lightning were less lively than his wit,
 And thunder-claps less loud than those o'th' pit,
 He had of's many wants much earlier dy'd,
 Had not kind banker Betterton supply'd,
 And took for pawn the embryo of a play,
 Till he could pay himself the next third day.
 Were Shakespear's self to live again, he'd ne'er
 Deg'nerate to a poet from a player.
 Carlile i'th' new rais'd troop we see,
 And chattering Montfort in the chancery;
 Montfort how fit for politicks and law,
 That play'd so well fir Courtly and Jack Daw.
 Dance then attendance in slow M——ves hall,
 Read maps, or court the sconces till he call;
 One actor's commendation shall do more
 Than patron now, or merit heretofore.
 Some poets I confess, the stage has fed,
 Who for half crowns are shown, for two pence read;
 But these nor envy thou, but imitate,
 Much rather starve in Shadwel's silent fate,
 Then new vamp farces, and be damn'd with Tate.
 For now no Sidneys will three hundred give,
 That needy Spencer, and his fame may live;
 None of our new nobility will send
 To the King's-bench, or to his Bedlam friend.
 Chymists and whores by Buckingham were fed,
 Those by their honest labours gain'd their bread;
 But he was never so expensive yet,
 To keep a creature merely for his wit;

And Cowley from all Clifden scarce could have
 One grateful stone, to shew the world his grave.
 Pemb——lov'd tragedy, and did provide
 For butcher's dogs, and for the whole bankside;
 The bear was fed, but dedicating Lee
 Was thought to have a larger paunch than he.
 More I could say, but care not much to meet
 A crabtree cudgel in a narrow street.
 Besides, your yawning prompts me to give o'er:
 Your humble servant, fir, not one word more.

SUSANNAH and the Two Elders.

An Imitation of CHAUCER.

FAIR Susan did her wifehode well maintayne,
 Al gates assaulted so by leachers twayne.
 Now, an' I read arighte that auncient song,
 The paramours were olde, the damie was yong.

Had thilke same tale in other guise been told,
 Had they been yong, (pardie) end she been olde,
 Sweet Jesu! that had been much sorer tryale;
 Full marvailous, I wot, were such denyale!

The Earl of GODOLPHIN to Dr. GARTH,
upon the loss of Miss DINGLE: In
return to the Doctor's consolatory
Verses to him, upon the loss of his
Rod.

THOU, who the pangs of my embitter'd rage
Could'ft, with thy never-dying verse, assuage;
Immortal verse, secure to live as long
As that curs'd prose that did condemn thy song:
Thou, happy bard, whose double-gifted pen,
Alike can cure an aking corn, or spleen;
Whose lucky hand administers repose
As well to breaking heart, as broken nose;
Accept this tribute: think it all I had,
In recompence of thine, when I was sad.

What tho' it comes from an unpractis'd muse,
Bad at the best, grown worse by long disuse;
In silence, lost, since once I did complain
Of *Wiv*—/s cold neglect in humble strain;
When check'd by slavish conscience, she deny'd
To throw aside the niece, and act the bride:
Yet sure I may be thought among the throng
If not to sing, to whistle out a song:
Then take the kind remembrance of my verse,
While Dingle's loss with sorrow I rehearse.

Dingle is lost, the hollow caves resound,
Dingle is lost, and multiply the sound;
'Till Eccho chaunting it by just degree,
Shortens to Ding, then softens it to D.

Dingle is lost; where's now the parents care,
The boasted force of piety and prayer;

No more shall she, within thy spacious hall
Lead up the dance, and animate the ball;
Deserted thus, no more shall thou engage
Under the roof, to Whartonize the age.

Train'd by thy care, by thy example led,
Early she learnt to scorn the nuptial bed;
In vain by thy advice enlarg'd her mind,
And vow'd, like thee, to multiply her kind:
For Dingle thou didst bless the nether skies;
In hopes a mingled race might once arise
To sooth thy hoary age, and close thy dying eyes.

Learn, ye indulging parents, learn from hence:
Think not compliance e'er will influence.
The fifth command alone you did enjoin,
And frankly gave her up the other nine:
Yet she, tho' that, and that alone was press'd,
Regardless of your will, the fifth transgress'd.

But oh! my friend, consider, tho' she's gone,
She left no coffers empty but her own;
Her mind that did direct the great machine,
Mov'd like the universe, by springs unseen;
And tho' from thy instructions she retreats,
Her globe of light grows larger as she sets:
For nought could brighter make her lustre shine,
Than to withdraw, and fingle it from thine.
Then think of this; and pardon when you see
Those virtues, you so late admir'd in me.

POEMS by Dr. WILLIAM KING.

APPLE-PYE. A POEM, in Imitation of VIRGIL's Georgicks.

OF all the delicats which Britons try
To please the palate, and delight the eye;
Of all the several kinds of sumptuous fast,
There's none that can with apple-pye compare,
For costly flavour, or substantial paste,
For outward beauty, or for inward taste.

When first this infant-dish in fashion came,
Th' ingredients were but coarse, and rude in frame;
As yet unpolish'd in the modern arts,
Our fathers eat brown bread instead of tarts:
Pyes were but indigested lumps of dough,
Till time and just expence improv'd 'em so.

King Col (as ancient British * annals tell)
Renown'd for fidling and for eating well,
Pippins in homely cakes with honey stew'd,
Just as he bak'd (the proverb says) he brew'd.

Their greater art succeeding princes show'd,
And modell'd paste into a neater mode;
Invention now grew lively, palate nice,
And sugar pointed out the way to spice.

But here for ages unimprov'd we stood,
And apple-pye was still but homely food;
When god-like Edgar of the Saxon line,
Polite of taste, and studious to refine,

In

* See the old ballad of king Col.

In the defart perfuming quinces cast,
And perfected with cream the rich repast,
Hence we proceed the outward parts to trim,
With crinkumcranks adorn the polish'd brim;
And each fresh pye the pleas'd spectator greets
With virgin fancies, and with new conceits.

Dear Nelly, learn with care the pastry art,
And mind the easy precepts I impart:
Draw out your dough elaborately thin,
And cease not to fatigue your rolling-pin:
Of eggs and butter see you mix enough,
For then the paste will swell into a puff,
Which will in crumpling sounds your praise report,
And eat as house-wives speak, exceeding short.
Rang'd in thick order let your quinces lie,
They give a charming relish to the pye.
If you are wise, you'll not brown sugar slight,
The browner (if I form my judgment right)
A deep vermillion tincture will dispense,
And make your pippin redder than the quince.

When this is done, there will be wanting still,
The just reserves of cloves and candied peel;
Nor can I blame you, if a drop you take
Of orange-water for perfuming-sake.
But here, the nicety of art is such,
There must not be too little, nor too much:
If with discretion you these costs employ,
They quicken appetite, if not, they cloy.

Next, in your mind this maxim firmly root,
Never o'ercharge your pye with costly fruit;
Oft let your bodkin thro' the lid be sent,
To give the kind imprison'd treasure vent;
Lest the fermenting liquor, closely prest,
Insensibly by constant fretting waste,
And o'er-inform your tenement of paste.

To chuse your baker, think, and think again,
 (You'll scarce one honest baker find in ten :)
 Aduſt and bruſ'd, I've often ſeen a pye
 In rich diſguiſe and coſtly ruin lie,
 While penſive cruſt beheld its form o'erthrown;
 Exhausted apples griev'd, their moiſture flown,
 And ſyrup from the ſides ran trickling down.

O be not, be not tempted, lovely Nell,
 While the hot-piping odours ſtrongly ſmell,
 While the delicious fume creates a guſt,
 To lick th' o'erflowing juice, or bite the cruſt.
 You'll rather ſtay (if my advice may rule)
 Until the hot's corrected by the cool ;
 'Till you've infus'd the luſcious ſtore of cream,
 And chang'd the purple for a ſilver ſtream ;
 'Till that ſmooth viand its mild force produce,
 And give a ſoftneſs to the tarter juice.

Then ſhall thou pleas'd, the noble fabrick view,
 And have a ſlice into the bargain too ;
 Honour and fame alike we will partake,
 So well I'll eat what you ſo richly make.

Upon the Duke of MARLBOROUGH'S Houſe at Woodſtock.

*Atria longe patens ; ſed nec cœnantibus uſquam,
 Nec ſomno locus eſt ; quàm bene non habites ?*

Mart. Epig.

SEE, Sir, ſee here's the grand approach,
 This way is for his grace's coach ;
 There lies the bridge, and here's the clock,
 Obſerve the lion and the cock,

The

The spacious court, the colonade,
 And mark how wide the hall is made ?
 The chimneys are so well design'd,
 They never smoke in any wind.
 This gallery's contriv'd for walking,
 The windows to retire and talk in ;
 The council-chamber for debate,
 And all the rest are rooms of state.

Thanks, sir, cry'd I, 'tis very fine,
 But where d' ye sleep, or where d' ye dine ?
 I find by all you have been telling,
 That 'tis a house, but not a dwelling.

A Letter sent by Sir JOHN SUCKLING
 from France, deploring his sad Estate
 and Flight. With a Discovery of the
 Plot and Conspiracy, intended by him
 and his Adherents against England.

GO, doleful sheet, to every street
 Of London round about-a,
 And tell 'em all thy master's fall
 That lived bravely mought-a.

Sir John in fight as brave a wight
 As the knight of the sun-a ;
 Is forc'd to go away with woe,
 And from his country run-a.

Unhappy stars to breed such jars,
 That England's chief Sucklin-a
 Should prove of late the scorn of fate
 And fortune's unlucklin-a ;

But

But ye may see inconstanty
In all things under heaven-a :
When god withdraws his gracious laws
We run at fix and seven-a :

Alas, alas, how things do pass ;
What boots a handsome face-a,
A pretty wit, and legs to it,
Not season'd well with grace-a.

I that in court have made such sport
As never yet was found-a,
And tickled all, both great and small,
The maids of honour round-a.

I that did play both night and day
And revell'd here and there-a,
Had change of suits, made lays to lutes,
And bluster'd every where-a.

I that could write, and well indite,
As 'tis to ladies known-a,
And bore the praise, for songs and plays,
Far more than were mine own-a.

I that did lend and yearly spend
Thousands out of my purse-a,
And gave the king, a wond'rous thing,
At once a hundred horse-a.

Blest providence that kept my sense
So well, that I fond elf-a,
Should chance to hit to have the wit,
To keep one for myself-a.

I that march'd forth into the north,
And went up hills amain-a
With sword and lance, like king of France,
And so came down again-a.

I that have done such things, the sun
And moon did never see-a,
Yet now poor John, a pox upon
The fates, is fain to flee-a.

And for the brave, I us'd to have,
In all I wore or eat-a
Accursed chance, to spoil the dance,
I scarce have clothes or meat-a.

Could not the plot by which I got,
Such credit in the play-a,
Aglaura bright, that Persian wight,
My roving fancy stay-a;

But I must fly, at things so high,
Above me not allow'd-a;
And I Sir John, like Ixion,
For Juno kifs a cloud-a.

Would I had burn'd it when I turn'd it
Out of a comedy-a,
There was an onen, in the nomen
I fear of tragedy-a;

Which is at last upon me cast,
And I proclaim'd a sot-a,
For thinking to with English do,
As with a Persian plot-a.

But now I find, with grief of mind,
What will not me avail-a,
That plots in jest are ever best,
When plots in earnest fail-a.

Why could not I, in time espy,
My error; but what's worse-a,
Unhappy vermin, must bring in Jermin,
The master of the horse-a.

The

The valiant Percy, god have mercy
Upon his noble soul-a,
Though he be wise by my advice,
Was in the plot most foul-a,

The witty poet, (let all know it)
Davenant by name-a,
In this design, that I call mine,
I utterly disclaim-a,

Though he can write, he cannot fight,
And bravely take a fort-a ;
Nor can he smell a project well,
His nose, it is too short-a.

'Tis true, we met in council set,
And plotted here in prose-a ;
And what he wanted, it is granted,
A bridge made of his nose-a,

But to impart it to his art,
We had made pretty stuff-a :
No, for the plot that we had got,
One poet was enough-a.

Which had not fate, and prying state,
Crush'd in the very womb-a,
We had e'er long, by power strong,
Made England but one tomb-a.

Oh what a fright had bred that fight,
When Ireland, Scotland, France-a,
Within the wall of London all
In several troops should prance-a.

When men quarter'd, women slaughter'd,
In heaps every where-a
So thick should die, the enemy
The very fight should scare-a.

That they afraid, of what they made,
 stream of blood so high-a,
 For safety fled, should mount the dead,
 and unto heaven get nigh-a.

The scarlet gown, and best i'th' town,
 each other would bewail-a,
 That their shut purse had brought this curse,
 that did so much prevail-a.

Each alderman in his own chain,
 hanging hang'd up like a dog-a,
 And all the city, without pity,
 made but one bloody bog-a.

The Irish kern, in battle stern,
 for all their faults so foul-a,
 Pride, use, ill-gain, and want of brain,
 teaching them how to howl-a.

No longer then, the fine women,
 the Scots would praise and trust-a,
 The wanton dames, being burnt in flames,
 hotter than their lust-a.

But too, too late, lament their fate,
 and misery deplore-a,
 By the French knocks, have got a pox,
 worse than they had before-a.

Infants unborn, should 'scape the horn,
 by being murder'd then-a,
 Which they were sure if life indure,
 to have when they were men-a.

The precise fry, that now mounts high,
 all low we cast their lot-a
 And all that think it sin to drink,
 doom'd unto the pot-a.

The Parliament is fully bent,
 To root up bishops clean-a,
 To raise their fort, and spoil their sport,
 We did intend and mean-a.

With many things, confusion brings,
 To kingdoms in an hour-a,
 To burn up tillage, sack and pillage,
 And handsome maids desflour-a.

But Argus eye, did soon espy,
 What we so much did trust-a,
 And to our shame, and loss of fame,
 Our plot laid in the dust-a.

And had we staid, I am afraid,
 That their Briarian hand-a,
 Had struck us dead (who now are fled)
 And seized all our land-a.

But thanks to heaven, three of the seven,
 That were the plotters chief-a,
 Have led to France, their wits a dance,
 To find out a relief-a.

But D'Avenant * shakes, and buttons makes,
 As strongly with his breech-a,
 As he e'er long, did with his tongue,
 Make many a bombast speech-a.

But yet we hope, he'll 'scape the rope,
 That now him so doth fright-a,
 The parliament, being content,
 That he his fact should write-a.

* Sir William D'Avenant the dramatic poet and author of *Liberty*, &c.

POEMS by AMBROSE PHILIPS, Esq;

An Epistle to the Honourable JAMES
CRAGGS, Esq; Secretary at War, at
Hampton-Court.

THOUGH Britain's hardy troops demand your care,
And chearful friends your hours of leisure share;
O Craggs, for candour known! indulge awhile
My fond desire, and on my labour smile:
Nor count it always an abuse of time
To read a long epistle, though in rhyme.

To you I send my thoughts, too long confin'd,
And ease the burden of a loyal mind;
To you my secret transports I disclose,
That rise above the languid powers of prose.
But, while these artless numbers you peruse,
Think 'tis my heart that dictates, not the muse;
My heart, which at the name of Brunswick fires,
And no assistance from the muse requires.

Believe me, sir, your breast, that glows with zeal
For George's glory and the publick weal,
Your breast alone feels more pathetick heats;
Your heart alone with stronger raptures beats.

When I review the great examples past,
And to the former ages join the last;
Still, as the godlike heroes to me rise,
In arms triumphant, and in councils wise,
The king is ever present to my mind;
His greatness trac'd in every page I find:
The Greek and Roman pens his virtues tell,
And under shining names on Brunswick dwell.

At Hampton while he breathes untainted air,
 And seems to vulgar eyes devoid of care;
 The British muses to the grove will press,
 Tune their melodious harps, and claim access:
 But let them not too rashly touch the strings;
 For fate allows no solitude to kings.

Hail to the shades, where William, great in arms,
 Retir'd from conquest to Maria's charms!
 Where George serene in majesty appears,
 And plans the wonders of succeeding years!
 There, as he walks, his comprehensive mind
 Surveys the globe, and takes in all mankind:
 While, Britain, for thy sake he wears the crown;
 To spread thy power as wide as his renown:
 To make thee umpire of contending states,
 And poise the balance in the world's debates.

From the smooth terraces as he casts his eye,
 And sees the current sea-ward rolling by;
 What schemes of commerce rise in his designs!
 Pledges of wealth! and unexhausted mines!
 Through winds and waves, beneath inclement skies,
 Where stars, distinguish'd by no name, arise,
 Our fleets shall undiscover'd lands explore,
 And a new people hear our cannons roar.

The rivers long in ancient story fam'd
 Shall flow obscure, nor with the Thames be nam'd:
 Nor shall our poets copy from their praise,
 And nymphs and syrens to thy honour raise;
 Nor make thy banks with Tritons shells resound,
 Nor bind thy brows with humble sedges round:
 But paint thee as thou art; a peopled stream!
 The boast of merchants, and the sailors theme!
 Whose spreading floods unnumber'd ships sustain,
 And pour whole towns afloat into the main;
 While the redundant seas waft up fresh stores,
 The daily tribute of far-distant shores.

Back to thy source I trace thy silver train,
That gently winds through many a fertile plain;
Where flocks and lowing herds in plenty feed,
And shepherds tune at ease the vocal reed:
Ere yet thy waters meet the briny tide,
And freighted vessels down thy channel ride;
Ere yet thy billows leave their banks behind,
Swell into state, and foam before the wind:
Thy sovereign's emblem! in thy course compleat!
When I behold him in his lov'd retreat,
Where rural scenes their pleasing views disclose,
A silvan deity the monarch shows;
As if he only knew the woods to grace,
To rouse the stag, and animate the chace:
While every hour, from thence, his high commands,
By speedy winds convey'd to various lands,
Controul affairs; give weighty councils birth;
And sway the mighty rulers of the earth.

Were he, our island's glory and defence,
To reign unactive, at the world's expence;
Say, generous Craggs, who then should quell the rage
Of lawless faction, and reform the age?
Who should our dear-bought liberties maintain?
Who fix our leagues with France, and treat with Spain?
Who check the headstrong Swede; assuage the Czar;
Secure our peace, and quench the northern war?
The Turk, though he the christian name defies,
And curses Eugene, yet from Eugene flies,
His cause to Brunswick's equity dare trust;
He knows him valiant, and concludes him just:
He knows his fame in early youth acquir'd,
When turban'd hosts before his sword retir'd.

Thus while his influence to the poles extends,
Or where the day begins, or where it ends,
Far from our coasts he drives off all alarms;
And those his power protects, his goodness charms.

Great in himself, and undebas'd with pride,
 The sov'reign lays his regal state aside,
 Pleas'd to appear without the bright disguise
 Of pomp; and on his inborn worth relies.
 His subjects are his guests; and daily boast
 The condescension of their royal host:
 While crowds succeedings crowds on either hand,
 A ravish'd multitude, admiring stand.
 His manly wit and sense with candour join'd,
 His speech with every elegance refin'd,
 His winning aspect, his becoming ease,
 Peculiar graces all, conspire to please,
 And render him to every heart approv'd;
 The king respected, and the man belov'd.

Nor is his force of genius less admir'd,
 When most from crowds or publick cares retir'd.
 The learned arts by turns admittance find;
 At once unbend and exercise his mind.
 The secret springs of nature, long conceal'd,
 And to the wise by slow degrees reveal'd,
 (Delightful search!) his piercing thought descries.
 Oft through the concave azure of the skies
 His soul delights to range, a boundless space,
 Which myriads of celestial glories grace;
 Worlds behind worlds, that deep in æther lye,
 And suns, that twinkle to the distant eye;
 Or call them stars, on which our fates depend,
 And every ruling star is Brunswick's friend.

Soon as the rising sun shoots o'er the stream,
 And gilds the palace with a ruddy beam,
 You to the healthful chace attend the king,
 And hear the forest with the huntsmen ring:
 While in the dusty town we rule the state,
 And from gazettes determine England's fate.
 Our groundless hopes and groundless fears prevail,
 As artful brokers comment on the mail.

Deafned

Deafn'd with news, with politicks oppress'd,
I wish the wind ne'er vary'd from the west.
Secure, on George's councils I rely,
Give up my cares, and Britain's foes defy.
What though cabals are form'd, and impious leagues?
Though Rome fills Europe with her dark intrigues?
His vigilance, on every state intent,
Defeats their plots, and over-rules th' event.

But whither do my vain endeavours tend?
Or how shall I my rash attempt defend?
Divided in my choice, from praise to praise
I rove, bewilder'd in the pleasing maze.
One virtue mark'd, another I pursue,
While yet another rises to my view,
Unequal to the task, too late I find
The growing theme unfinish'd left behind.
Thus the deluded bee, in hopes to drain
At once the thymy treasure of the plain,
Wide ranging on her little pinions toils,
And skims o'er hundred flow'rs for one she spoils:
When soon o'erburden'd with the fragrant weight,
Homeward she flies, and flags beneath her freight.

To his Excellency the Lord CARTERET,
&c. departing from Dublin.

BEHOLD, Britannia waves her flag on high,
And calls forth breezes from the western sky,
And beckons to her son, and smooths the tide,
That does Hibernia from her cliffs divide.

Go, Carteret, go; and with thee, go along
The nation's blessing, and the poet's song;

Loud acclamations, with melodious lays,
The kindest wishes, and sincerest praise.

Go, Carteret, go; and bear my joys away!
So speaks the muse, that fain would bid thee stay:
So spoke the virgin to the youth unkind,
Who gave his vows, and canvas, to the wind,
And promis'd to return; but, never more,
Did he return to the Threïcian shore.

Go, Carteret, go: alas, a tedious while
Hast thou been absent from thy mother-isle;
A slow-paced train of months to thee and thine,
A flight of moments to a heart like mine,
That feels perfections, and resigns with pain
Enjoyments, I may never know again.

O, while mine eye pursues the fading sails,
Smooth roll ye waves, and steady breathe ye gales,
And urge, with gentle speed, to Albion's strand,
A household, fair amidst the fairest land,
In every decency of life polite,
A freight of virtues, wafting from my sight.

And now farewell, O early in renown,
Illustrious, young, in labours for the crown;
Just, and benign, and vigilant, in power,
And elegant to grace the vacant hour,
Relaxing sweet! nor are we born to wear
The brow still bent, and give up life to care.

And thou, mild glory beaming round his fame,
Francisca, thou, his first, his latest flame,
Parent of bloom! in pleasing arts refin'd!
Farewel thy hand, and voice in musick join'd,
Thy courtesy, as soothing as thy song,
And smiles soft-gleaming on the courtly throng.

And thou, Charissa, hastening to thy prime,
And Carolina, chiding tardy time,
Who every tender wish of mine divide,
For whom I string the lyre, once laid aside,

Receive and bear in mind, my fond farewell;
 Thrive-on in life! and, thriving-on, excel!
 Accept this token, Carteret, of good will,
 The voice of nature, undebas'd by skill,
 These parting numbers cadenced by my grief,
 For thy lov'd sake, and for my own relief;
 If aught, alas, thy absence may relieve,
 Now I am left, perhaps, thro' life to grieve.
 Yet would I hope, — yet hope, I know not why,
 (But, hopes and wishes in one balance lie)
 Thou may'st revisit, with thy wonted smiles,
 Ierna island set around with isles;
 And the same heart, that bids thee now adieu,
 Salute thy sails, and hail thee into view.

To the Honourable Miss CARTERET.

BLOOM of beauty, early flow'r
 Of the blissful bridal bow'r;
 Thou, thy parents pride and care,
 Fairest offspring of the fair,
 Lovely pledge of mutual love;
 Angel seeming from above,
 Were it not, thou day by day
 Doe'st thy very sex betray,
 Female more and more appear,
 Female, more than angel dear:
 How to speak thy face and mien,
 (Soon, too dangerous to be seen)
 How shall I, or shall the muse,
 Language of resemblance chuse?
 Language, like thy mien and face,
 Full of sweetness, full of grace!

By

By the next-returning spring,
 When again the linnets sing,
 When again the lambkins play,
 Pretty sportling full of May,
 When the meadows next are seen,
 Sweet enamel ! white and green,
 And the year, in fresh attire,
 Welcomes every gay desire ;
 Blooming-on, shall thou appear
 More inviting than the year,
 Fairer sight than orchard shows,
 Which beside a river blows.
 Yet, another spring I see ;
 And a brighter bloom in thee :
 And another round of time,
 Circling, still improves thy prime :
 And, beneath the vernal skies,
 Yet a verdure more shall rise ;
 Ere thy beauties, kindling flow ;
 In each finish'd feature glow ;
 Ere, in smiles and in disdain,
 Thou exert thy maiden reign,
 Absolute to save, or kill,
 Fond beholders, at thy will.

Then, the taper-moulded waste
 With a span of ribbon braced,
 And the swell of either breast,
 And the wide high-vaulted chest,
 And the neck so white and round,
 Little neck with brilliants bound,
 And the store of charms that shine
 Above, in lineaments divine,
 Crowded in a narrow space
 To compleat the desperate face ;
 These alluring powers, and more,
 Shall enamour'd youths adore ;

These and more, in courtly lays,
Many an aking heart shall praise.

Happy thrice, and thrice agen,

Happiest he of happy men,
Who, in courtship greatly sped,
Wins the damsel to his bed,
Bears the virgin-prize away,
Counting life one nuptial day !

For, the dark-brown dusk of hair,
Shadowing thick thy forehead fair,

Down the veiny temples growing,

O'er the sloping shoulders flowing ;

And the smoothly-pencil'd brow,

Mild to him in every vow ;

And the fringed lid below,

Thin as thinnest blossoms blow ;

And the hazely-lucid eye,

Whence heart-winning glances fly ;

And that cheek of health, o'er-spread

With soft-blended white and red ;

And the witching smiles, that break

Round those lips, which sweetly speak ;

And thy gentleness of mind,

Gentle, from a gentle kind ;

These endowments (heavenly dower !)

Brought him, in the promis'd hour,

Shall for ever bind him to thee,

Shall renew him still to woo thee.

PASTORALS.

PASTORALS.

Nostra nec erubuit silvas habitare Italia.

VIRG. Ecl. 6.

PREFACE.

IT is strange to think, in an age so addicted to the muses, how pastoral poetry comes to be never so much as thought upon; considering especially, that it has always been accounted the most considerable of the smaller Poems: Virgil and Spencer made use of it as a prelude to heroick poetry. But I fear the innocency of the subject makes it so little inviting at present.

There is no sort of poetry, if well wrought, but gives delight. And the pastoral perhaps may boast of this in a peculiar manner. For as in painting, so I believe, in poetry, the country affords the most entertaining scenes, and most delightful prospects.

Gassendus, I remember, tell us, that Peirescius was a great lover of musick, especially that of birds; because their artless strains seem to have less of passion and violence, but more of a natural easiness, and therefore do the rather befriend contemplation. It is after the same manner that pastoral gives a sweet and gentle composure to the mind; whereas the epick and tragick poem put the spirits in too great a ferment by the vehemence of their motions.

To see a stately, well built palace, strikes us indeed with admiration, and swells the soul, as it were, with notions of grandeur. But when I view a little country dwelling, advantageously situated amidst a beautiful variety of fields, woods, and rivers, I feel an unspeakable kind of satisfaction, and cannot forbear wishing, that my good fortune would place me in so sweet a retirement.

Theo-

Theocritus, Virgil, and Spencer, are the only writers, that seem to have hit upon the true nature of pastoral poems. So that it will be honour sufficient for me, if I have not altogether failed in my attempt.

The First PASTORAL.

LOBBIN.

IF we, O Dorset, quit the city throng
To meditate in shades the rural song
By your commands ; be present : and, O, bring
The muse along ! the muse to you shall sing.

Begin. — A shepherd boy, one ev'ning fair,
As western winds had cool'd the sultry air,
When as his sheep within their fold were pent,
Thus plain'd him of his dreary discontent ;
So pitiful, that all the starry throng
Attentive seem'd to hear his mournful song.

Ah well, a day ! how long must I endure
This pining pain ? or who shall work my cure ?
Fond love no cure will have ; seeks no repose ;
Delights in grief ; nor any measure knows.
And now the moon begins in clouds to rise ;
The twinkling stars are lighted in the skies ;
The winds are hush'd ; the dews distil ; and sleep
With soft embrace has seiz'd my weary sheep.
I only, with the prouling wolf, constrain'd
All night to wake. With hunger is he pain'd,
And I with love. His hunger he may tame :
But who in love can stop the growing flame ?
Whilome did I, all as this poplar fair,
Up-raise my heedless head, devoid of care,
Mong rustick routs the chief for wanton game ;
Nor could they merry make till Lobbin came.

Who

Who better seen than I in shepherds arts,
 To please the lads, and win the lasses hearts?
 How defty to mine oaten reed so sweet,
 Wont they upon the green to shift their feet?
 And when the dance was done, how would they yearn
 Some well-devised tale from me to learn?
 For many songs and tales of mirth had I,
 To chase the lingring sun adown the sky.
 But, ah! since Lucy coy has wrought her spite
 Within my heart, unmindful of delight,
 The jolly grooms I fly; and all alone
 To rocks and woods pour forth my fruitless moan.

Oh quit thy wonted scorn, relentless fair!
 Ere lingring long, I perish thro' despair.
 Had Rosalind been mistress of my mind,
 Tho' not so fair, she would have been more kind.
 O think, unwitting maid, while yet is time,
 How flying years impair our youthful prime!
 Thy virgin bloom will not for ever stay;
 And flow'rs, tho' left ungather'd, will decay.
 The flow'rs anew returning seasons bring;
 But beauty faded has no second spring.

My words are wind! she, deaf to all my cries,
 Takes pleasure in the mischief of her eyes.
 Like frisking heifers, loose in flow'ry meads,
 She gads where-e'er her roving fancy leads;
 Yet still from me. Ah me, the tiresome chase
 While, wing'd with scorn, she flies my fond embrace,
 She flies indeed: but ever leaves behind,
 Fly where she will, her likeness in my mind.
 Ah turn thee then! unthinking damsel! why,
 Thus from the youth, who loves thee, should'st thou fly?
 No cruel purpose in my speed I bear:
 'Tis all but love; and love why should'st thou fear?
 What idle fears a maiden breast alarm.
 Stay, simple girl! a lover cannot harm.

AMBROSE PHILIPS, Esq; 47

Two kidlings, sportive as thyself, I rear;
 Like tender buds their shooting horns appear.
 A lambkin too, pure white, I breed, as tame
 As my fond heart could wish my scornful dame.
 A garland, deck'd with all the pride of May,
 Sweet as thy breath, and as thy beauty gay,
 I'll weave. But why these unavailing pains?
 The gifts alike and giver she disdains.

O would my gifts but win her wanton heart!
 Oh could I half the warmth I feel impart!
 How would I wander ev'ry day to find
 The ruddy wildings! were but Lacy kind,
 For grossy plumbs I'd climb the knotty tree,
 And of fresh honey rob the thrifty bee:
 Or, if thou deign to live a shepherdess,
 Thou Lobbin's flock, and Lobbin shall possess.
 Fair is my flock; nor yet uncomely I,
 If liquid fountains flatter not: and why
 Should liquid fountains flatter us; yet show
 The bord'ring flow'rs less beauteous than they grow.
 O come, my love! nor think th' employment mean,
 The dams to milk, and little lambkins wean;
 To drive a-field by morn the fatt'ning ewes,
 Ere the warm sun driaks up the coolly dews.
 How would the crook beseem the beauteous hand?
 How would my younglins round thee gazing stand!
 Ah witless younglins! gaze not on her eye,
 Such heedless glances are the cause I die.
 Nor trow I when this bitter blast will end;
 Or if kind love will ever me befriend.
 Sleep, sleep, my flock; for happy you may take
 Your rest, tho' nightly thus your master wake.

Now, to the waning moon, the nightingale
 In doleful ditties told her piteous tale.
 The love-sick shepherd list'ning found relief:
 Pleas'd with so sweet a partner in his grief:

Till by degrees her notes and silent night
To slumbers soft his heavy heart invite.

The Second PASTORAL.

THE NOT. COLINET.

THE NOT.

THY cloudy looks why melting thus in tears,
Unseemly, now that heav'n so blithe appears?
Why in this mournful manner art thou found,
Unthankful lad, when all things smile around?
Hear how the lark and linnet jointly sing!
Their notes soft-warb'ling to the gladsome spring.

COLINET.

Thō' soft their notes, not so my wayward fate;
Nor lark would sink, nor linnet in my state.
Each creature to his proper task is born;
As they to mirth and musick, I to mourn,
Waking, at midnight, I my woes renew,
And with my tears increase the falling dew.

THE NOT.

Small cause, I ween, has lusty youth to plain;
Or who may then the weight of age sustain;
When, as our waining strength does daily cease,
The tiresome burden doubles its increase?
Yet tho' with years my body downward tend,
As trees beneath their fruit in autumn bend;
My mind a chearful temper still retains,
Spite of my snowy head and icy veins:
For, why should man at cross mishaps repine,
Sour all his sweet, and mix with tears his wine?
But speak: for much it may relieve thy woe
To let a friend thy inward ailment know.

COLINET.

'Twill idly waste thee, Thenot, a whole day,
Should'st thou give ear to all my grief can say.
Thy ewes will wander, and thy heedless lambs
With loud complaints require their absent dams.

T H E N O T.

There's Lightfoot, he shall tend them close : and I,
'Twixt whiles, across the plain will glance mine eye.

COLINET.

Where to begin I know not, where to end :
Scarce does one smiling hour my youth attend.
Tho' few my days, as my own follies show,
Yet all those days are clouded o'er with woe :
No glance of happy sun-shine does appear,
My low'ring sky, and wintry days to chear.
My piteous plight, in yonder naked tree,
That bears the thunder scar, too well I see :
Quite destitute it stands of shelter kind,
The mark of storms and sport of ev'ry wind :
The riven trunk feels not th' approach of spring,
Nor any birds among the branches sing ;
No more beneath thy shade shall shepherds throng
With merry tale, or pipe, or pleasing song.
Unhappy tree ! and more unhappy I !
From thee, from me, alike the shepherds fly.

T H E N O T.

Sure thou in some ill-chosen hour wast born,
Then blighting mildews spoil the rising corn ;
When the moon, by witchcraft charm'd, foreshows
A sad eclipse a various train of woes.
Untimely born, ill luck betides thee still.

COLINET.

And can there, Thenot, be a greater ill ?

Nor wolf, nor fox, nor rot amongst our sheep;
 From these the shepherd's care his flock may keep:
 Against ill luck all cunning foresight fails;
 Whether we sleep or wake, it nought avails.

C O L I N E T.

Ah me the while! ah me the luckless day!
 Ah luckless lad! the rather might I say.
 Unhappy hour! when first, in youthful bud,
 I left the fair Sabrina's silver flood:
 Ah silly I! more silly than my sheep,
 Which on thy flow'ry bank I once did keep.
 Sweet are thy banks! Oh when shall I once more
 With longing eyes review thy flow'ry shore?
 When, in the crystal of thy water, see
 My face, grown wan thro' care and misery?
 When shall I see my hut, the small abode
 Myself had rais'd and cover'd o'er with sod?
 Tho' small it be, a mean and humble cell,
 Yet is there room for peace and me to dwell.

T H E N O T.

And what the cause that drew thee first away?
 From thy lov'd home what tempted thee to stray?

C O L I N E T.

A lewd desire strange lands and swains to know:
 Ah God! that ever I should covet woe!
 With wand'ring feet unblest'd and fond of fame,
 I sought I know not what, besides a name.

T H E N O T.

Or, sooth to say, didst thou not hither roam
 In hopes of wealth, thou cou'd'st not find at home?
 A rolling stone is ever bare of moss;
 And, to their cost, green years old proverbs cross.

COLIN

COLINET.

Small need there was, in flatt'ring hopes of gain,
To drive my pining flock athwart the plain
To distant Cam: fine gain at length, I trow,
To hoard up to myself such deal of woe!
My sheep quite spent thro' travel and ill fare,
And, like their keeper, ragged grown and bare:
Here, on cold earth to make my nightly bed;
And on a bending willow rest my head;
Tis hard to bear the pinching cold with pain,
And hard is want to the unpractis'd swain:
But neither want, nor pinching cold is hard,
To blasting storms of calumny compar'd:
Unkind as hail it falls, whose pelting show'rs
Destroy the tender herb and budding flow'rs.

T H E N O T.

Slander, we shepherds count the greatest wrong;
For what wounds forer than an evil tongue?

COLINET.

Untoward lads, who pleasure take in spite,
Make mock of all the ditties I endite.
In vain, O Colinet, thy pipe so shrill
Charms ev'ry vale, and gladdens ev'ry hill:
In vain thou seek'st the cov'ring of the grove,
In the cool shades to sing the heats of love:
No passion but rank envy canst thou move.
Sing what thou wilt, ill nature will prevail;
And ev'ry elf has skill enough to rail.

But yet, tho' poor and artless is my vein,
Menalcas seems to like my simple strain;
And long as he is pleas'd to hear my song,
That to Menalcas does of right belong;
Nor night, nor day, shall my rude musick cease;
I ask no more, so I Menalcas please.

T H E N O T.

Menalcas, lord of all the neighb'ring plains,
 Preserves the sheep, and o'er the shepherds reigns.
 For him our yearly wakes and feasts we hold,
 And chuse the fattest firstling from the fold.
 He, good to all that good deserve, shall give
 Thy flock to feed, and thee at ease to live
 Shall curb the malice of unbridled tongues,
 And with due praise reward thy rural songs.

C O L I N E T.

First then shall lightsome birds forget to fly,
 The briny ocean turn to pastures dry,
 And ev'ry rapid river cease to flow,
 Ere I unmindful of Menalcas grow.

T H E N O T.

This night thy cares with me forget; and fold
 Thy flock with mine, to ward th' injurious cold.
 Sweet milk and clotted cream, soft cheese and curd,
 With some remaining fruit of last year's hoard,
 Shall be our ev'ning fare: and for the night,
 Sweet herbs and moss, that gentle sleep invite.
 And now behold the sun's departing ray
 O'er yonders hill, the sign of ebbing day.
 With songs the jovial hinds return from plow,
 And unyoak'd heifers, pacing homeward, low.

The Third PASTORAL.

A L B I N O.

WHEN Virgil thought no shame the Dorick re
 To tune, and flocks on Mantuan plains to fe
 With young Augustus' name he grac'd his song;
 And Spencer, when amidst the rural throng

He carol'd sweet, and graz'd along the flood
Of gentle Thames, made ev'ry sounding wood
With good Eliza's name to ring around;
Eliza's name on ev'ry tree was found.
Since then, thro' Anna's cares at ease we live,
And see our cattle in full pastures thrive;
Like them will I my slender musick raise,
And teach the vocal vallies Anna's praise.
Mean time on oaten pipe a lowly lay,
Whilst my kids brouze, obscure in shades I play:
Yet not obscure, while Dorset thinks not scorn
To visit woods, and swains ignobly born.

Two country swains, both musical, both young,
In friendship's mutual bonds united long,
Retir'd within a mossy cave, to shun
The croud of shepherds, and the noon-day sun:
A melancholy thought possess'd their mind;
Revolving now the solemn day they find,
When young Albino dy'd. His image dear
Bedews their cheek with many a trickling tear;
To tears they add the tribute of their verse;
These Angelot, those Palin did rehearse.

ANGEL0T.

Thus yearly circling by past times return,
And yearly thus Albino's fate we mourn:
Albino's fate was early, short his stay;
How sweet the rose! how speedy the decay!
Can we forget how ev'ry creature moan'd,
And sympathizing rock in echo groan'd,
Presaging future woe, when, for our crimes,
We lost Albino, pledge of peaceful times?
The pride of Britain, and the darling joy
Of all the plains and ev'ry shepherd boy.
No joyous pipe was heard, no flocks were seen,
Nor shepherds found upon the grassy green;

No cattle graz'd the field, nor drunk the flood,
No birds were heard to warble thro' the wood,

In yonder gloomy grove stretch'd out he lay,
His beauteous limbs upon the dampy clay,
The roses on his palid cheeks decay'd,
And o'er his lips a livid hue display'd:
Bleating around him lie his pensive sheep,
And mourning shepherds come in crouds to weep;
The pious mother comes, with grief oppress'd;
Ye, conscious trees and fountains, can attest
With what sad accents and what moving cries
She fill'd the grove, and importun'd the skies,
And ev'ry star upbraided with his death,
When in her widow'd arms, devoid of breath,
She clasp'd her son. Nor did the nymph for this
Place in her darling's welfare all her bliss,
And teach him young the sylvan crook to wield,
And rule the peaceful empire of the field.

As milk-white swans in silver streams do show,
And silver streams to grace the meadows flow;
As corn the vales, and trees the hills adorn,
So thou to thine an ornament was born.
Since thou, delicious youth, didst quit the plains,
Th' ungrateful ground we till with fruitless pains;
In labour'd furrows sow the choice of wheat,
And over empty sheaves in harvest sweat
A thin increase our woolly substance yield,
And thorns and thistles overspread the field.

How all our hopes are fled, like morning dew!
And we but in our thoughts your manhood view.
Who now shall teach the pointed spear to throw,
To whirl the sling, and bend the stubborn bow?
Nor dost thou live to bless thy mother's days,
And share the sacred honours of her praise:
In foreign fields to purchase endless fame,
And add new glories to the British name.

O peaceful may thy gentle spirit rest !
And flow'ry turf lie light upon thy breast ;
Nor shrieking owl, nor bat fly round thy tomb,
Nor midnight fairies there to revel come.

P A L I N.

No more, mistaken Angelot, complain ;
Albino lives, and all our tears are vain.
And now the royal nymph, who bore him, deigns
To bless the fields, and rule the simple swains,
While from above propitious he looks down,
For this the golden skies no longer frown ;
The planets shine indulgent on our isle,
And rural pleasures round about us smile.
Hills, dales, and woods with shrilling pipes resound ;
The boys and virgins dance with garlands crown'd,
And hail Albino blest : the vallies ring
Albino blest : O now ! if ever, bring
The laurel green, the smelling eglantine,
The tender branches from the mantling vine,
The dewy cowslip that in meadow grows,
The fountain violet, and garden rose :
Your hamlets strew, and ev'ry publick way,
And consecrate to mirth Albino's day.
Myself will lavish all my little store,
And deal about the goblet, flowing o'er :
Old Moulin there shall harp, young Mico sing,
And Cuddy dance the round amidst the ring,
And Hobbinol his antick gambols play,
To thee these honours yearly will we pay,
When we our shearing feast and harvest keep,
To speed the plow, and bless our thriving sheep.
While mallow kids and endive lambs pursue ;
While bees love thyme, and locusts sip the dew ;
While birds delight in woods their notes to strain,
Thy name and sweet memorial shall remain.

The Fourth PASTORAL.

M I C O. A R G O L.

M I C O.

THIS place may seem for shepherds leisure made,
 So lovingly these elms unite their shade.
 Th' ambitious woodbine, how it climbs, to breathe
 Its balmy sweets around on all beneath !
 The ground with grass of chearful green bespread,
 Thro' which the springing flow'r up-rears its head.
 Lo, here the king-cup, of a golden hue,
 Medly'd with daisies white, and endive blue :
 Hark how the gaudy gold-finch, and the thrush,
 With tuneful warblings fill that bramble-bush !
 In pleasing consorts all the birds combine,
 And tempt us in the various song to join.
 Up, Argol, then ; and to thy lip apply
 Thy mellow pipe, or vocal musick try :
 And, since our ewes have graz'd, no harm, if they
 Lie round and listen, while their lambkins play.

A R G O L.

The place indeed gives pleasure to the eye ;
 And pleasure works the finger's fancy high :
 The fields breathe sweet ; and now the gentle breeze
 Moves ev'ry leaf, and trembles thro' the trees.
 So sweet a scene ill suits my rugged lay,
 And better fits the musick thou canst play.

M I C O.

No skill of musick can I, simple swain,
 No fine device thine ear to entertain ;
 Albeit some deal I pipe, rude tho' it be,
 Sufficient to divert my sheep and me,

Yet Colinet (and Colinet has skill)
My fingers guided on the tuneful quill,
And try'd to teach me on what sounds to dwell,
And where to sink a note, and where to swell.

ARGOL.

Ah Mico ! half my flock would I bestow,
Would Colinet to me his cunning show.
So trim his sonnets are, I prithee, swain,
Now give us once a sample of his strain :
For wonders of that lad the shepherds say,
How sweet his pipe, how ravishing his lay :
The sweetness of his pipe and lay rehearse,
And ask what gift thou pleasest for thy verse.

MICO.

Since then thou list, a mournful song I chuse ;
A mournful song becomes a mournful muse.

Fast by a river, on a bank he fate,
To weep a lovely maid's untimely fate,
Fair Stella hight : a lovely maid was she,
Whose fate he wept ; a faithful shepherd he.

Awake my pipe ; in ev'ry note express
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.

O woeful day ! O day of woe ! quoth he ;
And woeful I, who live the day to see !
That ever she could die ! O most unkind,
To go, and leave thy Colinet behind !
And yet, why blame I her ? full fain would she,
With dying arms, have clasp'd herself to me :
I clasp'd her too ; but death was all too strong ;
Nor vows, nor tears, could fleeting life prolong.
Teach me to grieve, with bleating moan, my sheep ;
Teach me, thou ever-flowing stream, to weep ;
Teach me, ye faint, ye hollow winds, to sigh ;
And let my sorrows teach me how to die :

Nor

Nor flock, nor stream, nor winds, can e'er relieve
A wretch like me, for ever born to grieve.

Awake my pipe; in ev'ry note express
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.

Ye brighter maids, faint emblems of my fair,
With looks cast down, and with dishevel'd hair,
In bitter anguish beat your breasts, and moan
Her hour untimely, as it were your own.

Alas! the fading glories of your eyes
In vain we doat upon, in vain you prize:
For tho' your beauty rule the silly swain,
And in his heart like little queens you reign;
Yet death will ev'n that ruling beauty kill,
As ruthless winds the tender blossoms spill.

If either musick's voice, or beauty's charm,
Could make him mild, and stay his lifted arm;
My pipe her face, her face my pipe should save,
Redeeming thus each other from the grave.

Ah fruitless wish! cold death's up-lifted arm
No musick can persuade, nor beauty charm:
For see (O baleful sight!) see where she lies!
The budding flow'r, unkindly blasted, dies.

Awake my pipe; in ev'ry note express
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.

Unhappy Colinet! what boots thee now
To weave fresh garlands for the damsel's brow?
Throw by the lilly, daffadil and rose;
One of black yew, and willow pale, compose,
With baneful henbane, deadly night-shade dress;
A garland that may witness thy unrest.
My pipe, whose soothing sound could passion move,
And first taught Stella's virgin heart to love,
Untun'd, shall hang upon this blasted oak,
Whence owls their dirges sing, and ravens croak:
Nor lark, nor linnet, shall by day delight,
Nor nightingale divert my moan by night;

The night and day shall undistinguish'd be
Alike to Stella, and alike to me.

Thus sweetly did the gentle shepherd sing,
And heavy woe within soft numbers bring:
And now that sheep-hook for my song I crave.

A R G O L.

Not this, but one much fairer shall thou have,
Of season'd elm; where studs of brass appear,
To speak the giver's name, the month, and year;
The hook of polish'd steel, the handle turn'd,
And richly by the graver's skill adorn'd.

O, Colinet, how sweet thy grief to hear!
How does thy verse subdue the list'ning ear!
Not half so sweet are midnight winds, that move
In drowsy murmurs o'er the waving grove;
Nor dropping waters, that in grotts distil,
And with a trinkling sound their caverns fill:
So sing the swans, that in soft numbers waste
Their dying breath, and warble to the last:
And next to thee shall Mico bear the bell,
That can repeat the peerless verse so well.

But see; the hills increasing shadows cast:
The sun, I wean, is leaving us in haste:
His weakly rays but glimmer thro' the wood,
And bluish mists arise from yonder flood.

M I C O.

Then send our curs to gather up the sheep:
Good shepherds with their flocks betimes should sleep:
For, he that late lies down, as late will rise,
And, sluggard-like, till noon-day snoring lies,
While in their folds his injur'd ewes complain,
And after dewy pastures bleat in vain,

The

The Fifth PASTORAL.

CUDDY.

IN rural strains we first our musick try,
 And, bashful, into woods and thickets fly,
 Distrustful of our skill. Yet, if thro' time
 Our voice improving gain a pitch sublime,
 Thy growing virtues, Sackville, shall engage
 My riper verse, and my more settled age.

The sun now mounted to the noon of day,
 Began to shoot direct his burning ray,
 When, with the flocks, their feeders sought the shade
 A venerable oak, wide-spreading, made.
 What should they do to pass the loit'ring time?
 As fancy led, each form'd his tale in rhyme:
 And some the joys, and some the pains of love,
 And some to set out strange adventures strove;
 The trade of wizzards some, and Merlin's skill,
 And whence to charm such empire o'er the will.
 Then Cuddy last (who Cuddy can excel,
 In neat device?) his tale began to tell.

When shepherds flourish'd in Eliza's reign,
 Their liv'd in great esteem a jolly swain,
 Young Colin Clout; who well could pipe and sing,
 And by his notes invite the lagging spring.

He, as his custom was, at leisure laid
 In silent shade, without a rival play'd:
 Drawn by the magick of th' inticing sound,
 What clouds of mute admirers flock'd around!
 The steerlings left their food; and creatures wild
 By nature form'd, insensibly grew mild.
 He makes the birds in troops about him throng,
 And loads th' neighb'ring branches with his song.

Among

Among the rest, a nightingale of fame,
 Jealous, and fond of praise, to listen came.
 She turn'd her ear : and emulous with pride,
 Like echo, to the shepherd's pipe reply'd.
 The shepherd heard with wonder ; and again,
 To try her more, renew'd his various strain.
 To all his various strains she shapes her throat,
 And adds peculiar grace to ev'ry note.
 If Colin in complaining accents grieves,
 Or brisker motion to his measure gives ;
 If gentle sounds he modulates, or strong,
 She, not a little vain, repeats his song :
 But so repeats, that Colin half despis'd
 His pipe and skill, so much by others priz'd.
 And, sweetest songster of the winged kind,
 What thanks, said he, what praises can I find
 To equal thy melodious voice ? In thee
 The rudeness of my rural life I see ;
 From thee I learn to vaunt no more my skill.
 Aloft in air she sate, provoking still
 The vanquish'd swain : provok'd at last, he strove
 To shew the little minstrel of the grove
 His utmost art : if so some small esteem
 He might obtain, and credit lost, redeem.
 He draws in breath, his rising breast to fill ;
 Thro' all the woods his pipe is heard to shrill.
 From note to note in haste his fingers fly ;
 Still more and more his numbers multiply ;
 And now they trill, and now they fall and rise,
 And swift and slow they change, with sweet surprize.
 Attentive she does scarce the sounds retain,
 But to herself first cons the puzzling strain,
 And tracing careful, note by note, repays
 The shepherd, in his own harmonious lays ;
 Thro' ev'ry changing cadence runs at length
 And adds in sweetness, what she wants in strength.
 Then

Then Colin threw his fife disgrac'd aside ;
 While she loud triumph sings, proclaiming wide
 Her mighty conquest. What could Colin more ?
 A little harp of maple ware, he bore :
 The harp itself was old, but newly strung,
 Which usual he across his shoulders hung.
 Now take, delightful bird, my last farewell,
 He said ; and learn from hence, thou dost excel
 No trivial artist. And at that he wound
 The murmur'ing strings, and order'd ev'ry sound.
 Then earnest to his instrument he bends,
 And both his hands upon the strings extends.
 The strings obey his touch, and various move,
 The lower answer'ing still to those above.
 His restless fingers traverse to and fro,
 And in pursuit of harmony they go ;
 Now, lightly skimming, o'er the strings they pass,
 Like winds, that gently brush the plying grass,
 And melting airs arise at their command ;
 And now, laborious, with a weighty hand
 He sinks into the cords with solemn pace,
 And gives the swelling tones a manly grace ;
 Then, intricate he blends agreeing sounds,
 While musick thro' the trembling harp abounds.

The double sounds the nightingale perplex,
 And pos'd, she does her troubled spirit vex :
 She warbles diffident, 'twixt hope and fear,
 And hits imperfect accents, here and there,
 Then Colin play'd again, and playing sung.
 She, with the fatal love of glory stung,
 Hears all in pain : her heart begins to swell ;
 In piteous notes she sighs, in notes that tell
 Her bitter anguish. He, still singing, plies
 His limber joints : her sorrows higher rise.
 How shall she bear a conqueror, who before
 No equal, thro' the grove, in musick bore ?

She

She droops, and hangs her flagging wings, and mourns,
And fetches from her breast melodious groans.
Opprest with grief at last, too great to quell,
Down breathless on the guilty harp she fell.

Then Colin loud lamented o'er the dead,
And unawailing tears profusely shed,
And broke his wicked strings, and curs'd his skill;
And, best to make atonement for the ill,
(If for such ill attonement might be made)
He builds her tomb beneath a laurel shade:
Then adds a verse, and sets with flow'rs the ground,
And makes a fence of winding osiers round:
A verse and tomb is all I now can give,
And here thy name at least, he said, shall live.

Thus ended Cuddy with the setting sun,
And by his tale unenvy'd praises won.

The Sixth PASTORAL.

GERON. HOBBINOL. LANQUET.

GERON.

HOW still the sea; behold; how calm the sky!
And how, in sportive chase, the swallows fly!
My goats, secure from harm, no tendance need,
While high on yonder hanging rock they feed:
And here below, the banky shore along,
Your heifers graze: and I to hear your song
Dispos'd. As eldest, Hobbinol, begin;
And Lanquet's under-song by turns come in.

HOBBINOL.

Let others meanly stake upon their skill,
Or kid, or lamb, or goat, or what they will;
For praise we sing, nor wager ought beside:
And whose the praise let Geron's lips decide.

LAN-

LANQUET.

To Geron I my voice and skill commend :
Unbiaſ'd he, to both is equal friend.

GERON.

Begin then, boys, and vary well your ſong ;
Nor fear, from Geron's upright ſentence, wrong.
A boxen haut-boy, loud, and ſweet of ſound,
All varniſh'd, and with brazen ringlets bound,
I to the victor give : no ſmall reward,
If with our uſual country pipes compar'd.

HOBBINOL.

The ſnows are melted, and the kindly rain,
Deſcends on ev'ry herb, and ev'ry grain ;
Soft balmy breezes breathe along the ſky :
The bloomy ſeaſon of the year is nigh.

LANQUET.

The cuckoo tells aloud her painful love ;
The turtle's voice is heard in ev'ry grove ;
The paſtures change, the warbling linnets ſing :
Prepare to welcome in the gaudy ſpring.

HOBBINOL.

When locuſts in the feary buſhes cry,
When ravens pant, and ſnakes in caverns lie ;
Then graze in woods, and quit the burning plain ;
Elſe ſhall ye preſs the ſpongy teat in vain.

LANQUET.

When greens to yellow vary, and you ſee,
The ground beſtrew'd with fruits off ev'ry tree,
And ſtormy winds are heard ; think winter near,
Nor truſt too far to the declining year.

HOBBINOL.

Full ſain, O bleſt Eliza ! would I praiſe
Thy maiden rule, and Albion's golden days.

Then

Then gentle Sidney liv'd, the shepherd's friend :
Eternal blessings on his shade attend.

LANQUET.

Thrice happy shepherds now ! for Dorset loves
The country muse, and our delightful groves ;
While Anna reigns. O ever may she reign !
And bring on earth a golden age again.

HOBBINOL.

I love in secret all a beauteous maid,
And have my love in secret all repaid.
This coming night she does reserve for me,
Give her name ; and thou the victor be.

LANQUET.

Mild as the lamb, and harmless as the dove,
True as the turtle, is the maid I love.
Now we in secret love, I shall not say,
Give her name ; and I give up the day.

HOBBINOL.

Soft, on a cowslip bank, my love and I
Together lay ; a brook ran murm'ring by :
A thousand tender things to me she said,
And a thousand tender things repaid.

LANQUET.

In summer shade, beneath the cocking hay,
What soft, endearing words did she not say ?
In her lap, with apron deck'd, she kindly spread,
And stroak'd my cheeks, and lull'd my leaning head.

HOBBINOL.

Breathe soft, ye winds ; ye waters gently flow ;
Hail her, ye trees ; ye flowers around her grow ;
Swains, I beg you, pass in silence by ;
Love in yonder vale asleep does lie.

LAN-

LANQUET.

Once Delia slept, on easy moss reclin'd,
Her lovely limbs half bare, and rude the wind;
I smooth'd her coats, and stole a silent kiss,
Condemn me, shepherds, if I did amiss.

HOBBINOL.

As Marian bath'd, by chance I pass'd by;
She blush'd, and at me cast a side long eye:
Then swift beneath the crystal wave she try'd
Her beauteous form, but all in vain, to hide.

LANQUET.

As I to cool me, bath'd one sultry day,
Fond Lydia lurking in the sedges lay.
The wanton laugh'd, and seem'd in haste to fly;
Yet often stopp'd, and often turn'd her eye.

HOBBINOL.

When first I saw, would I had never seen,
Young Lyset lead the dance on yonder green;
Intent upon her beauties as she mov'd,
Poor, heedless wretch, at unawares I lov'd.

LANQUET.

When Lucy decks with flow'rs her swelling breast
And on her elbow leans, dissembling rest;
Unable to refrain my madding mind,
Nor sheep nor pasture worth my care I find.

HOBBINOL.

Come Rosalind, O come; for without thee,
What pleasure can the country have for me?
Come Rosalind, O come! my brinded kine,
My snowy sheep, my farm and all is thine.

LANQUET.

Come Rosalind, O come! here shady bowers,
Here are cool fountains, and here springing flow'rs.

Come Rosalind: here ever let us stay,
And sweetly waste our live-long time away.

HOBBINOL.

In vain the seasons of the moon I know,
The force of healing herbs, and where they grow,
There is no herb, no season, may remove
From my fond heart the racking pains of love.

LANQUET.

What profit me, that I in charms have skill,
And ghosts and goblins order as I will;
Yet have, with all my charms, no pow'r to lay
The sprite, that breaks my quiet night and day.

HOBBINOL.

O that like Colin I had skill in rhymes:
To purchase credit with succeeding times!
Sweet Colin Clout! who never yet had peer,
Who sung thro' all the seasons of the year.

LANQUET.

Let me like Wrenock sing; his voice had pow'r
To free the 'clipping moon at midnight hour:
And, as he sung, the fairies, with their queen,
In mantles blue came tripping o'er the green.

GERON.

Here end your pleasing strife. Both victors are;
And both with Colin may in rhyme compare.
A boxen hautboy, loud, and sweet of sound,
All varnish'd, and with brazen ringlets bound,
To both I give. A mizzling mist descends
Adown that steepy rock: and this way tends
Yon distant rain. Shore-ward the vessels strive;
And, see, the boys their flocks to shelter drive.

An EPISTLE to the Right Hon.
CHARLES Lord HALIFAX, one of
the Lords Justices appointed by his
Majesty.

PATRON of verse, O Halifax, attend
The muse's fav'rite and the poet's friend!
Approaching joys my ravish'd thoughts inspire:
I feel the transport; and my soul's on fire!

Again Britannia rears her awful head:
Her fears transplanted to her foes are fled.
Again her standard she displays to view;
And all its faded lillies bloom anew.
Here beauteous liberty salutes the sight,
Still pale, nor yet recover'd of her fright:
Whilst here religion, smiling to the skies,
Her thanks expresses with up-lifted eyes.

But: Who advances next with chearful grace;
Joy in her eyes and plenty in her face?
A wheaten garland does her head adorn.
O property, o goddess, English-born!
Where hast thou been? How did the wealthy mourn!
The bankrupt nation sigh'd for thy return;
Doubtful for whom her spreading funds were fill'd,
Her fleets were freighted, and her fields were till'd.

No longer now shall France and Spain combin'd,
Strong in their golden Indies, awe mankind.
Brave Catalans, who for your freedom strive,
And in your shatter'd bulwarks yet survive;
For you alone, worthy a better fate,
O, may this happy change not come to late!

AMBROSE PHILIPS, Esq; 69

Great in your sufferings! — But, my muse, forbear;
Nor damp the publick gladness with a tear.

The hero has received their just complaint,
Grac'd with the name of our fam'd patron-saint:
Like him with pleasure he forgoes his rest;
And longs like him, to succour the distressed,
Firm to his friends; tenacious of his word;
As justice calls, he draws or sheaths the sword:
Matur'd by thought his councils shall prevail;
Nor shall his promise to his people fail.

He comes, desire of nations! England's boast!
Already has he reach'd the Belgian coast.
Our great deliverer comes! and with him brings
A progeny of late succeeding kings,
Fated to triumph o'er Britannia's foes
In distant years and fix the world's repose.

The floating squadrons now approach the shore;
Loft in the sailors shouts the cannons roar.
And now, behold, the sov'reign of the main,
High on the deck, his shining train,
Surveys the subject flood. An eastern gale
Plays through the shrouds and swells in every sail:
Th' obsequious waves his new dominion own,
And gently waft their monarch to his throne.
Now the glad Britons hail their king to land;
Hang on the rocks, and blacken all the strand.

But who the silent extasy can show,
The passions, that in nobler bosoms glow?
Who can describe the god-like patriot zeal?
Or who, my lord, your generous joys reveal?
Ordain once more, our treasure to advance
Retreive our trade, and sink the pride of France;

Once more the long neglected arts to raise;
And form each rising genius for the bays.

Accept the present of a grateful song;
This prelude may provoke the learned throng:
To Cam and Isis, shall the joyful news,
By me convey'd, awaken every muse,
Even now the vocal tribe in verse conspires;
And I already hear their sounding lyres,
To them the mighty labour I resign,
Give up the theme, and quit the tuneful nine.

So when the spring first smiles among the trees,
And blossoms open to the vernal breeze;
The watchful nightingale with early strains,
Summons the warblers of the woods and plains:
But drops her musick, when the choir appear,
And listens to the concert of the year.

POEMS by THOMAS OTWAY.

The POET's Complaint of his Muse; or,
a SATYR against LIBELS.

Si quid habent veri vatum præsagia, Vivam.

To the Right Honourable THOMAS Earl of
Offory, Baron of Moor-Park, Knight of
the most Noble of the Garter, &c.

My Lord,

THOUGH never any man had more need of excuse for
a presumption of this nature, then I have now;
yet when I have laid out every way to find one, your
lordship's goodness must be my best refuge, and therefore
I humbly cast this at your feet for protection; and myself for
pardon.

My Lord, I have great need of protection, for to the
best of my heart I have here published in some measure
the truth, and I would have it thought honestly too, (a
practice never more out of countenance than now) yet truth
and honour are things your lordship must needs be kind to,
because they are relations to your nature and never left
you.

'Twould be a second presumption in me to pretend in this
a pædgyrick on your lordship; for it would require more art
to do your virtue justice, than to flatter any other man.

If I have ventured at a hint of the present sufferings
of that great prince mentioned in the latter end of this
paper, with favour from your lordship I hope to add a
second part, and do all those great and good men justice,
that have in his calamities stuck fast to so gallant a
friend

friend and so good a master. To write and finish which great subject faithfully, and to be honoured with your lordship's patronage, in what I may do, and your approbation or at least pardon, in what I have done, will be the greatest pride of

My Lord,

Your most humble admirer and servant,

THOMAS OTWAY.

O D E.

TO a high hill where never yet flood tree,
 Where only heath, coarse fern and furzes grow,
 Where (nipt by piercing air)
 The flocks in tatter'd fleeces hardly graze,
 Led by uncouth thoughts and care,
 Which did too much his pensive mind amaze,
 A wandering bard, whose muse was crazy grown,
 Cloy'd with the nauseous follies of the buzzing town,
 Came, lookt about him, sigh'd, and laid him down,
 'Twas from any path, but where the earth
 Was bare, and naked all as at her birth,
 When by the word it first was made,
 E'er god had said,
 Let grass and herbs and every green thing grow,
 With fruitful trees after their kind; and it was so.
 The whistling winds blew fiercely round his head,
 Cold was his lodging, hard his bed;
 Aloft his eyes on the wide heav'ns he cast,
 Where we are told peace only's found at last:
 And as he did its hopeless distance see,
 Sigh'd deep, and cry'd, how far is peace from me?

2.

Nor ended there his moan :

The distance of his future joy

Had been enough to give him pain alone ;

But who can undergo

Despair of ease to come, with weight of present woe ?

Down his afflicted face

The trickling tears had stream'd so fast a pace,

As left a path worn by their briny race. }

Swoln was his breast with sighs, his

Proportion'd limbs as useless fell,

Whilst the poor trunk (unable to sustain

Itself) lay rackt, and shaking with its pain.

I heard his groans as I was walking by,

And (urg'd by pity) went aside, to see

What the sad cause could be

Had press'd his state so low, and rais'd his plaints so high.

On me he fixt his eyes. I crav'd,

Why so forlorn ? he vainly rav'd,

Peace to his mind I did commend. }

But, oh ! my words were hardly at an end,

When I perceiv'd it was my friend, }

My much-lov'd friend : so down I sat,

And begg'd that I might share his fate :

I lay'd my cheek to his, when with a gale

Of sighs he eas'd his breast, and thus began his tale.

3.

I am a wretch of honest race :

My parents not obscure, nor high in titles were

They left me heir to no disgrace.

My father was (a thing now rare)

Loyal and brave, my mother chaste and fair.

Their pledge of marriage-vows was only I ;

Alone I liv'd their much-lov'd fondled boy :

They gave me generous education, high

They strove to raise my mind, and with it grew their joy.

The sages that instructed me in arts
And knowledge oft would praise my parts,
And chear my parents longing hearts.

When I was call'd to a dispute,
My fellow-pupils oft stood mute :

Yet never envy did disjoin
Their hearts from me, nor pride distemper mine
Thus my first years in happiness I past,

Nor any bitter cup did taste ;
But, oh ! a deadly potion came at last.

As I lay loosely on my bed,
A thousand pleasant thoughts triumphing in my head,
And as my sense on the rich banquet fed,
A voice (it seem'd no more, so busy I
Was with myself, I saw not who was nigh)
Pierc'd through my ears ; arise, thy good Senander's dead.
It shook my brain, and from their feast my frightened senses
fled.

4.

From thence sad discontent, uneasy fears,
And anxious doubts of what I had to do,

Grew with succeeding years.
The world was wide, but whither should I go ?
I, whose blooming hopes all wither'd were,
Who'd little fortune, and a deal of care ?
To Britain's great metropolis I stray'd,

Where fortune's general game is play'd ;
Where honesty and wit are often prais'd,
But fools and knaves are fortunate and rais'd,
My forward spirit prompted me to find

A converse equal to my mind :
But by raw judgment easily misled,
(As giddy callow boys
Are very fond of toys)

I mist the brave and wise, and in their stead
On every sort of vanity I fed.

Gay

5.
No fair deceiver ever us'd such charms,
T'ensnare a tender youth, and win his heart :
Or when she had him in her arms,
Secur'd his love with greater art.
I fancy'd, or I dream'd, (as poets always do)
No beauty with my muse's might compare.
Lofly she seem'd, and on her front sat a majestick air,
Awful, yet kind ; severe, yet fair.
Upon her head a crown she bore
Of laurel, which she told me should be mine :
And round her ivory neck she wore
A rope of largest pearl. Each part of her did shine
With jewels and with gold,
Numberless to be told ;
Which in imagination as I did behold,
And lov'd, and wonder'd more and more,
Said she, these riches all, my darling, shall be thine,
Riches which never poet had before.
She promis'd me to raise my fortune and my name,
By royal favour, and by endless fame ;
But never told
How hard they were to get, and difficult to hold.
Thus by the arts of this most sly
Deluder

Deluder was I caught,
 To her bewitching bondage brought.
 Eternal constancy we swore,
 A thousand times our vows were doubled o'er.
 And as we did in our entrancements lie,
 I thought no pleasure e're was wrought so high,
 No pair so happy as my muse and I.

6.

Ne'er was young lover half so fond
 When first his puffillage he lost,
 Or could of half my pleasure boast.
 We never met but we enjoy'd,
 Still transported, never cloy'd.
 Chambers, closets, fields and groves,
 Bore witness of our daily loves;
 And on the bark of every tree
 You might the marks of our endearments see.
 Distichs, posies, and the pointed bits
 Of satyr, (written when a poet meets
 His muse caterwauling fits)
 You might on every rind behold, and swear
 I and my Clio had been at it there.
 Nay, by my muse too I was blest
 With offsprings of the choicest kinds,
 Such as have pleas'd the noblest minds
 And been approv'd by judgments of the best.
 But in this most transporting height,
 Whence I lookt down, and laugh'd at fate
 All of a sudden I was alter'd grown;
 I round me lookt, and found myself alone:
 My faithless muse, my faithless muse was gone.
 I try'd if I a verse could frame:
 Oft I in vain invok'd my Clio's name.

The more I strove, the more I fail'd.
 I chaf'd, I bit my pen, curst my dull scull, and rail'd,
 Resolv'd to force m'untoward thought, and at the last
 prevail'd.

A line came forth, but such a one,
 No trav'ling matron in her child-birth pains,
 Full of the joyful hopes to bear a son,
 Was more astonisht at th' unlookt-for shape
 Of some deform'd baboon, or ape,
 Then I was at the hideous issue of my brains.

I tore my paper, stabb'd my pen,
 And swore I'd never write agen,
 Resolv'd to be a doating fool no more.
 But when my reck'ning I began to make,
 I found too long I'd slept, and was too late awake ;
 I found m'ungrateful muse, for whose false sake

I did myself undo,
 Had robb'd me of my dearest store,
 My precious time, my friends, and reputation too ;
 And left me helpless, friendless, very proud, and poor.

7.

Reason, which in base bonds my folly had enthrall'd,
 I strait to council call'd ;

Like some old faithful friend, whom long ago
 I had cashier'd, to please my flatt'ring fair.

To me with readiness he did repair ;

Exprest much tender chearfulness, to find

Experience had restor'd him to my mind ;

And loyally did to me show,

How much himself he did abuse,

Who credited a flattering, false, destructive, treacherous
 muse.

I askt the causes why. He said,

'Twas never known a muse e'er staid

When fortune fled ; for fortune is a bawd

To all the nine that on Parnassus dwell,
Where those so fam'd, delightful fountains swell
Of poetry, which there does ever flow ;

And where wit's lusty, shining god
Keeps his choice seraglio.

So whilst our fortune smiles, our thoughts aspire,
Pleasure and fame's our bus'ness, and desire,

Then, too, if we find
A promptness in the mind,

The muse is always ready, always kind.

But if th' old harlot fortune once denies

Her favour, all our pleasure and rich fancy dies,
And then th' young, slippery jilt, the muse too from us flies.

8.

To the whole tale I gave attention due ;
And as right search into myself I made,

I found all he had said
Was very honest, very true.

Oh how I hugg'd my welcome friend !

And much my muse I could not discommend ;

For I ne'er liv'd in fortune's grace,

She always turn'd her back, and fled from me apace,
And never once vouchsaf'd to let me see her face.

Then to confirm me more,

He drew the veil of dotage from my eyes :

See here, my son, (said he) the valu'd prize ;

Thy fulsome muse behold, be happy, and be wise.

I lookt, and saw the rampant, tawdry quean,

With a more horrid train

Then ever yet to satyr lent a tale,

Or haunted Chloris in the mall.

The first was he who stunk of that rank verse

In which he wrote his Sodom farce ;

A wretch whom old diseases did so bite,

That he writ bawdry sure in spite,

To ruin and disgrace it quite.

MR. THOMAS OTWAY.

Philosophers of old did so express
Their art, and shew'd it in their nastiness.

Next him appear'd that blundering for
Who a late session of the poets wrote.

Nature has markt him for a heavy fool;

By's flat broad face you'll know the owl.

The other birds have hooted him from light;

Much buffeting has made him love the night,

And only in the dark he strays;
Still wretch enough to live, with worse fools spends his
days

And for old shoes and scraps repeats dull plays.

Then next there follow'd, to make up the throng,

Lord Lampoon and monsieur Song,

Who sought her love, and promis'd for't

To make her famous at the court.

The city poet too was there,

In a black fatten cap and his own hair,

And begg'd that he might have the honour

To beget a pageant on her

For the city's next lord mayor,

Her favours she to none deny'd:

They took her all by turns aside.

Till at the last up in the rear there came

The poets scandal, and the muses shame.

A beast of monstrous guise, and Libel was his name.

But let me pause, for 'twill ask time to tell

How he was born, how bred and where, and where he
now does dwell.

9.

He paus'd, and thus renew'd his tale.

Down in an obscure vale,

'Midst fogs and fens, whence mists and vapours rise,

Where never sun was seen by eyes

Under

Under a defart wood,
 Which no man own'd, but all wild beasts were bred,
 And kept their horrid dens, by prey far forag'd fed,
 An ill-pil'd cottage stood,
 Built of men's bones slaughter'd in civil war,
 By magick art brought thither from a far,
 There liv'd a widow'd witch,
 That us'd to mumble curses eve and morn,
 Like one whom wants and care had worn;
 Meagre her looks, and sunk her eyes,
 Yet mischiefs study'd, discords did devise.
 Sh' appeared humble, but it was her pride:
 Slow in her speech, in semblance sanctify'd.
 Still when she spoke she meant another way;
 And when she curst, she seem'd to pray.
 Her hellish charms had all a holy dress,
 And bore the name of godliness,
 All her familiars seem'd the sons of peace.
 Honest habits they all wore,
 In outward shew most lamb-like and divine:
 But inward of all vices they had store,
 Greedy as wolves, and sensual too as swine.
 Like her, the sacred scriptures they had all by heart,
 Most easily could quote, and turn to any part,
 Backward repeat it all, as witches prayers do,
 And for their turn, interpret backward too.
 Idolatry with her was held impure,
 Because besides herself no idol she'd endure.
 Though not to paint, sh'ad arts to change the face,
 And alter it in heav'nly fashion.
 Lewd whining she defin'd a mark of grace,
 And making ugly faces was mortification.
 Her late dead pander was of well-known fame,
 Old Presbyter Rebellion was his name:
 She a sworn foe to king, his peace, and laws,
 So will be ever, and was call'd (bless us!) the good old cause.

10.

A time there was, (a sad one too)

When all things wore the face of woe,

When many horrors rag'd in this our land,

And a destroying angel was sent down,

To scourge the pride of this rebellious town.

He came, and o'er all Britain stretcht his conqu'ring hand:

Till in th'untrodden streets unwholsom grass

Grew of great stalk, its colour gross,

And melancholick pois'nous green;

Like those coarse sickly weeds on an old dunghill seen,

Where some murrain-murder'd hog,

Poison'd cat, or strangled dog,

In rottenness had long unburied laid,

And the cold soil productive made.

Birds of ill omen hover'd in the air,

And by their cries bade us for graves prepare;

And, as our destiny they seem'd t'unfold,

Dropt dead of the same fate they had foretold.

That dire commission ended, down there came

Another angel with a sword of flame:

Desolation soon he made,

And our new Sodom low in ashes laid.

Fractions and distrusts then did amongst us rise,

When, in her pious old disguise,

This witch with all her mischief-making train

Began to shew herself again.

Her sons of old rebellion strait she summon'd all;

Strait they were ready at her call:

Once more th'old bait before their eyes she cast.

That and her love they long'd to taste;

And to her lust she drew them all at last.

So Reuben (we may read of heretofore)

Was led astray, and had pollution with his father's whore.

11.

The better to conceal her lewd intent
 In safety from observing eyes,
 Th'old strumpet did herself disguise
 In comely weeds, and to the city went,
 Affected truth, much modesty, and grace,
 And (like a worn-out-suburb-trull) past there for a
 face.

Thither all her lovers flockt,
 And there for her support she found
 A wight, of whom same's trumpet much does sound
 With all ingredients for his bus'ness stockt,
 Not unlike him whose story has a place
 In th'annals of sir Hudibras.
 Of all her bus'ness he took care,
 And every knave or fool that to her did repair,
 Had by him admittance there.

By his contrivance to her did resort
 All who had been disgusted at the court.
 Those whose ambition had been cut
 Or by ill manners had preferments lost,
 Were those on whom she practis'd most her charms
 Lay nearest to her heart, and oft'nest in her arms.
 Int'rest in every faction, every sect she sought;
 And to her lure, flatt'ring their hopes, she brought
 All those who use religion for a fashion.
 All such as practise forms, and take great pains

To make their godliness their gains
 And thrive by the distractions of a nation,
 She by her art ensnar'd, and fetter'd in her chains.
 Through her the atheist hop'd to purchase toleration
 The rebel pow'r, the beggar'd spend-thrift lands
 Out of the king's or bishop's hands
 Nay, to her side at last she drew in all the rude,
 Ungovernable, headlong multitude:

Pro

Promis'd strange liberties, and sure redress
Of never-felt, unheard-of grievances :
Pamper'd their follies, and indulg'd their hopes,
With May-day routs, November squibs, and burning
pastboard popes.

12.

With her in common lust did mingle all the crew,
Till at the last she pregnant grew,
And from her womb, in little time, brought forth
This monstrous, most detested birth.
Of children born with teeth w'ave heard,
And some like comets with a beard ;
Which seem'd to be fore-runners of dire change :
But never hitherto was seen,
Born from a Wapping drap, or Shoreditch quean,
A form like this so hideous and so strange.
To help whose mother in her pains, there came
Many a well-known dame.
The bawd Hypocrisy was there,
And madam Impudence the fair :
Dame Scandal with her squinting eyes,
That loves to set good neighbours at debate,
And raise commotions in a jealous state,
Was there, and Malice queen of far-spread lies,
With all their train of frauds and forgeries.
But midwife Mutiny, that busy drab,
That's always talking, always loud,
Was she that first took up the babe,
And of the office most was proud.
Behold its head of horrid form appears :
To spite the pillory, it had no ears.
When strait the bawd cry'd out 'twas surely kin
To the blest family of Pryn.
But Scandal offer'd to depose her word,
Or oath, the father was a lord.

The

The nose was ugly, long, and big,
 Broad, and snowty like a pig;
 Which shew'd he would in dunghills love to dig;
 Love to cast stinking satyrs up in ill-pil'd rhymes,
 And live by the corruptions of unhappy times.

13.

They promis'd all turns to take him,
 And a hopeful youth to make him.
 To nurse he strait was sent
 To a sister-witch, though of another sort,
 One who profess'd no good, nor any meant:
 All day she practis'd charms, by night she hardly slept
 Yet in the outcasts of a northern factious town,
 A little smoaky mansion of her own,
 Where her familiars to her did resort,
 A cell she kept.
 Hell she ador'd, and Satan was her god;
 And many an ugly loathsome toad
 Crawl'd round her walls, and croak'd.
 Under her roof all dismal, black, and smoak'd,
 Harbour'd beetles, and unwholsome brats
 Sprawling nests of little cats;
 All which are imps she cherisht with her blood,
 To make her spells succeed and good.
 Still at her shrivell'd breasts they hung, when e're mankind
 she curst,
 And with these foster-brethren was our monster nurse.
 In little time the hell-bred brat
 Grew plump and fat,
 Without his leading-strings could walk
 And (as the sorceress taught him) talk.
 At sev'n years old he went to school,
 Where first he grew a foe to rule.
 Never would he learn as taught,
 But still new ways affected, and new methods sought.

Not that he wanted parts
T'improve in letters, and proceed to arts ;]

But as negligent as fly,
Of all perverseness brutishly was full,
(By nature idle) lov'd to shift and lie,
And was obstinately dull.

Till spite of nature, through great pains, the sot,
(And th'influence of th'ill genius of our land)
At last in part began to understand.

Some insight in the Latin tongue he got ;
Could smatter pretty well, and write too a plain hand.

For which his guardians all thought fit,
In compliment to his most hopeful wit,
He should be sent to learn the laws,
And out of the good old to raise a damn'd new cause.

14.

In which the better to improve his mind,
As by nature he was bent
To search in hidden paths, and things long buried and,
A wretch's converse much he did frequent :
One who this world, as that did him, disown'd,
And in an unfrequented corner, where
Nothing was pleasant, hardly healthly found,
He led his hated life.

Needy, and ev'n of necessities bare,
No servant had he, children, friend, or wife :
But of a little remnant, got by fraud,
(For all ill turns he lov'd, all good detested, and believ'd
no God)

Thrice in a week he chang'd a hoarded goar,
With which of beggars scraps he bought. }
Then from a neighb'ring fountain water got,
Not to be clean, but slake his thirst.
He never blest himself, and all things else he curst.

The cell in which he (though but seldom) slept,
 Lay like a den, uncleans'd, unswept :
 And there those jewels which he lov'd he kept ;
 Old worn-out statutes, and records
 Of commons privileges, and the rights of lords.
 But bound up by themselves with care were laid
 All the acts, resolves, and orders made
 By the old long Rump-parliament,
 Through all the changes of its government :
 From which with readiness he could debate
 Concerning matters of the state,
 All down from goodly forty-one to horrid forty-eight.

15.

His friendship much our monster fought
 By instinct, and by inclination too :
 So without much ado
 They were together brought.
 To him obedience Libel swore, and by him was he taught
 He learnt of him all goodness to detest ;
 To be asham'd of no disgrace ;
 In all things but obedience to be beast ;
 To hide a coward's heart, and show a hardy face.
 He taught him to call government a clog,
 But to bear beatings like a dog :
 T'ave no religion, honesty, or sense,
 But to profess them all for a pretence.
 Fraught with these morals, he began
 To complear him more for man :
 Distinguisht to him in an hour
 'Twixt legislative, and judicial power ;
 How to frame a commonwealth,
 And democracy, by stealth ;
 To palliate it at first, and cry
 'Twas but a well-mixt monarchy,
 And treason *salus populi* ;

Into rebellion to divide the nation,
By fair committees of association ;

How by a lawful means to bring

In arms against himself the king,

With a distinguishing old trick,

'Twixt persons natural, and politick ;

How to make faithful servants traitors

Through-pac'd rebels legislators,

And at last, troopers adjutators.

Thus well inform'd, and furnish'd with enough

Of such like wordy, canting stuff,

Our blade set forth, and quickly grew

A leader in a factious crew.

Where e're he came, 'twas he first silence broke,

And swell'd with every word he spoke,

By which becoming sawcy grace,

He gain'd authority and place :

By many for preferments was thought fit,

For talking treason without fear or wit ;

For opening failings in the state ;

For loving noisy and unsound debate,

And wearing of a mystical green ribband in his hat.

16.

Thus, like Alcides in his lion's skin,

He very dreadful grew.

But, like that Hercules when love crept in,

And th' hero to his distaff drew,

His foes that found him saw he was but man :

So when my faithless Clio by her snare

Had brought him to her arms, and I surpriz'd him there

At once to hate and scorn him I began ;

To see how foolishly sh'ad drest,

And for diversion trickt the beast.

He was poetry all o're,

On ev'ry side, behind, before :

About him nothing could I see,
 But particolour'd poetry.
 Painter's advices, litanies,
 Ballads, and all the spurious excess
 Of ills that malice could devise,
 Or ever swarm'd from a licentious press,
 Hung round about him like a spell :
 And in his own hand too was writ,
 That worthy piece of modern wit,
 The country's late appeal.
 But from such ills when will our wretched state
 Be freed ? and who shall crush this serpent's head ?
 'Tis said, we may in ancient legends read
 Of a huge dragon, sent by fate
 To lay a sinful kingdom waste :
 So through it all he rang'd, devouring as he past,
 And each day with a virgin broke his fast.
 Till wretched matrons curst their womb
 So hardly was their loss endur'd :
 The lovers all despair'd, and sought their tombs
 In the same monster's jaws, and of their pains were cur'd.
 Till, like our monster too, and with the same
 Curst ends, to the metropolis he came.
 His cruelties renew'd again,
 And every day a maid was slain.
 The curse through ev'ry family had past,
 When to the sacrifice at last
 Th'unhappy monarch's only child must bow :
 A royal daughter needs must suffer then, a royal brother
 now.

17.

On him this dragon Libel needs will prey;
 On him has cast
 His sordid venom, and prophan'd
 With spurious verse his spotless fame,

Which

Which shall for ever stand
Unblemisht, and to ages last,
When all his foes lie buried in their shame.
Else tell me why (some prophet that is wise)
Heav'n took such care

To make him every thing that's rare,
Dear to the heart, desirous to the eyes.
Why do all good men bless him as he goes?
Why at his presence shrink his foes?
Why do the brave all strive his honour to defend?
Why through the world is he distinguisht most
By titles, which but few can boast,
A most just master, and a faithful friend?

One who never yet did wrong
To high or low, to old or young?
Of him what orphan can complain?
Of him what widow make her moan?
But such as wish him here again,
And miss his goodness now he's gone.
If this be (as I am sure 'tis true)
Then prithee, prophet, tell me too,
Why lives he in the world's esteem,
Not one man's foe? and then are not all men friends with
him?

18.

When e'er his life was set at stake
For his ungrateful country's sake,
What dangers or what labours did he ever shun?
Or what wonders has not done?
Watchful all night, and busy all the day,
(Spreading his fleet in sight of Holland's shore)
Triumphantly ye saw his flags and streamers play.
Then did the English lion roar,
Whilst the Belgian couchant lay.
Big with the thoughts of conquest and renown,
Of Britain's honour, and his own,

To

To them he like a threat'ning comet shin'd,
 Rough as the sea, and furious as the wind :
 But constant as the stars that never move ;

Or as women would have love.

The trembling genius of their state
 Lookt out, and strait shrunk back his head,
 To see our daling banners spread.

Whilst in their harbours they

Like batten'd monsters weltring lay :
 The winds, when ours th'ad kiss'd, scorn'd with their
 flags to play. }

But drooping like their captains hearts,
 Each pendant, every streamer hung.

The seamen seem'd t'have lost their arts,
 Their ships at anchor now, of which w'had heard them
 boast,

With ill-furl'd sails, and rattlings loose, by every billow
 toft,

Lay like neglected harps, untun'd, unstrung ;

Till at the last, provok'd with shame,

Forth from their dens the baited foxes came :

Foxes in council, and in fight too grave ;

Seldom true, and now not brave.

They bluster'd out the day with shew of fight,

And ran away in the good-natur'd night.

19.

A bloody battle next was fought,
 And then in triumph home a welcome fleet he brought, }

With spoils of victory, and glory fraught.

To him then every heart was open, down

From the great man to the clown ?

In him rejoic'd, to him inclin'd :

And as his health round the glad board did pass,

Each honest fellow cry'd, fill full my glass ;

And shew'd the falseness of his mind.

No discontented vermin of ill times

Durst then affront him but in show ;

Nor libel dash him with his dirty rhymes :

Nor may he live in peace that does it now.

And whose heart would not wish so too

That had but seen

When his tumultuous misfed foes

Against him rose,

With what heroick grace

He chose the weight of wrong to undergo ?

No tempest on his brow, unalter'd in his face,

True witness of the innocence within.

But when the messengers did mandates bring

For his retreat to foreign land,

Since sent from the relenting hand

Of the most loving brother, kindest king ;

If in his heart regret did rise,

It never scapt his tongue or eyes :

With steady virtue 'twas allay'd,

And like a mighty conqu'ror he obey'd.

20.

It was a dark and gloomy day,

Sad as the bus'ness, sullen too,

As proud men, when in vain they woo,

Or soldiers cheated of their pay.

The court, where pleasures us'd to flow,

Became the scene of mourning, and of woe.

Desolate was every room,

Where men for news and bus'ness us'd to come.

With folded arms and down-cast eyes men walkt,

In corners and with caution talkt.

All things prepar'd, the hour grew near

When he must part: his last short time was spent

In leaving blessings on his children dear.

To them with eager haste and love he went :

The

The eldest first embrac'd,
 As new-born day in beauty bright,
 But sad in mind as deepest night.
 What tend'rest hearts could say, betwixt them past;
 Till grief too close upon them crept:
 So sighing he withdrew, she turn'd away and wept:
 Much of the father in his breast did rise,
 When on the next he fixt his eyes,
 A tender infant in the nurse's arms,
 Full of kind play, and pretty charms.
 And as to give the farewell-kiss he near it drew,
 About his manly neck two little arms it threw;
 Smil'd in his eyes, as if it begg'd his stay;
 And lookt kind things it could not say.

21.

But the great pomp of grief was yet to come.
 Th'appointed time was almost past,
 Th'impatient tides knockt at the shore, and bid him hast
 To seek a foreign home.
 The summons he resolv'd to obey;
 Disdaining of his sufferings to complain,
 Though every step seem'd trod with pain;
 So forth he came, attended on his way
 By a sad lamenting throng,
 That blest him, and about him hung.
 A weight his generous heart could hardly bear,
 But for the comfort that was near,
 His beauteous mate, the fountain of his joys,
 That fed his soul with love;
 The cordial that can mortal pains remove,
 To which all worldly blessings else are toys.
 I saw them ready for departure stand,
 Just when approach'd the monarch of our land,
 And took the charming mourner by the hand.

T'express

Mr. THOMAS OTWAY.

T'express all noblest offices he strove,
Of royal goodness, and a brother's love,
Then down to the shore side,
Where, to convey them, did two royal barges ride,
With solemn pace they past:
And there so tenderly embrac'd,
All griev'd by sympathy to see them part,
And their kind pains touch'd each by-stander's heart,
Then hand in hand the pity'd pair
Turn'd round, to face their fate:
She ev'n amidst afflictions fair;
He, though oppress'd, still great.
Into th'expecting boat with haste they went;
Where, as the troubled fair-one to the shore some wish
sent,
For that dear pledge sh'ad left behind,
And as her passion grew too mighty for her mind,
She of some tears her eyes beguil'd;
Which, as upon her cheek they lay,
The happy hero kist away,
And, as she wept, blusht with disdain, and smil'd.
Strait forth they launch into the high-swoln Thames;
The well-struck oars lave up the yielding streams.
All fixt their longing eyes, and wishing stood,
Till they were got into the wider flood;
Till lessen'd out of sight, and seen no more:
Then sigh'd, and turn'd into the hated shore.

The INCHANTMENT.

I.

I Did but look and love a-while,
 'Twas but for one half hour;
 Then to resist I had no will,
 And now I have no power.

II.

To fight, and wish, is all my ease;
 Sighs, which do heat impart,
 Enough to melt the coldest ice,
 Yet cannot warm your heart.

III.

O! would your pity give my heart,
 One corner of your breast:
 'Twould learn of yours the winning art,
 And quickly steal the rest.

The ENJOYMENT.

I.

CLaspt in the arms of her I love,
 In vain, alas! for life I strove:
 My flutt'ring spirits, wrapt in fire
 By love's mysterious art,
 Borne on the wings of fierce desire,
 Flew from my flaming heart.

II.

Thus lying in a trance for dead,
Her swelling breasts bore up my head;
When waking from a pleasing dream,
I saw her killing eyes,
Which did in fiery glances seem
To say, now Cælia dies.

III.

Fainting, she press me in her arms,
And trembling lay, dissolv'd in charms;
When, with a shiv'ring voice, she cry'd,
Must I alone, then, die?
No, no, I languishing reply'd,
I'll bear thee company.

IV.

Melting our souls thus into one,
Swift joys our wishes did out-run;
Then launch'd in rolling seas of bliss,
We bid the world adieu;
Swearing by ev'ry charming kiss,
To be for ever true.

F I N I S.

五

It is now Cambridge
and the many others, from
the surrounding area,
who are the main attraction
of the town and its
surroundings for tourists.

35

It seems that some of the

22

Let's do it over again.

Long by the way, I'm

We had several more

and now, as before, at the

place on which I was

and our first time was

NOTES
A
SUPPLEMENT
TO THE
WORKS
OF
Dr. *SWIFT*.
PART III.

SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

WORKS

OF

DR. SWIFT.

PART III.

NOTES

AND

MEMORANDUMS

Of the SIX DAYS, preceeding the Death of
a late Right Reverend ——— Containing
many remarkable Passages, with an IN-
SCRIPTION design'd for his Monument.

*Non moreris G——te voles, sed vivens ad Astra, Ætheriis
vestis qualis Enochus equis.*

Dr. BENTLEY.

Printed in 1715.

Quicquid erit Vitæ, scribam, Color,

HOR.

Thursday, March 10, 1714.

ROSE at Five: Slip'd on my Morning Gown:
Purified my Outside. Meditated on the *Vanity*
of Washings, and the *Superfluity of Habits*.
Walk'd about my Room half an Hour precisely. Ex-
ercise useful; throws off corrupt Humours; much need
of it. Look out the Window; hemm'd three Times;
A 2 much

much easier than before. Three Ejaculations for that Cast my Eyes about. I am positive I see a *Romish Priest*: Omen of an evil Import. O! the *Depths of Satan*! Few know them; I do. Look into the Glass *Choler* begins to rise; Face reddens, Eyes sparkle, Hands shake, Body trembles. Sad Meditation! Where could that *Fellow* come? O *Rome, Rome*! Debaucher of *Morals*, Seducer of *Souls*, painted Whore, filthy Abomination! Great Perturbation of Mind: Sigh for Ease in the Spirit. Servant enters: Inquire who that *Fellow* is? Answered, The *Small-Coal-Man*: Unexpected Exultation, Dawnings of Comfort, Gleams of Recovery. Give my Man Six-pence for the Good News: A *Gua*nea saved in a Doctor. Ask again if he is sure it was the *Small-Coal-Man*? Answered, Yes. Am satisfied. Call for my Tea; Drink thirty Dishes: Read over the *Daily Courant*: More Work in the North: Dangerous Conjunctions! *Saxony, Sweden*. Poor *Protestants*! Few People understand the Interest of *Princes*: I have been acquainted with all *Europe* for near half a Century. Company comes in: Politicks interrupted. They stay till Night: Talk of *Secret History*; I tell a great many *Stories*: All Friends, every Body pleased. Retire to my Chamber: Read over a small Treatise of my own: Go to Sleep.

Non si male nunc, & alium
Sic erit.

Friday Morning.

WAKED at Three: Great Uneasiness in the *Flesh*: Struggle with my Infirmities. The Things will happen: Better so than worse. Lye upon my left Side, get a little Rest; Dream that I am dead and conversing with the Ghosts of *Emperors, Popes, and Kings*. Wake in a cold Sweat at Five: Call for Light: Look into *Partridge's Almanack*: Some obscure

Hints about a *Right Reverend*: Sick at Heart. *March*, ay
March: Dismal *Ide* of *March*! Abundance of *Cæsars* died
in that *Month*; desperate, *Lion-like* killing *Month*; Pray
a little: *Faith* and *Grace*, good Things: Worldly Posses-
sions hard to part with. Rise in a Fright. Consider of
my Dream: Prove myself no *Prophet*, and therefore
an unfit Vessel for *Visions* of Truth: More Comfort
from the *Proverb*; Dream of *Death*, Hear of *Marriage*:
New Fears! Perhaps Son *Tom* is married: Better than
my dying still. Sure he has more *Grace*; heartily
afraid he has not. Variety of Doubts, Perplexities,
and uncertain Anxieties. Send for *Tom*. Wish *Radcliffe*
was alive: Hang him, he would not come to me.
Come to no Resolution. *Tom* not to be found: A sad
Child. Resolved not to be afraid: Repeat three Verses
of the 110th *Psalms*, say, *What is Man?* three times:
Call for my Tea: Tea is insipid, nauseous, offends my
Stomach: Try to expectorate: Phlegm viscid. Bad
Signs. Every thing out of Order: Suppose I should
be dead: Signifies nothing; Things *predestinated* must come
to pass. Want Diversion: Call for a Pamphlet at
Twelve: Read over ten Pages all in my own Commen-
tation: Grow better apace: Order a light Dinner.
Drink a Glass of Sack. New Spirits, new Life. Part-
ly a Fool, and no Trust in *Almanacks*, especially the
Windsor. *March* as good a Month as any in the Year.
Go to Dinner, eat moderately: Drink Prosperity to
our High and Mightinesses; to Lord *Thomas*, Lord *John*,
Lord *Charles*, and all our Friends. Grow merry; don't
repair of *Lambeth* still: He is older than I am: A good
Man, a very good Man; --- but we must all die. A
hidden Quail comes upon me: Retire to my Chamber:
Consider of the Crime of forecasting our Neighbour's
Death. Grow worse, and worse. Think of my own
Age: Past *Seventy*: High Time to set my House in
order. A Friend from the other End of the Town in-
terrupts me at Eight. Talk of State-Affairs two Hours.
Arrived with some good News at first. Differences

among our *Friends*: Nonsense to quarrel. *He* must be the Man. *Tories* may make an Advantage. Tell my Friend a Story that I told to three *Kings* to the same Purpose, *Memorandum*: He smiled, and said he had never heard it before. Servant brings a Bottle of Wine. Whisper a great *Secret* while he is in the Room: For got to apply an old Saying of Queen *Elizabeth's*: Resolved to remember it next Time upon the same Story. Friend takes his Leave, promises to come to morrow. Muse upon my State of *Health*: Go to Bed: Think that *Repentance* is as necessary as *Impeachments*.

Aspice venturo letantur ut omnia Saeclo!

Saturday, March

RESTED well all Night: Rise at Seven: Begin to think of the old Argument about *Bishops* and *Presbyters*: Much the same in the *Greek*. Resolved to spend the Morning in writing to *Zurich*, *Geneva* and *Holland*. Drink my usual Quantity of Tea first. Read the *Flying-Post*: He is an honest Man: Tell Truth; I must try to prefer him: Rewards as necessary for Friends, as Punishments for *High-Flyers*. Set down to write: A Letter in *French* to *Van Munden* of *Utrecht* full of *Politicks*: A new Scheme for the *Barrier*: To *Le Clerc* in *Latin* about my last Book, with a Note of Fifty Pound: Tell him what I would have him say of me in his *Journal*; Skill in *Antiquities*, *History*, *Critical Learning*, *Moderation*. Leave my *Piety* to himself, *Memorandum*; To advise him in my Postscript to brag my Enemies in *Britain* with the Style and Titles *Nebulones impuri*, *Ecclesiae Pestes*, *Rituum Fautores nequissimi in Literis & Historiâ plane Pueri*. After this to sum them up by Name: To end with something like this *Vivat diutissimè magnum illud Ecclesiae decus, Historiae Antiquitatis Instaurator Felicissimus*. A Letter of Thanks to *Zurich*: Another to my old Friend who has so many

Children

Children and Grand-children at Geneva. Resolved to go abroad to Day. Friend comes. *Mabomet and Mustapha.* No more of that. Go out to visit my Brother across the Water. Nothing venture nothing have: My Cold may go off. Enter into the following Dialogue with my Brother.

Scot. I am glad to see you well, Brother: These glorious Times gives us all a new Life; for my part I fancy myself twenty Years younger than I was ten Months ago.

Broth. You may do so; but I am old, very old: I can't read your last Book, but I thank you for it. ----- I will ask Dr. G----- about it.

Scot. I have been at some Pains truly: But there are some Things I should have left out, had I foreseen how Matters would have happen'd: They were calculated for some Fears that are now blown over.

Broth. We can never be too much afraid of the Pope: *The Man of Sin* flourisheth still.

Scot. But now is our Time to lop off his Branches; we shall see the Completion of some Prophecies in the *Revelations* in our Days, I trust.

Broth. I can't, I can't tell: *Interpreters* are doubtful, and I can't read now.

Scot. You have done a great deal of Good in your Time: Our Ages require us both to leave off *Pains-taking*. But I can't forbear turning over my beloved Pages still: I own I read *Calvin* in a Morning still, and *Buchanan's Psalms* at Night: They please me, and I love to be pleased.

Broth. I have done with Pleasure now: The good Woman is departed and I must follow.

Scot. I have had a Cold these two Days, and am now alarmed with a Difficulty of Breath: I must take my Leave---for fear of the worst. Farewel, Brother: and if thou seest me no more, remember there was such an one as *Scoto*.

Broth. Yes, all the World will remember thee.
Fare thee well.

Took Boat at Six: Meditated on my Passage from one Side of the Water to the other: Like passing from this Life into another. Very like it. Cough violently at landing. Walk thro' the Temple: Look up at Tom's Window: No Light there: He never studies: How then could he write that Letter? *Omnes, omnia bene dicere, & laudare fortunam meam qui Filium haberem tantum Ingenio præditum.* I was so when I was young: Happy Days! They are past. Cough again: Get into the Coach: Meditate on the Similitude of Luther to a Possillion in his Oil-Coat lashing through a Dirty Road. Some Wit in it. Does not reflect upon the Reformation. Am set down at Home out of Breath. Help'd up to my Chamber. Rheum tickles sadly. Preſtoral Loxeng. Little Help. Katch'd more Cold upon the Water. Look over Baxter's Cordial to fainting Sinners: Revive upon it. Draught of Sack: As good as Baxter. Sold formerly at the Apothecary's only: Now in every Tavern. Strange abuse of Creatures! Thus an Harlot is first gently used by some Men of Quality, who by often talking recommends the wicked One: From whence (O fatal Lapse!) she falls into the Hands of the Multitude, and becomes the Delight of every vulgar Sinner, and is to be enjoyed at every House of evil Name in the Town. Resolve to think of these Things in Bed. Query with myself, why my Head runs so much upon Similitudes? Perhaps it may be giddy. Look over the Prayers for the Sick: Forms, mere Forms! Effusions of the Soul edify much. Go to bed betimes. Think to Morrow is Sunday.

*Egratante corpore Animus quæ futura sunt aut prævidet
aut sibi sæpe visus est prævidere.* AUGUSTIN.

Sunday, March.

WAKE at Four: Reflect on the strange Somninations of the Night. Remember the Saying of Horace, *Velut ægri somnia*: What have I to do with Heathen Poets? The Soul must be immortal, but not Dodwell's Way. *Asgill* a Fool; no Man can be translated but from one See to another: There is some Sense in that verily: Spectres, Pointed Fires, Headless Mortals, Visionary *Phyxiums*, Creatures of the Fancy. That Part of the Dream about walking on a great Bridge, and falling from thence into a boundless Ocean, where I sunk down, and saw at the Bottom *Daniel Burgess*, *William Penn*, &c. carries a fine Allegory. Nothing at all in it however. The Lord has more Work for me to do still. Call for my Man *Jonathan*. Bring a Candle: *Fancy Jonathan* looks like *Death*. Say a Prayer and a half of my own. *Jonathan* and I reason thus about his being *Death*:

Maſt. Suppose you are *Death*, tell me what you would say to me now, *Jonathan*.

Jonath. I *Death*! No, Sir, I can't be *Death*, nay I am no Relation of his; never saw him in my Life, Sir.

Maſt. Thou Man of carnal Understanding, and gross Ignorance: Thou, and every *Worm*, (for what is Man but a *Worm*;) are related to him: Life and *Death* are akin, as much as *Flesh* and *Corruption*: Therefore suppose thy self *Death*, and speak to me in his Name.

Jonath. In the Name of *Death* then, what is it you would have, Sir.

Maſt. You must say, You are come to visit me, and ask me some Questions; and I will reply to you:
This

10 The WORKS of

This will fortify my Spirits, and make me less afraid of real *Death*, when he approaches.

Jonath. I come, Sir, to tell you that you have lived long enough, and enjoyed the good Things of the World: It is not fit you should live to be a Week older: your Sense and Reason are gone; you are a *Burthen* to the Earth; Repent and come away with me.

Mast. That is too much: --- You should have left out *Burthen* of the *Earth*, and those Things: I see you don't understand my Meaning. No more of this.

Jonathan departs. Think of his Stupidity. It could not be out of Design: He thinks his Master mad. Rise at Seven. Indisposition encreases. Send for a List of the *Lent-Preachers*: Make *Pisbes* at some Names: Will it come to my turn? St. *Andrews* a large Parish: A great many odd *Saints* Names about this Town should be abolished. The *Almanacks* ought to be corrected: *Red Letters* Abomination. Resolve to see no Body to Day. Resolve to drink three Quarts of Water Gruel instead of my *Tea*. Sick, very sick: Call for my Man: Order him to bring the *Folio* in Manuscript, of my own *Life* and *Times*. Consider what a great Name I shall leave behind me. Doctor *Wellwood* stole his *Memoirs* from my Conversation. If he has gained a great Reputation, I shall certainly. Better than *Thuanus*. Man brings the Book. Begin to read: An excellent *Preface*: Very happy at *Prefaces*. Courts of *Charles* and *James*: Juggling Tricking, *Mistresses*, *Whores* Spiritual and Temporal, *French Money*, more *Meney*; *Slavery*, *Popery*, *Arbitrary Power*, *Liberty*, *Plots*, *Italy*, *Geneva*, *Rome*, *Titus Oates*, *Dangerfield*; *Money* again; *Peace*, *War*, *War*, *Peace*; more *Money*. Lay down the Book. Reflect how I came to know all this: My Lord L----- ale, a good deal: R-----l, a good deal more: The *King* some. Conferences with great Men: Informations: Multitudes of Pamphlets.

lets. Cabinetted twice in one Day: Absconded a Week:
 Appeared again: Run away: *Ha! Genus haec*: Call for
 Dinner: Dine alone. With Health to Friend *Benjamin*.
 Hear a knocking at the Door: Two Letters out of the
 Country: One from *Geneva*. *Mem.* to answer the
 Latter this Night. Ask my Man how I look? An-
 swer'd, Better than when he played the Part of *Death*
 to me. Sicken immediately after Dinner. Fumes!
 want of Digestion. Drink a Glass of Wine. Try
 to go to Sleep in my easy Chair: Nod a little: Wake
 better. Return to my Book: Read and drink Tea
 till Night: Much about my self: Vacancies of Places;
Bishopricks, Deanaries, Livings: New Oaths: Clergy ob-
 stinate, *Sherlock* alone: *South* and *Sherlock*: *Ferwick*,
Collier: *Parliament* against us. *Tories* prevail: Miser-
 able Times: Preach against them. Interrupted:
 Friend comes in by *Jonathan's* Mistake. Good News
 however: All of our Side. Publick Justice: No Se-
 curity like it. Talk of indifferent Matters. Pity poor
 L---d *Thomas's* Son. It must be dissolved. Afflictions
 fall to the Righteous: Sons are strange giddy Things:
 Think of my *Tom*. Read a Page of my Book to my
 Friend: He is in Raptures. I am much better: Talk
 cheerfully; Drink some Sack: Clock strikes Nine:
 He goes. Walk about a little. Feet weak. Giddiness
 in the Head. Call for my quilted Cap. Look on the
 Glass. Cap falls over mine Eyes: Sad Token. New
 Fears. *Mem.* to send for a Physician in the Morning:
 Humane Meanes necessary. Man must co-operate.
 Grow worse: Go to Bed. Forget that it was Sunday.

Nemo mortalium omnibus Horis sapit.

LILLY.

Monday March.

NO Folding of the Hands to Sleep, no Slumber
 all Night: Can't lye in Bed for Fear. Rise at
 One: *Asthma* a fatal Distemper. Consider much how
 my

my Lungs should be distemper'd: Used them with great Vehemence in my younger Days. Could not leave it off at last. Think if it could proceed from some other Reason. Hope not. I don't remember: All from the violent Pulpit-Motions: Could not possibly help it: The Power of the Spirit certainly straitned the Organs of the Body. Call my Servant in haste: Send for Opium and Balsams: *Flesh is Grass*. Certainly *Grass*. Life is like many Things; a Shadow, a Bird, a Line in the Water, an old Story: *Fumus, & umbra fumus*, a good Motto for a Chimney, or a Black-Gown: Head swims: Get out Tories: I have nothing to say to you. A Perverse Generation. Convocation. Dr. S---pe. Let them do what they will. No good. Chaplains too. Honest Ben. a double Portion for him. Present Settlement, Kissing goes by Favour. *Butter the Rooks Nest*, said Sir, Thomas Wiat at the Reformation, and then you may do what you please. All Joy to Great Caesar, to little Caesar. Another good Saying of Sir Thomas, It is a strange Thing a Man can't repent of his Sins, without the Leave of the Pope. Pshaw, how came the Pope into my Head? Give me the Drops; I'll try to forget every Thing. Doze 'till Four. Opium an excellent Medicine. Many Debates in my Mind about a proper Doctor. Dr. W-----d, he is my Countryman; don't care to trust him: Garth, he will laugh at me, and tell Stories: Why can't a Man do without them? Necessary Evils. Resolve to ask Advice of Jonathan about it. Give my Mind to Contemplation: William the Conqueror: Rufus: The Third, Happy Day! Grand Restorative: Pleasant to think of these Things: Cough again twice. Distempers will not be flattered: I wish they would. No Body could do it better. Jonathan comes in: Looks with a sad Air. Don't like such Looks at all. Order the Family to come up Stairs at Seven: Resolved to preach before them extempore. Not much matter what the Text is: Easy to run off from the Subject, and talk of the Times. Late Order about Preaching: It can-

cannot relate to *Chamber-Practice*. Bid my Man set the Great Chair ready. Family comes up. Survey them with Delight: The Damsel *Jane* has a wicked Eye: *Robin* seems to meet her Glances: *Unsanctified Vessels! Children of Wrath! Lust of the Eye. Evil Concupiscence.* No Flock without these Evil Ones. Look again at *Jane*: A Tear of Penitence in her Eye: Sweet Drops! Grace triumphs, Sin lies dead. With *Tom* were present: He might be reformed. Consider how many *Sermons* it is probable *Tom* hears in one Year: Afraid not one. Alas the *Temple!* alas the *Temple!* The *Law* eats up Divinity: It corrupts Manners, raises Contentions among the Faithful, feeds upon poor *Vicarages*, and devours *Widows Houses* without making long *Prayers*: Alas the *Temple!* Never liked that Place since it harboured *Sacheverall*: He certainly spread an Infection there. A Swimming of my Head: Seem to hear the Noise of Tumults, Riots, Seditions: Fresh Noises of *High-Church*, the *Doctor*; What would the Multitude have? Why are they incensed? Who of our Order has offended? *Impeach, Silence, Hang, Behead!* That the Name of a Man should turn one's Head to a Giddiness! Say a short mental Prayer: Cool by degrees. *Jane* petitions not to hear the *Sermon*, but make her Beds. There is no dealing with youthful Inclinations: They are unsteady in every Path: They leave the direct Way: Walk in bye-Places and Corners. Give her Leave to depart. Resolved within myself to deny *Robin* to go, if he should ask. *Robin* asks. Reprove him thus:---I have watched your mutual Temptations, and the Snares you laid for each other; You *Robin*, I say, and the Damsel *Jane*: Forbear your Iniquity, struggle with Sin; make not Excuses to follow the *Handmaid*: Thou shalt stay here, and hear and edify. --- Prepare to preach: *Hem* thrice: Spread my Hands: Lift up my Eyes: Attempt to raise myself: Sink backwards: Faint suddenly: Don't know what is done for half an Hour: Awakened to Life by cold Water, and many Cries: Rub my Eyes: Ask where
I have

I have been? Servants tell me strange Things. All press for a Doctor: Consent; send for Garth. Think of a *Chapter* in praise of *Physicians*: No Commentators guess who was the Author. It must be *Apocryphal*: Never was but one *Saint* of the *Faculty*: *Hei mihi! Religio Medici*: Where shall one find more than the *Title*? Send for Mr. Boyle's Receipts: He was an excellent Man: I knew him. Read in the Book: For a *Cough, Honey and Brimstone*. Can't take it;---Fling away the Book. Garth comes: Takes up Mr. Boyle's Receipts: Begins to fall into a Discourse with me to this Purpose, looking into the *Title Page*:

Doct. Sir, I am sorry to see you so ill; but Egad I think you deserve it, if this Piece of *Quackery* has been your *Regimen*: An idle, trifling Collection of old Womens, Corn Cutters, and Farriers *Recipes*: Is this a Directory for a Man of your Parts, and Sense.

Patient. Why Doctor; Mr. Boyle was a great Man, and kept Company with the best *Physicians* of the Age, and was respected by them.

Doct. So I keep Company with some great *Divines*; but the Devil is in it if any Man will therefore say, that I am a Parson.

*So Diamonds take a Lustre from their Foil,
And to a Bentley 'tis we owe Charles Boyle.*

Not Robert, Egad! It is true, he is a good Naturalist: The World are obliged to him;---but for Physick, is as great a Dunce as the late *Radcliffe*.

Patient. But, Doctor, to the Purpose: I will give up Boyle, and *Radcliffe* too, if you will but ease me.

Doct. I can no more promise that, than you can to save me; I know you hate *Infallibility* in all Faculties: But I will try, for it is pity to loose a good Horse, tho' a Man has twenty Sets: Let us see your Hand; By Jove I don't like it.

Patient,

Patient. Don't shake your Head so, dear *Doctor*: Tell me plainly what Hopes you have of me; I don't love to be flatter'd, I never flatter'd any Body my self.

Doct. No !-----That's strange indeed; flatter no Body, I wonder how you lived so long then. Come, put out your *Tongue*, that must be viewed too.

Patient. Why, *Doctor*, you don't pretend to tell by *ones Tongue* whether one has flatter'd, or no: Come, to oblige you---see it---

Doct. A strange *Tongue*! an unflattering *Tongue*; truly: For it tells a sad Truth, I am sure, at present.

Patient. Pray what's that.

Doct. Only you have got a lurking *Fever*; and your *Church Bellows* are so inflamed, that I dare prognosticate, they can't blow much longer.

Patient. Ay, *Doctor*, I have used them, I fear, with too much Vehemence: They have been serviceable Lungs for our Cause. But give me a little better Comfort before you leave me.

Doct. If *Blood-Letting*, *Coolers*, *Lambatives*, and *Pectorals*, are Comforts, I shall prescribe you enough, never fear: But I have your own Word, not to flatter you.

Patient. But do you think I may weather it, or how long is it probable I shall last?

Doct. Till you stink, as far as I know: You should have sent for me sooner; and yet I am not certain, but that you may survive it. I would have you cheer up, *Son of Thunder*: A good Spirit is an *half Cure* in many Cases: Beside, I know you *black Gentlemen* have a good trick at deceiving the D---l: It is your Business to do it; stand upon your guard; for it is *pro Aris & Focis*, now.

Patient. I will, I will; ---But prithee don't be so irreligious, *Doctor*; I have a great Respect for your Constancy in a good Cause, and your Name has done us Service in *Verse* and *Prose*.

Doct. Why, Sir, have you the Vanity to think that *Religion* ever did our Cause any Service! If that comes
into

into your Head, and you *squeak at last*, it is time for me to bid you good Night.

Patient. I will do any thing you order me; but I must confess, that I begin to think a Man can't die easily without Repentance.

Doct. Farewel then; my Time is past; there can be no Hopes if you talk at this Rate: I'll tell the *Kit Cat Club* of you, and it shall be known to every Man at Court that you die like a *Pedant*. Farewell,

Consider with myself what the World will say if this *Dialogue* is made publick: Yet it is true. Most *Doctors* so: A great Pity in a Man of his Parts. Call for my Servant. Resolve to forget *Garth* was with me. Order the Man to read a Chapter in the *Revelations*. Nothing about me there: Yet I am sick: I will seek the Lord in Prayer. Praying, a mighty good Thing. No Help in it. *Apothecary* comes: Talk with him about the *Doctor*. Shakes his Head: Talks over Words I don't understand: Resolve to follow his Advice however. Takes his Leave with three Bows. Meditate on the Vanities of Respect, and Art of Compliments. Best Things corrupted are the worst. Good Manners necessary. Stomach begins to recoil: What shall I do? Much Dubitation. Go to Bed: Order another Chapter to be read by my Bedside. *Isaiab* talks finely, and rapturously. It is not worth while to live: It is. Recant all Things: Suppose the *Metropolitan* should----An excellent Supposition. Grow much worse. Sleep, O Sleep! but it will not come. Toss, and think of ten thousand Things all Night.

TUESDAY

T U E S D A Y.

Dem Testamenta condimus Heredi letitiam paramus. Grot.

*Abstulit clarum cita Mors Achillem,
Longa Tithonum minuit Senectus.*

H O R.

MIND disturbed with Fears all Night: Fancy I shall not recover. Who will succeed me? Who worthy? *Me mortuo maria & terræ commisceantur!* A little prophane: Tom might have said it: It had become him. Servant enters, Order him to bring my Will: Read, *In the Name of God, I ----- bequeath my Wordly Goods in Form and Manner following.* It is very moving, melts the very Heart of me: What will become of poor Tom? Money will make him mad. Sad Thoughts! That an Harlot or a Sharper should devour the Fruits of my Spiritual Labours! Think how odd Successions are in some Families; a *Parish Boy* rises into a *Divine*, a *Divine* mounts to a B-----k; his Son a *Beau*, his Son a *Beggar*; *Corruptio optimi fit pessima.* Thus the Lord mortifies the Vanities of human Creatures! The Heavens called this *Fortune*. Great Ignorance! Look upon the Will again; *Item, I give to the Poor of, &c. -----* Great Mind to scratch that Paragraph out. Must give them something too. Charities are abused: Resolve to ask Tom's Opinion about it: He studies the Law. Tom comes to see me. More than I expected: The Powers of Grace not quite extinguished! He looks as if he had been crying: Poor Soul! What, for me? Perhaps sitting up and Drinking might make his Eyes look red: Begin to fear it was that. Grow positive in the last Opinion. He asks me how I do. Kind, very kind. Talk with him thus:

Fath. You see, Thomas, that this frail Body, this Tabernacle of Clay, is hastning to its Dissolution: You
B will

will lose me in a short Time; I am ready to be snatch'd from your Eyes.

Tom. *The Will of the Lord be done.*

Fath. That is very pious indeed, *Tommy*; I see you have not forgot all your *Scripture*: But you owe some dutiful Wishes to me still; you would not have me die Son, I am sure.

Tom. I am not sure of that: If you *live*, *Pen* and *Paper*, *Print* and *Publish*, are the Words: If you die, five Thousand at least: I shall neither turn *Miser* nor *Usurer*.

Fath. Ay, Thou hast hit upon two Things, that grieve me much: In the first place, I desire you would never dabble with your *Ink-Pot* any more: Read more and write less: Don't forget a *Chapter* in *Proverbs* every Day-----

Tom. Sir, if you please, I'll drink your Health; can't hear all this Stuff for nothing: What has the *Scripture* to do with the Law, only to denounce War against us, and send us to the D---l?

Fath. Fie! Be not profane with unseasonable Words. You have, *Tom*, writ well enough for a young Fellow with no *Learning*; but pray leave it off, I command you to do it.

Tom. Sir, you may command, and I may promise. But it would be strange if one who has broke best Part of all the *Commandments* he ever knew, should keep his yours: I am no more to be depended upon, than the *K. of France*. Stipulate I may, but stand by it I cannot.

Fath. Give him a Glass of *Sack*, *Jonathan*: This *Confession* is ingenuous, and I hope more from thee now, than I could if you had promised: But look here, *Tom*, I shall leave you, shall leave you just-----

Tom. I wish you say something, Sir, if you don't do it may do me Service; for I can borrow 20*l.* upon the Reputation of a good Legacy.

Fath. O *Thomas, Thomas* ! I see the Iniquities of thy Heart : Thy Wishes are impious-----but I will leave

Tom. Pray, Sir, let me be sure of something ; and I know one way that may make my *Legacy* doubled in a short Time-----

Fath. What is that Child ? I find you have a thriving Genius, tell me what you mean.

Tom. Why, a *certain* Book written by a *certain* grave Man about *certain* Times, which I hope *certainly* to publish, and get a round Sum for the Copy.

Fath. *Tom*, I have taken care of thee : Thou shalt have nothing to do with it : Depart, Sir, I want to meditate alone.

Tom. Well, If I never see you any more---- Farewell.

Meditate on my Discourse with *Tom*. Despair of him, and myself. It grows upon me. Languor of Spirits. *Garth* comes again : Look indifferently at him : He sings, and repeats Verses : Twirls his Cane : Tells a Story of my L--d *Thomas* : Feels my Pulse : Talk about my Journey's end. I tell him an Account of my Life : Cry profusely at the End of it. The Doctor smiles : An Infidel no doubt. Ask him seriously about my Condition : Very bad : He says I may eat and drink any thing that I can : Nothing can make me better or worse : Miserable Sentence ! Desire *Garth* to give my Blessing to a young Nobleman of great hopes, and make him a Compliment in my Name. Think what the World will say of it after I am dead : Imagine myself that it looks *heroicall*, and with an Air of a great Soul. The World ought to be cheated. Feel many Apprehensions within myself : Resolve to say nothing of them. Put a good Face upon a bad Matter. Pain live to see what this Parliament will do : There must be glorious Work : If I should not, the World will lose a good *Speech* : Resolve to give it away, and order it to be printed in my Name :

A Speech designed to have been spoke at the Tryal of -----
 It will do very well. Doctor asks me what I am musing
 on? Tell him. He approves the Project: Repeats ten
 Lines about Death, stolen from *Heathen Poets*, and Com-
 mon-Place Books.

*To die, is landing on some silent Shore,
 Where Tempests never break, nor Billows roar.*

Ask him about an *Epitaph*? Replies he can't write
Latin; that his last *Dedication* ransack'd all he had left,
 but he will try to get a fine one. Thank him: Give
 him a Ring that a great Man gave me to remember
 him. He jests upon me, and says I mistime my Present,
 it should be left to my Executors. Takes his Leave,
 repeating *Virgil*:

----*Dona Damætas mihi quam dedit olim,
 Et dixit moriens, Te nunc habet ista secundum.*

Meditate how pleasant Life is to careless Tempers:
 A great Duke died with as little Ceremony, and as good
 an Air, as he went out of the Room. It is wonderful!
 Call my Man: Drink some Cordial: Try to compose
 myself. Messengers every Minute from great Folks to
 know how I do: Smile, and send a great many Com-
 pliments to them all. Think of what Importance I am
 to the World: A Kindness ought not to be forgotten:
 When old Dr *W---d* was ill, I used to send every Day
 to know how he did: I succeeded him without my own
 seeking. Two Footmen from *Foreign Ladies*: It is
 mighty kind: I can't do them any Service now: Return
 a thousand Thanks. Call for a Bundle of Papers;
 Order some of them to be burnt: Puts me in mind of
 the Usage some of my Writings received from the Pub-
 lick: Vain Spite! They will live; they have a Spirit
 of Immortality. Spend all the Afternoon in returning
 Compliments, and giving Orders about my Papers.

Grow

Grow worse at Night : Fancy *Tea* would do me good :
 Drink twenty Dishes : All in vain : Sudden Fit of Con-
 vulsions. Am put to Bed. My Head feels delirious :
 Variety of strange Thoughts. Order a Man to sit by
 me all Night. Resolve to minute every thing I can
 remember of myself 'till I depart this Life.

W E D N E S D A Y, *March.*

Tu Pateres, tu Patronus, ne deseras.

TER.

MUCH disturbed all Night with a Cry in my
 Ears, *The Church, The Church* : The worst of all
 the *London-Cries*. Wake at Six : My Inflammation en-
 creased with *preaching in my Sleep* against the *Whore of*
Babylon. Call for the *Cordial* : Small Relief. Vehe-
 ment Temptations in my Soul to break *Charity* with
 Doctor S-----, and many others. Strive with the Ini-
 quity : Overcome it by degrees. Seem to see a *Spirit* :
 Frighten'd into a sudden shivering : Bid my Man keep near
 me always, and not stir out of the Room : Order him to
 bring a Glass : My Eyes look sunk in my Head : My
 Nose is sharpened, pinched up at the End : My *Nails*
 not turned however : Poor Hopes. Repeat *Psalms* out
 of *Buchanan*. That is not right. *Latin* no fit *Language*
 to pray in : *Hopkins* and *Sternhold* much better : Say
 three *Stanzas* softly. Hear *Garth* coming up Stairs :
 Now for my last *Sentence* : How shall I receive it ? What
 shall I say to him ? Order my Servant to give *Ten Pieces* :
 That may soften him perhaps. He comes in sing-
 ing : Looks with a bad Aspect : Recommends an *Under-*
taker to me. Sigh often. The Doctor smiles ; bows,
 and says, *No good can be done !* Sad Words ! Abundance
 of Servants with Messages to know my Condition : Send
 word little Hopes : Think with my self about *Church-*
Prayers : Ineffectual. Consider of my *Funeral* : Private
 Interment : No Vanities, and Ceremonies : Privacy
 makes

makes a Man more enquired after. No *High Church*, not a Man: Easy to insult a *Dead Lion*. Send for a particular Friend: Comes immediately: With him to send *Le Clerc* an Account of me: Desire the good Man to do me Justice. In two Languages at least: To hint that the World may expect my famous *Posthumous* Work: Say all the kind Things of it imaginable: Every Body in *Holland* will believe it. Reflect *That* a *Prophet* is not renowned in his own Country. My Enemies numerous: Good Fortune to overcome so many of them. *Bar-le-Duc*: Can't help thinking of *Politicks*. Ought to remember my Sins. *K-----*'s Doctrine of Repentance very comfortable to Persons of Distinction: Right or Wrong, a strong Faith is all. Let the World alone, and that will let you alone; a plausible Sentence! But how shall a Man restrain the Ardency of the Spirit, or stop the Illusions of Grace! A Thought about *Funerary Sermons* and *Rosemary*. I preached many full of *Panegyrics*: They will rise up against me: *Conscience*, O *Conscience*: Call for a Glass of Sack: Make a long Soliloquy in the Postulations with my own Heart: Get the Better of all Qualms that rise from past Adventures. Resolved to leave my *New Model* of Church Government to be printed after my Death: Many Faults in the present Scheme: Recommend it to *Benjamin's* Perusal. Give him a full Liberty to add and improve. Think what a Noise it will make in the World: The Works of a great Man follow him. Consider how to mortify some vain Thoughts rising in my carnal Mind. The Words of *Solomon*: In writing many Books is much Folly: Mean only of foolish Books. Pray a little. Resolve to support my Spirits by sending Messages to several Persons of Distinction. Death is like a Thief: Use him in his own Way: Steal as much from him as I can. He is also like a *Serpent*: There were Ways of old to charm *Serpents*: A cunning Animal, Arts against Arts, necessary. All Methods of Deceit that are practicable, are good upon

upon just Occasions: None more proper than the present. Order a *Chapter* to be read. Order it to be let alone. Enquire after *Tom*: No Message from him all Day: Wonder at his want of Filial Piety, his Manners, his *Life*, his *Letters*: Try to get him out of my Head: He grieves me: Hope he may Reform: Years of Discretion must come. Inflammation increases mightily: I can't live 'till to-morrow: Resolved to order my Man to take down all I say when I loose my Senses: Bid him get Pen, Ink, and Paper ready. There is a great deal of Discovery in those *Rapsodies*; the Mind acts more freely when the Organs of the Body are affected by Sickness: *Tom* comes in, and overhears my Orders: Talks with me about Madness: Very impudent, and ungracious: Order him to read a *Sermon*: Takes out a Book and reads a Piece of Nonsense of *Sacheverall's*: Calls him Fool and Blockhead: He pretends to explain his Meaning: Ridiculous, very ridiculous: Desire him to depart: He says he'll drink a Bottle and come again: Glad to get rid of him, with a Blessing unask'd for. And my Head grows delirious; order *Jonathan* to be in readiness to write: He writes.

O! My Head-----Take care of the Bed, it is all in flame. *Josua* the 10th, and Verse the 12th. The *White-Horse* in the *Revelations*; I am no Racer, don't care Horse-matches, Give me a Tea-Kettle; more Sugar.-----I will make a Speech, a Speech for them, and against them:-----I remember more Actions, Sayings, Speeches, Revolutions, Plots, Discoveries, than any Man in *Europe*: Here is a Paper of an hundred Names: Here is a List of Plotters, Seditious, Rioters: Now is our Time or never-----what have we to do with the *French King*; it must be *demolished*, it shall be *demolished*. There is no *Peace* to the Sinner, no Treaty with the Devil: Give me leave to state the Matter fairly: Read over that again,-----That is not at all material: Order that Paper to be burnt by the common Hangman. Why, here is nothing at all ready. What

has that Fellow to do here? I am not at all afraid---
 Vanish Spirits. O! *Solomon*: O! *Solomon*! The first
 and second of *Hester*, I will preach upon that *Text*
Frogs came into the *King's Bed-Chamber*. O! The
 Plagues of Conscience! Give me Room----If my
 Lungs did not fail me, I would make it appear that
 all the *Tories* in the Nation are *Dissenters*, *Schismaticks*
Anti-Monarchick, rebellious Sons of Disorder and Con-
 fusion.----Who is able to expound and explain *Articles*?
 Who are Judges, if we are not? Let them propose
 their Opinions. What that noble *Lord* observed is un-
 doubtedly true:----More *Dragoons*----What would
 the Fellow have?----Did not I swear that I would
 not wear *Lawn*? Bow! who should I bow to.----
 The Pope is the most unreasonable Rascal in the World
 ----I will not leave *Tom* a single *Farth*ing.----Write
 its all Nonsense. Take care of that *Book*.----Get the
behind me *Satan*. What can they mean in the North
 ----Is there any Probability of his making good
 his Pretensions? *Spurious*, proved a hundred Times
 over. But these confounded *Invectives*:---What shall
 we do with them? *America*, *Newfoundland*! Poor Mer-
 chants! O! That *Peace*.----Let me alone for Divinity
 I will maul them on *Sundays*, *Saturdays*, *Lecture-Days*
Charity Sermons. *Abel* is the greatest Scoundrel in the
 World. Let the *Convocation* alone.----I say he shall
 have a *Regiment*. Fling them Papers into the Fire;---
 It is Nonsense to let them be transcribed: Pray Mr
Churchill take abundance of Care of the Letter and
 Paper:---Beware of *Abridgments*. A new Edition in
Octavo.----Come again to morrow.----My Lord, I am
 your Lordship's.----Did not I bid you put out that
Fire? More Water good *Jonathan*.---The Curtains:---
 O my Head:---The World turns upside downward
 Churches Fall:---*Salisbury Steeple* stands awry.---Take
 away your leaden Hand.---No more, I see it does
 stand awry,

An INSCRIPTION design'd for his MONUMENT.

Subtus

*Cineres jam tandem quod non ipse optavit
In PACE requiescunt,
Vir erat ingenio satis callido, & versatili,
Nativo solo familiari;
In rebus sacris Magnus, Fabulosus Major,
In Politicis (si ipsi credas) Maximus!
Veritatis cultor adeò fidelis.
Ut æque in Vitâ, ac Scriptis elucescat.
In Concionando acer erat, vebemens indefessus,
Puriorem Doctrinam habuere multi,
Pulmones, & latera robustiora nemo.
Adco Romæ per omnia aversus
Ut ad Genevam desisteret.
Obiit in Universum Dissidentium.
Ab Ecc. Angl. luctum.
Martiiis Calendis.*

Beneath

There lies, against his own Wishes,
A Man at last in PEACE.
He was Master of a Cunning, various Wit,
Agreeable to his own COUNTRY.
Great was He in Divinity, in Fable Greater,
In POLITICS (if you'll believe himself) Greatest.
So faithful a Lover of Truth,
That it equally appears in his Life,
And Writings.
A violent, mighty, unwearied Preacher;
Many have had purer Doctrine,
No one stronger Sides, and Lungs.
So averse to ROME in all Points
That he almost approached GENEVA,
He died, to the universal Grief of the
Dissenters, on the Kalends of March.

The

The RIGHT of PRECEDENCE
between PHYSICIANS and CIVILIANS
enquir'd into. Printed, 1720.

Tu major, tibi me est æquum parere Menalca, VIRG.
Fidis offendar Medicis? irascat amicis? HOR.

I Have waited hitherto, with no little *Impatience*, to see some good Effect of that Debate, which I thought was *happily* started at a *late* Meeting of our *University*, upon the Subject of *Precedence*, between Professors of *Law* and *Physick*. And, tho' I can't join in Opinion with the worthy *Gentlemen* who *first* mov'd in it, I must needs say the Motion was *seasonable*, and well became him: For, besides that he intended an *Honour* to a Faculty he was promoted *above*, and was so *self-denying* as to waye all Debates of that Nature as long as he was a *Party* concern'd in the Motion, he did what in him lay, to put an End, by *Authority*, to a Point in Controversy, which had long divided the Gentlemen of those two *Faculties*; and I am very much mistaken if the *same* Person does not *hereafter* prove as much a Friend to Piety and Learning in his other *Designs*, as he has been already in *this*, to the Peace and Agreement of *learned* Men.

But, to my great Disappointment, little more has been said upon the *Subject*, since the first Debate, than what has been urg'd in *private*, more for the Entertainment of *single* Gentlemen, than the Use and Information of *Mankind*. I have heard that the Matter is brought to a *Compromise*, and Professors in *both* Faculties have *agreed* to yield Precedence to one another, according

ing to their *Standing*, and the *Date* of their Commencement.

But this to me appears no *satisfactory* Way of deciding a Point of such *Importance*. And to speak freely, it is but drawing a Skin over a Wound, and giving it a *Face* of Soundness, when there lies Filth and Purulence *within*, which will *another Time* break out with more Pain and greater Danger.

The *Time* is approaching, when it will be proper once more to bring *this Affair* upon the Carpet; and I am humbly of Opinion, that the Point is of such *Consequence*, that it ought not to *subside*, as it has done of late; it should neither *rest* upon that slight *Baffle* it receiv'd at its *first* Appearance in Publick, nor be *hush'd* up in Silence, under the Pretence of any *private* Accommodation, which the Parties concern'd have since come to, for the Sake of *Civility* and good *Manners* in Company.

I am one of those who love *Peace* upon a good Foundation, and do, for that Reason, no less admire *Truth*, upon which alone a *lasting Peace* can be founded. And as I am *qualify'd* to introduce this Matter at the next Meeting of our University, and fully *determin'd* to do so, I thought it *reasonable* to give this friendly *Notice* to all Parties, that they study the *Point*, and make themselves Masters of it, and give it so thorough a *Carving* in what Manner they think fit, as to leave no room for *Exception* and *Wrangling* when the Question comes to be *solemnly* debated in that *Assembly*.

But, before I come to the *Merits* of the Cause itself, you must give me *Leave* to make one *Observation* in the Way, concerning the *Importance* of Precedence in general, which may prove of singular Use to Mankind, who are for the most part *unappris'd* of it.

As I remember, there fell a very rash Expression from a certain Gentleman (with whom it is not usual to be so *unguarded*) who appear'd an *Advocate* for Physicians, when the Motion was first made to thrust them
from

from their Place. He was pleas'd to call it a *Womanish Debate*, If I took him right; but, as much a Friend as I am to his *Person* and *Cause*, I will not follow him in that Opinion, and will farther say, the Expression was mean, and beneath the Dignity of his *Character*. There is an *unkind Reflection* couch'd in it upon a *Sex*, by which much of the *Decencies of Life* and *little Morals* are supported: And it does not agree with that Taste of Gallantry which he is *thought* to have, and is very consistent with his *Profession*; and is even *ungrateful* in a Man of that Faculty, which is more in Favour with the *Ladies*, than any other except *Divinity*.

But not to *insist* upon this, I can't think, as that Expression *implies*, that the Matter is at all *beneath* the Consideration of the *greatest* and most *learned* of Men: On the contrary, I think the Question was well mov'd; and since it has been moved, every one should endeavour to find on which Side of the Argument the Advantage lies; and I wonder that in this *Interval of Parliament* and *Business* (the usual *Vacation* of this Kingdom) something has not been offer'd before this Time for the *quieting* Mens Minds. It is a *Difference* amongst his Majesty's Subjects, which it becomes every *beating* Spirit to *compose*, and is a Duty both of *Religion* and *Loyalty*.

I would ask, Is *Precedence*, or Distinction of Place of no Moment amongst *Men*? Are *Women* only concern'd in it? Does *Society* owe Nothing of *Conveniency* to it? Is it *indifferent*, whether a Man sits at a *Lady's Elbow* or her pert *Chaplain's*? near a *Scoop* at the *Head* of the Table, or *Beef* at the *Bottom*? Is there no Advantage in the *first Plate*, or the earliest Compliment of the *Glass*, or the respect of *Waiters*, or in ruling the *Books* at a Quarter-Sessions, and being honoured with the *Cushion* in the Face of one's Country? Is it of no Consequence to be in *the Eye* of the Government, and does not Precedence contribute to that at a *Tholsel Entertainment*? What are *Academical Degrees* so dearly purchas'd
 11011 for,

for, but PLACE; and can a *Professor* answer it to his *Trust* or *Interest* to disparage Precedence? For what other Reason in Nature, but Precedence, did a great Man of my *Acquaintance*, lately become a double *Grand-Compounder* for his Degree, and another *undeceive* Mankind, or rather *deceive* Women, and suffer himself to be pronounc'd a *venerable Man* in spite of his *youthful Looks*? Shall not the solemn Doctor-----in his Chariot take Place of plain Mr: ----- in his, and have the *Heels* of him in *Preferment*, according to the Start he has in *Precedence*.

Give me Leave to say, that the Notion of the *Insignificance* of Place has been of infinite *Prejudice* to many *worthy Men*, and of as great *Advantage* to others, who have *juster Thoughts* of it. While *Dignity* sinks with its own Weight, the *Scum* of Mankind will naturally rise above it.

I have a *pious* Concern upon me for all the important *Mistakes* of Mankind, and this among the rest; as to which, I have observed a *strong* Prejudice runs counter to the Nature of Things and the Principles of *Truth* and *Reason*. Sure I am, *Nature* directs every *Person* and *Thing* to maintain its Situation, or rather not so much to *keep* its own Place, as to *aspire* and *displace* others. And the Reason is plain, because that is a Tendency to the *uppermost* Point, and an Approach to Perfection; and therefore contrary to common Opinions, I have ever thought there is *Piety* in *Pride* and *Ambition*, and that it is a *Virtue* to be *æmulous* and *aspiring*. And when I hear, as in my Time I have many, *conceited* Declarations against *Pride*, I suspect it is with the Design of a *Monopoly*, and to *engross* it; as I have known an ingenious School-Boy spit in his Mess of Porridge, not to *abuse* the good Creature but to secure it all to *himself*. What is that *Dominion* so early given to Mankind, but Superiority of *Power* and *Place*, and then to act up to it, is not *Womanish*, but *Manly*. And if that was a
Precept,

Precept, I will take upon me to say, there is not one Point of *Duty* so universally and exactly observed.

And *Society* has so great Consideration of Place, that we find wise *Provisions* made for the regulating of it, and for settling the due *Pre-eminence* of all Degrees of Men, and an Office of *Heraldry* for that Purpose, which may be found in almost every *House of Quality*. I could go farther than this, but for this Reason, that it is out of my Way, and none of my Business, to determine the Force of great *Examples*, and make Conclusions upon *Scripture*; and perhaps my Friend's best *Apology* is, that the *Bible* is out of the Road of his Profession and Study; but I will say thus much, that as I have observ'd *Divines* to be so far scriptural in their Carriage, as to take the right Hand of Fellowship on all Occasions, and carry their Disputes about Place as high as any other sort of Men, so their *Practice* (such is my *Deference*) is to me the best *Gloss* upon *Duty*, and my Conviction, and should be his. And this plainly determines the Point against him, and shews the Importance of Precedence; and then it will follow in *Logick*, that if taking Place be matter of Moment, to dispute about Place is not Womanish or trivial.

And this allow'd, I am inclin'd to believe, that upon this religious Principle all our late Promotions of Nobility have proceeded, and that so many Gentlemen have procur'd themselves *Titles*, not as some have injuriously thought, that they might take Place of their Betters, but out of a Sense of *Duty*; and while some (alas! too many) ignorantly despise them for their worthless Ambition, I regard them with another Eye, and honour them for their *Piety*, and *Courage*, and *Conscience*, and even *Condescension* in being made Great; and do from my Heart pity such as cannot be greater, without being less. Indeed the Roll of our Nobility is at present very voluminous, but no matter for that. If there were more of them, such is the *Ductility* of my Respects, I could, with a smaller Quantity of Esteem, do

Honour

Honour to them *all*. I make the same Account of Nobility of all Dates, as I do of Books: I value the *Old* as usually more *exact*, and *genuine*, and *useful*; tho' commonly *unletter'd*, and often *loose* in the Bindings; and I value the *New* because-----but the Notion is *obvious*, and I leave my Reader to pursue it. I was led into this Comparison from the *Curiosa Felicitas* of those, whose Way it is to *paste* their Arms and *Titles* of Honour on the Reverse of *Title Pages*, which shews the Affinity of the two. My Love to the Nobility has made me sometimes seriously lament the great *Damp* must have fallen on Honour and *laudable* Ambition, had the *Peerage Bill* succeeded in *England*; but I had this Consolation, that had the *Sluice* been shut there, the *Flood* of Honour had risen the *higher* here, and *over-flow'd* this my *native* Kingdom.

I could here, according to *Custom*, produce, in favour of this uncommon Position, many bright Authorities, and have now before me above a *score* of Quotations, gather'd with infinite Labour from St. *Chrysostom*, by his *Index*; but, to the *Discouragement* of my *Learning*, the *Greek Types* are not ready, and will not be set till the *Twentieth* of next Month, when the following *Editions* of this Work shall be *enrich'd* with learned *Languages*, in great *Variety*. The Author of a late *State-Sermon* should have waited, as I do, rather than suffer his Learning to look a *squint* as it does, and make so *frightful* a Figure from the Press. I am Master of the *Stoichastick* Art, and by Virtue of that I *divine*, that those *Greek Words* in that Discourse have *crept* from the Margin into the Text, otherwise than the Author intended; and indeed some of those *Greek Maggots* are so *uneasy* in and *asham'd* of their Place, that they seem to be upon the *Crawl* backwards.

I hope what has been offer'd will clear this Case of Conscience, and is sufficient to shew any Man of *Candor*, and who *loves* and *searches* after Truth as I do, the *Importance* of Place and Precedency amongst Men, that
the

the *Peace*, and *Order*, and *Honour* of Society is owing to it; and as *Women* have been remarkably *strenuous* in asserting these Rights, I do hereby take upon me to return them the Thanks of *Mankind*, (asking Pardon for the Professor's Misbehaviour) and do wish them *Perseverance* and *Success* in all their laudable Attempts of *that* Nature. Let them enjoy the *Wall* and the *right Hand* of us from this Day forward, not in Consideration of their *Weakness*, or out of our *Courtesy*, but in their own *Right*, as *Patriots*, and stout *Defenders* of the Privileges of their *own* and *our* Sex.

But to proceed. It were perhaps a proper *Method* in this, as in other Debates concerning Precedency, to appeal to the *Herald's Office*, and be determin'd by usual and stated *Rules* there, how Place in this Case is to be *given* or *taken*; but a certain Lord has assur'd me upon his *Honour*, that nothing concerning the present Question is there taken Notice of; and whatever Orders may be deliver'd in Heraldry about *personal* Precedence, there is nothing said as to *Faculties*, except only this, that Doctors in Divinity, and those not *Specialists*, as we use to call them, *i. e.* such as have receiv'd that Degree by the special Indulgence and *undeserv'd* Favour and Grace of the University, shall have a Place immediately above Esquires that are not of Noble Families.

Upon which Observation, if it be true, as I fear it is, I have Reason to apprehend some Disturbance in the Country amongst the Ladies there; therefore I do present my most humble Service to Madam-----Wife to a very Reverend Divine, D. D. *Speciali Gratia*, who has of many Yeares past, to my Knowledge, in Mistake of her Husband's Right, taken Place at Table of a certain Justice o'th' Peace's Lady; and to advise her, that in order to maintain her Precedency, she wou'd *once more* send her Spouse up to a Commencement and engage him to perform his Acts, and be re-admitted,

and take up his large Cautionary Bonds, for her own and her Childrens Advantage.

And I wou'd farther observe, for the Use of Men who love Place without a Title to it, either by Law or Heraldry, as some have a strange Oilinefs of Spirit which carries them upwards, and mounts them to the top of all Company, (Company being often like bottled liquors, where the light and windy Parts hurry to the Head, and fix in Froth.) I wou'd observe, I say, that there is a secret Way of taking Place without *sensible* Precedence, and consequently without *Offence*. This is a useful Secret, and I will publish it here from my own Practice, for the Benefit of my Countrymen, and the universal Improvement of Mankind.

It is this. I generally fix a sort of *first Meridian* in my Thoughts before I sit down, and instead of observing privately, as the Way is, whom in Company I may sit *above* in point of *Birth, Age, Fortune, or Station*, consider only the Situation of the Table by the Points of the Compass, and the nearer I can get to the *East* which is a Point of Honour for many Reasons; for— (*Magna Majestas ad ortum solis*) I am so much the higher; and my good Fortune is to sit sometimes, or for the most part, due East, sometimes N. b. E. seldom with great *Variation*; and then I do my self Honour, and am blest'd with *invisible* Precedence, *mystical* to others; and the Joak is, that by this Means I take Place (for Place is but Fancy) of many that sit above me; and while most People in Company look upon me as a *modest* Man, I know my self to be a very *assumed* Fellow, and do often look down with Contempt on some at the *upper End* of the Table. By this *Craft* I once gratify my *Humour*, (which is Pride) and preserve my *Character*; and this I take to be the *Art* of *Life*. And sticking to this Rule, I generally possess a middle Place in Company, even in the *vulgar* Account, and am at *Meat* as wise Men would be in the *World*,

Extremi Primorum, Extremis usque Priorum.

And to this Purpose, my Way is to carry a Pocket-Compass in my left Fob, and from that I take my Measures imperceptibly, as from a Watch, in the usual Way of comparing Time before Dinner; or in the chance to forget that, I consider the Situation of the Parish-Church, and this is my never-failing Regulator.

I know some People take another Way for this, and place themselves nearest the Dish they like best; and their Ambition is gratify'd where their Appetite is. Eating well is commonly, and with Justice, call'd Good Living, and their Rule is that of *Horace*;

*Ut quocunque loco fueris vixisse libenter
Te dicas-----*

And it must be allow'd as a Standard, their Honor lies in their Stomach; as indeed I have always thought that, contrary to vulgar Notions, the Seat not of Honor only, but of most great Qualities of the Mind, as well as of the Disorders of the Body.

Give me Leave to explain my self. I think I can reduce to this one Principle all the Properties of the Mind; and, by the Way, as I take our *grand Deity* of Fire to have the best Stomach of any Man living, I conclude him the greatest Person our Age or any other has produc'd, not excepting *Cato's* Daughter; nor is Time, altho' *edax rerum*, ever digest the Memory of one who has a better Appetite than even Time it self. But to go on, Does not the Stomach make Men Ambitious, Covetous, Amorous, Obsequious, and Time-serving? What made a certain Judge keep his Place on the Bench when his Brethren left it, but his Sense of Honor, i. e. his keen Appetite? Does not the Stomach alone carry all Debates in both Houses, and supply Parties, and make Court-Parasites lose their Dinner sometimes, that they and theirs may dine the better

their Lives after? Don't we use to say a Man of Honour *Stomachs* an Indignity? Is not *English* Feeding the Foundation of *English* Bravery, and good Claret, of *forté* and *French* Sprightliness.

In short, *Courage*, *Honour*, *Wit*, and *Sense*, and all Arts and Sciences, take their Rise here; and this an Antient has observ'd, *Magister artis ingenique largitor Venter*: Which if it be true, I will take upon me to declare our vulgar Saying, *that Men have Guts in their Brains*, is a vulgar Error, and should be rectify'd, and that rather their Brains are in their Guts; and when we see some Men less Couragious, Witty, or Learn'd, than others, we shou'd pity their bad Stomachs or Indigestion, rather than their Incapacity or Indisposition of Brain: I am so sensible of this, that I have of many Years disus'd, as an Absurdity, that Saying to a simple Fellow----*God help your Head*; but I wish him, with more Propriety, a good Stomach, or a better Dinner.

I cou'd here *Chimico-Mechanically* resolve Mens Parts into their Feeding, and shew what sort of Humours and Genius must necessarily proceed from particular sorts of Meats, and explain a great deal of the Heathen Mythology by it; but this I reserve for a Treatise by it self. Yet this I will say, that a Writer's Stomach, Appetite, and Victuals, may be judg'd from his Method, Style, and Subject, as certainly as if you were his Mefs-fellow, and sat at Table with him. Hence we call a Subject *dry*, a Writer *insipid*, Notions *crude* and indigested, a Pamphlet empty or hungry, a Style *jeune*, and many such like Expressions, plainly alluding to the Diet of an Author; and I make no manner of Doubt but *Tully* grounded that Saying of *Hellio Librorum* upon the same Observation.

Now, I say, it is evident, if this be true, that every Man at Meat is most *honour'd* when he is most *humour'd*, or when he sits nearest to that which pleases his Palate best; and consequently that is the first Place to him upon that Principle, and such Men must be allow'd

to have the truest *Taste* of Honour of all others. I have observ'd these sort of People have generally great Propensity to Roast Beef; and it will be granted that to sit even at the Foot of the Table next Sir-Loin, which is a Dish of Dignity, and of old hereditary Knighthood, is, in Strictness of Heraldry more honourable than a Place next the biggest plain Country Squire at the upper End, and I have often chosen it.

But to return from this useful Digression: The noble Personage afore-mention'd, who honour'd me with his Sentiments upon this *abstruse* Point, must be allow'd to have as good a *local Memory* as any Lord in the Kingdom, and has never been known once to *mistake* or *forget*, or *recede from* that Place of Distinction which is due to him. He cou'd settle the Forms of a Royal *Enterrment*, and adjust the Ceremonies of a *Coronation* if Occasion were; and I must add, but that he has more *Honour* than to be *officious*, he could have determin'd that late controverted Point of an *English* Bishop's Place amongst ours, and had sav'd the House had he been call'd upon, the *Trouble* and *Delays* of referring to *English* Precedents.

I say, his Lordship (who is expert in Heraldry, and as communicative of that useful Knowledge as becomes noble Spirits) has assur'd me, there is no Notice taken in that Science of any Distinction of Place for learned Faculties, and for mechanical ones, such as appear on *Collar-Days*, or riding the *Franchises*; they are below the Thoughts of a Man of *Quality*. He pretends not to know what By-Laws, or private Compacts of Precedency, there may be between *Goldsmiths* and *Grocers*, *Vintners* and *Shoemakers*.

I have now before me a Table of Precedence, given me by the same noble Hand, reaching down from a Prince of the Blood to a Country Squire, and regarding every *Branch* of their Families in the *minutest* Manner; which I reserve for my own Use, and am *envious* enough

enough to deny it to the World, and the rather, that it is to be found in *Mackenzey* and *Gwillim*, and may be had for half a Crown in the Office.

The Case being so, there can be no other Way, as I conceive, of deciding a Question of Precedency between the two Faculties of Law and Physick, but by enquiring into their *Antiquity* and *Dignity*; and which soever of them shall appear to be most ancient and most useful to the World, I presume, the World will, in Justice, think fit to have the greater Honour for, and give the Precedence to.

I take it for granted, that Priority of Time, *ceteris paribus*, gives a Preference of Place, and this naturally or by common Consent; for that I take to be the Meaning of *Nature* in most Cases, *viz.* what is found reasonable in itself, and has been always agreed to by Mankind, and is confirm'd by constant and uninterrupted Practice; and this I desire some young Preachers to take good Notice of, and get by rote. I likewise, by the Way, take upon me, now I think of it, to advise a certain Deacon of my Acquaintance, to read Doctor *Cumberland* all through, and twice, before he presumes to plead the *Law of Nature* in the Pulpit; to learn Mathematicks, before he pretends to *demonstrate* there; to peruse *Aristotle*, *Tacitus*, and the State-Tracts, before he meddles with Politicks; and be able to act *Eteocles*, before he attempts *Greek* Quotations in his Sermons. What if *Jocasta* or *Antigone* shou'd hear a Mispronunciation from the Pulpit, or any other of those young *Greeks* who so lately did an Honour to *Euripides* transported their Audience into *Thebes*, and inspir'd the old Batchelors on the foremost Bench, with that *παῖδες ποὶνὸν ἡδὸν*, which they so handsomly represented.

I say Time gives a natural Right of Precedence by common Consent, and hence Age is honoured above Youth, and by it. The very Heathens thought it Indecency, and a Trespafs in Point of Manners, *si juve-*

nis seni non assurrexerit; if a young Man did not rise up and give way to an older; and the Canonists I hope will be ingenious enough to own, tho' in this Argument against their Brethren the Civilians, that it was a Rule of the Primitive Church, that a Deacon should not sit in the Presence of a Presbyter: In a Word, Wisdom and Experience, which are divine Qualities, are the Properties of Age, and make it honourable, and Youth in the want of them contemptible.

But I don't say this to mortify or discourage young Men. I wou'd not by any means have them despise themselves, for that is the ready Way to be despised by others, and the Consequences of Contempt are fatal. For my part, I take Self-conceit and Opinionativeness to be of all others the most useful and profitable Quality of the Mind. It has, to my Knowledge made Bishops, and Judges, and smart Writers, and pretty Fellows, and pleasant Companions, and good Preachers. It is a sure Way of being agreeable to the Ladies, who ever judge of Men as they observe Men do of themselves: If all Men were to have the same Opinion of themselves that others have of them, there wou'd not be, out of meer Shame, above two Sermons next Sunday in this large City, nor five Lawyers to go through with the Business of next Term. Self-conceit supports the Dignity of Church and State, and I pronounce him an Enemy to the Publick who is so to that.

Much less do I intend any Trouble to young Clergymen of the Court or City by the foregoing Remark, as if because Deacons of old used to stand before Presbyters, that now it were fit to rise when they come in, or give the Civility of the Hat or Wall to any rusty *Rum* in the Street; I know the Inconvenience of that mistaken Piece of old Breeding to both Parties, and think it prudently laid aside. It is Respect to an old Parson, not to oblige him to uncover in the Cold, and unsocket his Head with both Hands, and so daggie
his

his Gown out of Ceremony; it is the same Respect to a spruce Bob, to let it lie quiet and undisturb'd in its Hat-case. I know no reason why Powder and Oil should submit to Grease and Greyness, that a white Wig shou'd lower to hoary Hair, or brush'd Bever strike to a *Carolina* Hat with stays.

I cannot forbear here to applaud the present Refinement of Ecclesiasticks in their Habits, and say they are more primitive and regular in their Dress than those of any Age before them. A Clergyman ought to be *virgatus*, i. e. not as we read of *good Behaviour*, but well dress'd, as indeed nothing contributes more to polite Behaviour than good Cloaths. This is a various Reading. And here I observe, for the Use of young Stagers in Divinity, that nothing will bring them into greater Repute for deep Learning, than to enterprize in Criticism, and adventure betimes to change the common Reading of any Text in the *Bible*. This single Word is, in my Opinion, enough to vindicate their Silks and Velvets against all the Fanaticks in *Christendom* and our own Canons to back them.

It is an old Observation, that Piety is mostly supported by the Female Sex; so that whatever is agreeable to them, is for the Advantage of Religion; and consequently the Clergy shou'd dress in Respect to the Ladies, (i. e.) for the good of the Church: And indeed I have known some of the younger Sort, that could not preach with a *ruffled Band*, or a Wig out of *Cur*; and a certain Lady of my Acquaintance, very *religious*, and who had a good *Taste* of Men, always made a Judgment from the Air and Dress of the Preacher, and never relish'd any Doctrine that came not recommended with a *Scarf* and a *Diamond Ring*. I am not one that

----- *Ambitiosa recidet ornamenta*, wou'd strip the young Clergy, and retrench their Decencies of Dress: So far from it, that I wish them with all my Heart greater *Elegance*, and finer *Apparel*. Well fare the Heart of that *sprightly Youth*, a *Deacon* of this Church,

who I foresee shall first adventure to *hoop* his canonical Coat, and border his Band or Shirt with *Mechlin-Lace*, or a modest *Fringe*.

But to return from this *Incident* to my Subject again, (from which a vast impetuous Force of Wit and Learning, and Love of my Country, have led me devious) the nicest Logicians will allow it a fair Way of arguing in all Cases, to refer to *Things* what is true as to *Persons*; and therefore I conclude, if *Physick* be a Faculty more antient than that of Civil Law, then it literally *goes before* it. (*i. e.*) takes Place of it; and I hope it will not be denied, that *Physick* is as old as the Occasion of it; as old, indeed, within a few Days as Mankind, which can by no Means be said of the other, (in Comparison) *Upstart* Profession, unless any one will be so hardy to affirm, there was a *Doctor's-Commons* or Bishop's Court in Paradise. And if any Man should insist to know the Year and Day of the Rise of *Physick*, I take him to be ignorant of Religion and History, and will disdain an Answer; tho' I could tell him not only what the first Distemper was, and that Epidemical, *viz.* a Falling Sickness, but also who it was that cur'd it; but I don't think fit to gratify Dullness and Ignorance so far.

I have ever blam'd St. *Jerom* in my Heart for Indiscretion, that when some pragmatICAL Deacons set up for Equality with Presbyters, he, to humble them, made Presbyters equal in Effect to Bishops; and I could do something of the same Kind in the present Dispute, and shew those assuming Civilians, that they can with so little Reason arrogate a Place above Physicians, or an Equality with them, that, in my humble Opinion, some Faculties which they have in Contempt, are superior to them in point of Time, which I have already prov'd to be the natural Ground of Precedency; and it is enough here but to name the excellent Faculties of *Musick* and *Poetry*, whose Antiquity, I think, no Man of Sense or Modesty will call in Question.

But

But having mentioned Poetry, I must go aside a little to salute my worthy Friend the *Professor* of, (or to speak more properly) the *Reader* in, that Faculty in *Oxford*, who has befriended the World so much by his incomparable Performances of that kind, especially his latest: I will own he has taught me, and I believe some other Gentlemen who had lost their *Latin*, the true Grammatical Construction of *Virgil*; and deserves not our Acknowledgments only, but those of *Eaton* and *Westminster*. I am sensible, Construction is as necessary to the Relish and Use of an Author, as Chewing is to Taste and Digestion. However, I must take upon me to admonish him of one great Mistake; and I know that the Modesty of the Man, and the good Nature familiar to him, and which shines as much in his Conversation, as Wit and true Poetry does in his Works, will bear it from a Friend: He has more than once, as I remember, put *Jessamine* for *Sweetmarjoram*, the true Version; but as this, and a few more, are his only Variations from the Letter of the Original, it may well be excus'd; my Fear is, that School-boys may come to suffer by his Mistake. I dare venture to affirm, in Favour of that good Pot-herb, that *Sweetmarjoram* is not improper either in *Broth* or *Heroicks*.

Tho' I think what has been urg'd is sufficient to weigh in Favour of the Faculty I have here espous'd; yet, upon Occasion, I could allow all this to go for nothing, and place the Controversy upon another Footing, and argue from the natural Dignity of Medicine itself, and the universal Use and Benefit of it to Mankind: For it is well known, that Physick has been always necessary to the World, and what Mankind cannot be without. It has been requisite in all Ages and Places, which is more than can be asserted in behalf of Law, either Civil or Canon. I don't believe they know any Thing of these in *China* or the *Mogul's* Country, but we know they do of Physick, which prevails in the East, which supplies us with great part of
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our *Materia Medica*, and no *English Man* ought in Gratitude to forget, that the great Genius and Honour of *England* was cur'd of a Fit of the Gout by a salutary Mols from the East.

But that is not all: The Force of Physick goes farther than the Body, and is of Use in relieving the Mind under most of its Disorders: And this I dare venture to affirm, having frequently made the Experiment upon my own Person with never-failing Success; and this I did by the Direction of my worthy Parish-Minister, who is indeed an excellent Divine, and withall an able Physician, and a good Physician only, to be the better Divine. That good Man has often quieted my Conscience with an *Emetick*, has dissipated troublesome Thoughts with a *Cordial* or exhilarating Drops, has cur'd me of a *Love Fit* by breathing a *Vein*, and remov'd *Anger* and *Revenge* by the Prescription of a Draught, thence call'd *Bitter*; and in these and other Instances has convinc'd me, that Physick is of Use to the very Soul, as far as that depends on the Crasis of the Body.

-----*Mentem sanari corpus ut ægrum,
Cernimus et flecti Medicinâ posse videmus.*

LUCRET.

And I am so fully perswaded of this, that I never see a Wretch go to Execution, but I lament that he had not been in the Hands of a good Physician, who would have corrected those peccant Humours of his Body which brought him to that untimely Death.

Now can any Thing like this be pleaded in Behalf of one or other of the two Laws we are dealing with, or of both together? By the Way, I must observe here, that these two Laws, Civil and Canon, are put in Couples for their Unluckiness, and, I think, they ought to be muzzled too. And here lies the Disadvantage of the present Dispute; Physick we know is a plain simple Thing; now that this single Faculty, without
one

One Friend on Earth to take its Part, and be a Second, should dispute with a Pair at once, is as if one poor Blood-Hound should engage with a Couple of Mastiffs; or that a Man should fight a Gentleman and his Lackey, or with a single Rapier against Sword and Pistol: 'Tis very foul Play, and Standers-by should interpose: So hard are the Terms of this Debate; but there is no Help for it: These two fast Friends can scarce be parted, and are seldom found asunder, they must rise and fall together. My Lord Bacon used to say, very familiarly-----*When I rise, my A--- rises with me.* I ask Pardon for the Rudeness of the Allusion; but it is certain that the Cannon Law is but the Tail, the Fag-end, or Footman of the Civil, and like Vermin in rotten Wood, rose in the Church in the Age of its Corruption, and when it wanted *Physick* to purge it.

But I am weary of proving so plain a Point. To me it is clear beyond Contradiction, that the Antiquity and Dignity of *Physick* do give it the Precedence of Civil Law and its Friend. I could here very easily stop the Mouths of Ecclesiastical Civillians, by an Example or two of great Authority; but I hope they will take the Hint, and save me the Trouble: And for Lay-Professors, I will only say, he that is not convinc'd, has little Sense, not only of Religion (perhaps that is their least Consideration) but of good *Manners* and *Loyalty*, and good *Fellowship*. The Blood of the *de Medicis* flows in the best Veins in *Europe*, and I know not how far any Slight offer'd to the *Faculty* may exasperate the present King of *France*, or the Grand Duke, to a Resentment prejudicial to our *Wines* and the publick *Peace*, and the present *Posture* of Affairs. All that love their *Country* and right good *Florence*, will perceive by this on which Side of the Argument they ought to appear.

And now for the universal Peace of Mankind, I make the following Rule, to be observ'd by all Professors in each Faculty, and their Understrappers: I
decree,

decree, that a Doctor of Physick shall take Place of a Doctor of Laws; A Surgeon of an Advocate, an Apothecary of a Proctor of Office, and a Tooth-Drawer of a Register in the Court. I intended this for a Paralell; but here it fails me, and the Lines meet.

I shall now only observe farther, that as the Case seems desperate on the Side of Civilians in Point of Reason, so I hear they have another Game to play, and are for appealing to Authority, as I have known a School-Boy, fairly beaten at Cuffs, run with a bloody Nose to complain to his Master. I am credibly informed, there is a Design on Foot to bring in Heads of a Bill in Favour of Civilians next Session of Parliament; but how generous that Sort of Proceeding is, I leave the World to judge. I am but one, and will certainly oppose any such Motion in my Place, tho' from the Number of *Civilians* in the House, I have Reason to apprehend it will be to little Purpose. The College, a true *Alma Mater*, has dubb'd most of us Doctors, and has been more *wise* than *christian* in her Favours of that Kind; *for she has not given hoping for nothing again.*

But here I enter my Protest against all Designs, that may any way prejudice so great and illustrious a Body of Men, as our College of *Physicians* are; and I shall take Care to draw out the Substance of this Argument, and present it, in short Heads, to each Member at a proper Time; and am not without some Hopes, that Reason may weigh with them.

In the mean Time, I hope a worthy Gentleman, a Member of our House, will stand up on that Occasion, and assert the Rights of a Faculty, which he has enter'd into, and does an Honour to: It must be remember'd to his Credit, that being equally skill'd in Physick and Civil Law, and, perhaps, in Divinity as well as either, he chose to commence in Medicine, having chiefly qualify'd himself for that noble Faculty by *repeated Travels*, and enrich'd his Mind with many *curious Observations*,

servations, which the World may, in Time, expect *incredible* Benefit from.

If any Man thinks fit to reply to this Argument, and rectify any Mistakes in it, I desire him to preserve his Temper, and debate the Matter with the same Coolness that I have done, that no Blood may be drawn in the Controversy, nor any Reason given me to complain of *Civilis vulnera dextræ*. As Conviction chiefly engag'd me on the Side of *Physicians*, so, in some Measure, a Sense of *Gratitude* for a Faculty, to which I owe the Comforts of Life, and, perhaps, Life itself, having receiv'd from it unspeakable Ease in the two inveterate Distempers of the *Spleen* and the *Gout*,

A LETTER of ADVICE to a
Young POET: Together with a
PROPOSAL for the Encouragement
of POETRY in this Kingdom.

*Sic honor & nomen divinis vatibus atq;
Carminibus venit -----*

HOR.

S I R,

AS I have always profess'd a Friendship for you, and have therefore been more inquisitive into your Conduct and Studies than is usually agreeable to young Men, so I must own I am not a little pleas'd to find, by your last Account, that you have entirely bent your Thoughts to *English Poetry*, with Design to make it your Profession and Business. Two Reasons incline me to encourage you in this Study; one, the Narrowness of your present Circumstances; the other, the great Use
of

of *Poetry* to Mankind and Society, and in every Employment of Life. Upon these Views, I cannot but commend your wise Resolution to withdraw so early from other unprofitable and severe Studies, and betake yourself to that, which, if you have good Luck, will advance your Fortune, and make you an Ornament to your Friends, and your Country. It may be your Justification, and farther Encouragement, to consider, that *History*, Ancient or Modern, cannot furnish you an Instance of one Person, eminent in any Station, who was not in some Measure vers'd in *Poetry*, or at least a Well-wisher to the Professors of it; neither would I despair to prove, if legally call'd thereto, that it is impossible to be a good *Soldier*, *Divine*, or *Lawyer*, or even so much as an eminent *Bell-Man*, or *Ballad-Singer*, without some Taste of *Poetry*, and a competent Skill in Versification: But I say the less of this, because the renowned Sir P. Sidney has exhausted the Subject before me, in his *Defence of Poesie*, on which I shall make no other Remark but this, that he argues there as if he really believed himself.

For my own part, having never made one Verse since I was at *School*, where I suffered too much for my Blunders in *Poetry*, to have any Love to it ever since, I am not able from any Experience of my own, to give you those Instructions you desire; neither will I declare (for I love to conceal my Passions) how much I lament my Neglect of *Poetry* in those Periods of my Life, which were properest for Improvements in that ornamental Part of Learning; besides, my Age and Infirmities might well excuse me to you, as being unqualify'd to be your *Writing-Master*, with Spectacles on, and a shaking Hand. However, that I may not be altogether wanting to you in an Affair of so much Importance to your Credit and Happiness, I shall here give you some scatter'd Thoughts upon the Subject, such as I have gather'd by Reading and Observation.

There

There is a certain little Instrument, the first of those in Use with Scholars, and the meanest, considering the Materials of it, whether it be a Joint of Wheaten-Straw, (the old *Arcadian Pipe*) or just three Inches of slender Wire, or a stript Feather, or a Corking-Pin. Farthermore this same diminutive Tool, for the Posture of it, usually reclines its Head on the Thumb of the Right Hand, sustains the foremost Finger upon its Breast, and is itself supported by the Second. This is commonly known by the Name of a *PESCUE*; I shall here therefore condescend to be this little Elementary Guide, and point out some Particulars which may be of Use to you in your Horn-Book of *Poetry*.

In the first Place, I am not yet convinc'd, that it is at all necessary for a modern Poet to *believe in God*, or have any serious Sense of Religion; and in this Article you must give me Leave to suspect your Capacities; because Religion being what your Mother taught you, you will hardly find it possible, at least not easy, all at once to get over those early Prejudices, so far as to think it better to be a *great Wit than a good Christian*, tho' herein the General Practice is against you; so that if, upon Enquiry, you find in yourself any such Softnesses, owing to the Nature of your Education, my Advice is, that you forthwith lay down your Pen, as having no farther Business with it in the Way of *Poetry*; unless you will be content to pass for an *Insipid*, or will submit to be hooted at by your Fraternity, or can disguise your Religion, as well-bred Men do their Learning, in Complaisance to Company.

For *Poetry*, as it has been manag'd for some Years past, by such as make a Business of it, (and of such only I speak here; for I do not call him a Poet that writes for his Diversion, any more than that Gentleman a Fidler, who amuses himself with a Violin) I say our *Poetry* of late has been altogether disengag'd from the narrow Notions of Virtue and Piety, because it has been found by Experience of our Professors, that the
 smallest

smallest Quantity of Religion, like a single Drop of Malt-Liquor in Claret, will muddy and discompose the brightest Poetical Genius.

Religion supposes Heaven and Hell, the Word of God, and Sacraments, and twenty other Circumstances, which taken seriously, are a wonderful Check to Wit and Humour, and such as a true Poet cannot possibly give into with a saving to his Poetical License; but yet it is necessary for him, that others should believe those Things seriously, that his Wit may be exercised on their *Wisdom*, for so doing: For tho' a Wit, need not have Religion, Religion is necessary to a Wit, as an Instrument is to the Hand that plays upon it: And for this the Moderns plead the Example of their great Idol *LUCRETIUS*, who had not been by half so eminent a Poet (as he truly was,) but that he stood tip-toe on Religion, *Religio pedibus subjecta*, and by that rising Ground had the Advantage of all the Poets of his own or following Times, who were not mounted on the same Pedestal.

Besides, it is farther to be observed, that *PETRONIUS*, another of their Favourites, speaking of the Qualifications of a good Poet, insists chiefly on the *Liber Spiritus*; by which I have been ignorant enough heretofore to suppose he meant, a good Invention, or great Compass of Thought, or a sprightly Imagination: But I have learned a better Construction, from the Opinion and Practice of the Moderns; and taking it literally for a free Spirit, *i. e.* a Spirit, or *Mind*, free or *disengag'd* from all Prejudices concerning God, Religion, and another World, it is to me a plain Account why our present Sett of Poets are, and hold themselves oblig'd to be, *Free-Thinkers*.

But altho' I cannot recommend Religion upon the Practice of some of our most eminent *English* Poets, yet I can justly advise you, from their Example, to be conversant in the *Scriptures*, and, if possible, to make your self entirely Master of them: In which, however, I intend

nothing less than imposing upon you a Task of
 duty. Far be it from me to desire you to believe
 them or lay any great Stress upon their Authority,
 that you may do as you think fit) but to
 and them as a Piece of necessary Furniture for a
 and a *Poet*; which is a very different View from
 of a Christian. For I have made it my Observa-
 tion, that the greatest Wits have been the best Tex-
 tures. Our modern Poets are, all to a Man, almost
 well read in the Scriptures as some of our Divines,
 and often abound more with the Phrase. They have
 and them Historically, Critically, Musically, Comi-
 cally, Poetically, and every other way except *Reli-*
giously, and have found their Account in doing so.
 the Scriptures are undoubtedly a Fund of Wit, and
 Subject for Wit. You may, according to the modern
 Advice, be witty upon them or out of them: And to
 speak the Truth, but for them, I know not what our
Wrights would do for Images, Allusions, Similitudes,
 Examples, or even Language itself. Shut up the
 sacred Books, and I would be bound our Wit would
 go down like an Alarm, or fall as the Stocks did, and
 in half the Poets in these Kingdoms. And if that
 were the Case, how would most of that Tribe, (all, I
 think, but the *immortal Addison*, who made a better Use
 of his Bible, and a few more) who dealt so freely in
 that Fund, rejoice that they had drawn out in Time,
 and left the present Generation of Poets to be the
 DUBBLES.

But here I must enter one Caution, and desire you
 take Notice, that in this Advice of reading the Scrip-
 tures, I had not the least Thought concerning your
 qualification that Way for Poetical Orders; which I
 mention, because I find a Notion of that Kind ad-
 vanc'd by one of our *English* Poets, and is, I suppose,
 maintain'd by the rest. He says to *Spencer*, in a pre-
 tended Vision,

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With

*With Hands laid on, ordain me fit
For the great Cure and Ministry of Wit.*

Which Passage is, in my Opinion, a notable Allusion to the Scriptures, and making (but reasonable) Allowances for the *small* Circumstance of Profaneness, bordering close upon Blasphemy, is *inimitably* fine; besides some useful Discoveries made in it, as, that there are Bishops in Poetry, that these Bishops must ordain your Poets, and with laying on Hands; and that Poetry is 'Cure of Souls; and consequently speaking, those who have such Cures ought to be Poets, and two often are fit. And indeed, as of old, Poets and Priests were one and the same Function, the Alliance of those ministerial Offices is to this Day happily maintain'd in the same Person, and this I take to be the only justifiable Reason for that Appellation which they so much affect, I mean the modest Title of DIVINE POETS. However, having never been present at the Ceremony of Ordaining to the Priesthood of Poetry, I own I have no Notion of the Thing, and shall say the less of it here.

The Scriptures then being generally both the Foundation and Subject of modern Wit, I could do no less than give them the Preference in your Reading. After a thorough Acquaintance with them, I would advise you to turn your Thoughts to HUMAN LITERATURE, which yet I say more in Compliance with vulgar Opinions, than according to my own Sentiments.

For, indeed, nothing has surpriz'd me more, than to see the Prejudices of Mankind as to this Matter of human Learning, who have generally thought it is necessary to be a good Scholar, in order to be a good Poet, than which nothing is falser in Fact, or more contrary to Practice and Experience. Neither will I dispute the Matter, if any man will undertake to shew me one professed Poet now in Being, who is any thing what may be justly called a *Scholar*; or is the word *Poet* for that, but perhaps the better, for being so little

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encumber'd with the Pedantry of Learning: 'Tis true, the contrary was the Opinion of our Forefathers which we of this Age have *Devotion* enough to receive from them on their own Terms, and unexamin'd, but not *Safe* enough to perceive 'twas a gross Mistake in them. So *Horace* has told us.

*Scribendi recte sapere est & principium & fons,
Rem tibi Socraticæ poterunt ostendere chartæ.*

But to see the different Casts of Men's Heads, some not inferior to that Poet in Understanding (if you will take their own Word for it,) do see no Consequence in this Rule, and are not ashamed to declare themselves of a contrary Opinion. Do not many Men write well in common Account, who have nothing of that Principle? Many are too *Wise* to be Poets, and others too much Poets to be *Wise*: Must a Man, forsooth, be no less than a Philosopher, to be a Poet, when it is plain, that some of the greatest *Idiots* of the Age, are our prettiest Performers that Way? And for this, I appeal to the Judgment and Observation of Mankind. Sir *Ph. Sidney's* notable Remark upon this Nation, may not be improper to mention here. He says, *In our Neighbour-Country Ireland, where true Learning goes very bare, yet are their Poets held in devout Reverence*; which shews, that Learning is no way necessary either to the making a Poet, or judging of him. And farther to see the State of Things, notwithstanding our Learning here is as bare as ever, yet are our Poets not held, as formerly in devout Reverence, but are, perhaps, the most contemptible Race of Mortals now in this Kingdom, which is no less to be Wonder'd at, than Lamented.

Some of the old Philosophers were Poets (as according to the forementioned Author, *Socrates* and *Plato* were; which, however, is what I did not know before) but that does not say, that all Poets are, or that any need be Philosophers, otherwise than as those are

so call'd who are a little out at the Elbows. In which Sense the great *SHAKESPEAR* might have been a Philosopher; but was no Scholar, yet was an excellent Poet. Neither do I think a late most judicious Critick so much mistaken, as others do, in advancing this Opinion, that *Shakspear had been a worse Poet, had he been a better Scholar*; And Sir *W. Davenant* is another Instance in the same Kind. Nor must it be forgotten, that *Plato* was an avowed Enemy to Poets, which is perhaps the Reason why Poets have been always at Enmity with his Profession; and have rejected all Learning and Philosophy for the Sake of that one Philosopher. As to take the Matter, neither Philosophy, nor any Part of Learning is more necessary to Poetry, (which if you will believe the same Author, is *the Sum of all Learning*) than to know the Theory of Light, and the several Proportions and Diversifications of it in particular Colours, is to a good Painter.

Whereas therefore, a certain Author, call'd *Petronius Arbitrator*, going upon the same Mistake, has confidently declar'd, that one Ingredient of a good Poet, is, *Magna ingenti literarum flumine inundata*, I do, on the contrary declare, that this his Assertion (to speak of it in the softest Terms) is no better than an invidious and unhandsome Reflection on all the *Gentlemen Poets* of these Times; for, with his good Leave, much less than a Flood, or Inundation, will serve the Turn, and to my certain Knowledge, some of our greatest Wits in your Poetical Way, have not as much real Learning as would cover a *Six-Pence* in the Bottom of a *Basin*; nor do I think the worse of them.

For, to speak my private Opinion, I am for every Man's working upon his own Materials, and producing only what he can find within himself, which is commonly a better Stock than the Owner knows it to be. I think Flowers of Wit ought to spring, as those in a Garden do, from their own Root and Stem, without Foreign Assistance. I would have a Man's Wit rather
like

like a Fountain, that feeds itself invisibly, than a River, that is supply'd by several Streams from abroad.

Or if it be necessary, as the Case is with some barren Wits, to take in the Thoughts of others, in order to draw forth their own, as dry Pumps will not play till Water is thrown into them; in that Necessity, I would recommend some of the approv'd Standard-Authors of Antiquity for your Perusal, as a Poet and a Wit; because *Maggots* being what you look for, as *Monkeys* do for *Vermin* in their Keepers Heads, you will find they do abound in good old Authors, as in rich old Cheese, not in the new; and for that Reason you must have the Classics, especially the most *Worm-eaten* of them, often in your Hands.

But with this Caution, that you are not to use those Antients as unlucky Lads do their old Fathers, and make no Conscience of picking their Pockets and pilaging them. Your Business is not to steal *from* them, but to improve upon them, and make their Sentiments your own; which is an Effect of great Judgment; and tho' difficult, yet very possible, without the scurvy Imputation of Filching: For I humbly conceive, tho' I light my Candle at my Neighbour's Fire, that does not alter the Property, or make the Wyck, the Wax, or the Flame, or the whole Candle less my own.

Possibly you may think it a very severe Task, to arrive at a competent Knowledge of so many of the Antients, as excel in their Way; and indeed it would be really so, but for the short and easie Method lately found out of Abstracts, Abridgments, Summaries, &c. which are admirable Expedients for being very learned with little or no *Reading*; and have the same Use with Burning-Glasses to collect the diffus'd Rays of Wit and Learning in Authors, and make them point with Warmth and Quickness upon the Readers Imagination. And to this is nearly related that other modern Device of consulting Indexes, which is to read Books *Hebraically*, and begin where others usually end; and this is

a compendious Way of coming to an Acquaintance with Authors: For Authors are to be used like *Lobsters*, you must look for the best Meat in the *Tails*, and lay the *Bodies* back again in the Dish. Your cunningest *Thieves* (and what else are *Readers*, who only read to borrow. i. e. to steal) use to cut off the Portmanteau 'from behind, without staying to dive into the Pockets of the Owner. Lastly you are taught thus much in the very Elements of Philosophy, for one of the first Rules in Logick is, *Finis est primus in intentione*.

The learned World is therefore most highly indebted to a late painful and judicious Editor of the Classics, who has laboured in that new Way with exceeding Felicity. Every Author by his Management, sweats under himself, being over-loaded with his own *Index*, and carries like a North-Country-Pedlar, all his Substance and Furniture upon his Back, and with as great Variety of Trifles. To him let all young Students make their Compliments for so much Time and Pains sav'd in the Pursuit of useful Knowledge; for whoever shortens a Road, is a Benefactor to the Publick, and to every particular Person who has Occasion to travel that Way.

But to proceed. I have lamented nothing more in my Time, than the Disuse of some ingenious *little Plays*, in Fashion with young Folks, when I was a Boy, and to which the great Facility of that Age, above ours, in composing was certainly owing; and if any Thing has brought a Damp upon the Versification of these Times, we have no farther than this to go for the Cause of it. Now could these Sports be happily reviv'd, I am of Opinion your wisest Course would be to apply your Thoughts to them, and never fail to make a Party when you can, in those profitable Diversions. For Example, *Crambo* is of Extraordinary Use to good *Rhiming* and *Rhiming* is what I have ever accounted the very Essential of a good Poet; And in that Notion I am not singular; for the aforesaid P. *Sidney* has declar'd, *That*

the chief Life of modern Versifying, consisteth in the like sounding of Words, which we call Rhime, which is an Authority, either without Exception, or above any Reply. Wherefore you are ever to try a good Poem as you would a sound Pipkin, and if it rings well upon the Knuckle, be sure there is no Flaw in it. Verse without Rhime, is a Body without a Soul, (for the chief Life consisteth in the Rhime) or a Bell without a Clapper; which, in Strictness, is no Bell, as being neither of Use nor Delight. And the same ever honoured Knight, with so musical an Ear, had that Veneration for the Tunableness and Chiming of Verse, that he speaks of a Poet as one that has the Reverend Title of a Rhimer. Our celebrated Milton has done these Nations great Prejudice in this Particular, having spoiled as many reverend Rhimers, by his Example, as he has made real Poets.

For which Reason, I am overjoy'd to hear, that a very ingenious Youth of this Town, is now upon the useful Design (for which he is never enough to be commended) of bestowing Rhime upon Milton's *Paradise Lost*, which will make your Poem, in that only defective, more Heroick and Sonorous than it hath hitherto been. I wish the Gentleman Success in the Performance; and as it is a Work in which a young Man could not be more happily employed, or appear in with greater Advantage to his Character, so I am concerned that it did not fall out to be your Province.

With much the same View, I would recommend to you the witty Play of *Pictures and Motto's*, which will furnish your Imagination with great Store of Images and suitable Devices. We of these Kingdoms have found our Account in this Diversion, as little as we consider or acknowledge it. For to this we owe our eminent Felicity in Posies of Rings, Motto's of Snuff Boxes, the Humours of Sign-Posts with their elegant Inscriptions, &c. in which kind of Productions not any Nation in the World, no, not the Dutch themselves, will presume to rival us.

For much the same Reason, it may be proper for you to have some Insight into the Play call'd *What is it like*, as of great Use in common Practice, to quicken slow Capacities, and improve the quickest: But the chief End of it is, to supply the Fancy with Variety of *Similies* for all Subjects. It will teach you to bring Things to a Likeness, which have not the least imaginable Conformity in Nature, which is properly Creation, and the very Business of a *Poet* as his Name implies; and let me tell you, a good *Poet* can no more be without a Stock of *Similies* by him, than a *Shoe-Maker* without his *Lasts*. He shou'd have them 'siz'd, and rang'd, and hung up in order in his Shop, ready for all Customers, and shap'd to the Feet of all sorts of Verse: And here I cou'd more fully (and I long to do it) insist upon the wonderful Harmony and Resemblance between a *Poet* and a *Shoe-Maker*, in many Circumstances common to both; such as the Binding of their Temples, the Stuff they work upon, and the Paring-Knife they use, &c. but that I would not digress, nor seem to trifle in so serious a Matter.

Now I say, if you apply your self to these diminutive Sports (not to mention others of equal Ingenuity, such as *Draw-Gloves*, *Cross-Purposes*, *Questions and Commands*, and the rest) it is not to be conceived what Benefit (of Nature) you will find by them, and how they will open the Body of your Invention. To these devote your Spare-Hours, or rather spare all your Hours to them, and then you will act as becomes a wise Man, and make even Diversion an Improvement; like the inimitable Management of the Bee, which does the whole Business of Life at once, and at the same time both *feeds*, and *works*, and *diverts* itself.

Your own Prudence will, I doubt not, direct you to take a Place every Evening amongst the *Ingenious*, in the Corner of a certain *Coffee-House* in this Town, where you will receive a Turn equally right as to *Wit*, *Religion*, and *Politicks*: As likewise to be as frequent at the *Play-House*

House as you can afford, without selling your Books. For in our chaste *Theatre*, even *CATO* himself might sit to the falling of the Curtain: Besides, you will sometimes meet with tolerable Conversation amongst the *Players*; they are such a kind of Men, as may pass upon the same sort of Capacities, for *Wits* off the *Stage*, as they do for fine Gentlemen upon it. Besides that, I have known a Factor deal in as good Ware, and sell as cheap as the Merchant himself that employs him.

Add to this the Expediency of furnishing out your Shelves with a choice Collection of modern *Miscellanies*, in the gayest Edition; and of reading all sorts of *Plays*, especially the *New*, and above all, those of our own Growth, printed by Subscription, in which Article of *Irish Manufacture*, I readily agree to the late Proposal, and am altogether for rejecting and renouncing every Thing that comes from England: To what Purpose should we go thither either for *Coals* or *Poetry*, when we have a *Vein* within ourselves equally Good and more Convenient. *Lastly*,

A *Common-place-Book* is what a provident Poet cannot subsist without, for this proverbial Reason, that *great Wits have short Memories*; and whereas, on the other Hand, *Poets* being *LYARS* by Profession, ought to have good Memories; to reconcile these, a Book of this sort is in the Nature of a Supplemental Memory; or a Record of what occurs remarkable in every Day's Reading or Conversation: There you enter not only your own Original Thoughts, (which, a hundred to one, are, *few and insignificant*) but such of other Men as you think fit to make your own by entering them there. For take this for a Rule, when an Author is in your Books, you have the same Demand upon him for his *Wit*, as a Merchant has for your *Money*, when you are in his.

By these few and easy Prescriptions (with the Help of a good *Genius*) 'tis possible you may in a short time arrive at the Accomplishments of a *Poet*, and shine in
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that Character. As for your manner of Composing, and choice of Subjects, I cannot take upon me to be your Director; but I will venture to give you some short Hints, which you may enlarge upon at your Leisure. Let me entreat you then, by no Means to lay aside that Notion peculiar to our modern Refiners in Poetry, which is, That a *Poet* must never Write or Discourse as the ordinary Part of Mankind do, but in Number and Verse, as an *Oracle*; which I mention the rather, because upon this Principle, I have known Heroes brought into the Pulpit, and a whole Sermon compos'd and deliver'd in Blank Verse, to the vast Credit of the Preacher, no less than the real Entertainment and great Edification of the Audience.

The Secret of which I take to be this. When the Matter of such Discourses is but mere *Clay*, or, as we usually call it, *bad Stuff*, the Preacher, who can afford no better, wisely Moulds, and Polishes, and Drys, and Washes this Piece of *Earthen-Ware*, and then Bakes it with Poetick Fire, after which it will ring like any *Pan-cake*, and is a good Dish to set before common Guests, as every Congregation is, that comes so often for Entertainment to one Place.

There was a good old Custom in Use, which our Ancestors had, of Invoking the Muses at the Entrance of their Poems, I suppose, by Way of craving a Blessing: This the graceless *Moderns* have in a great Measure laid aside, but are not to be followed in that Poetical *Impiety*: for altho' to nice Ears, such Invocations may sound harsh and disagreeable (as tuning Instruments is before a Concert) they are equally necessary. Again, You must not fail to dress your Muse in a Forehead-cloth of *Greek* or *Latin*, I mean, you are always to make use of a *quaint Motto* to all your *Compositions*; for besides that this Artifice bespeaks the Reader's Opinion of the Writer's Learning, it is otherwise useful and commendable. A bright Passage in the Front of a Poem, is a good Mark, like a *Star* in a Horse's Face, and

and the Piece will certainly go off the better for it. The *O's magna sonaturum*, which, if I remember right, Horace makes one Qualification of a good Poet, may teach you not to gagg your Muse, or stint your Self in Words and Epithets (which cost you nothing) contrary to the Practice of some few *out-of-the-way* Writers, who use a natural and concise Expression, and affect a Stile like unto a *Shrewsbury-Cake*, *Short* and *Sweet* upon the Palate; they will not afford you a Word more than is necessary to make them intelligible, which is as poor and niggardly, as it would be to set down no more Meat than your Company will be sure to eat up. Words are but Lacquies to Sense, and will dance Attendance, without Wages or Compulsion; *Verba non invita sequuntur*.

Farthermore, when you set about Composing, it may be necessary, for your Ease and better *Distillation* of Wit, to put on your worst Cloaths, and the worse the better; for an Author, like a *Limbeck*, will yield the better for having a Rag about him: Besides that, I have observed a Gardener cut the outward Rind of a Tree, (which is the *Surtout* of it,) to make it bear well: And this is a natural Account of the usual Poverty of POETS, and is an Argument why Wits, of all Men living, ought to be ill Clad. I have always a secret Veneration for any one I observe to be a little out of Repair in his Person, as supposing him either a Poet or a Philosopher; because the richest Minerals are ever found under the most ragged and withered Surface of Earth.

As for your Choice of Subjects, I have only to give you this Caution; That as a handsome Way of Praising is certainly the most difficult Point in Writing or Speaking, I wou'd by no Means advise any young Man to make his first Essay in PANEGRICK, besides the Danger of it; for a particular Eucotium is ever attended with more Ill-will, than any general Invektive, for which I need give no Reasons; wherefore,

fore, my Counsel is, that you use the *Point* of your *Pen*, not the *Feather*: Let your first Attempt be a *Coup d'Éclat* in the way of *Libel*, *Lampoon*, or *Satyr*. Knock down half a score Reputations, and you will infallibly raise your Own, and so it be with *Wit*, no matter with how little Justice; for Fiction is your Trade.

Every great Genius seems to ride upon Mankind, like *Pyrrhus* on his *Elephant*; and the Way to have the absolute Ascendant of your resty Nag, and to keep your Seat, is, at your mounting, to afford him the Whip and Spurs plentifully, after which, you may travel the rest of the Day with great Alacrity. Once kick the World, and the World and you will live together at a reasonable good Understanding. You cannot but know, that *these* of your *Profession* have been call'd *Genus irritabile vatum*, and you will find it necessary to qualify yourself for that *whapsibb* Society, by exerting your Talent of *Satyr* upon the first Occasion, and to abandon Good-nature, only to prove yourself a true *Poet*, which you will allow to be a valuable Consideration: In a word, a young *Robber* is usually entred by a Murder: A young *Hound* is blooded when he comes first into the Field: A young *BULLY* begins with killing his Man: And a young *POET* must shew his *Wit*, as the other his *Courage*, by cutting and flashing, and laying about him, and banging Mankind.

Lastly, It will be your Wisdom to look out betimes for a good *Service* for your Muse, according to her Skill and Qualifications, whether in the Nature of a *Dairy-Maid*, a *Cook*, or *Chairwoman*: I mean, to hire out your Pen to a *Party* which will afford you both *Pay* and *Protection*; and when you have to do with the *Press*, (as you will long to be there) take care to bespeak an importunate Friend to extort your *Productions* with an agreeable Violence; and which, according to the Cue between you, you must surrender *digito male pertinaci*: There is a Decency in this; for it no more becomes

an Author in Modesty to have a Hand in publishing his own Works, than a Woman in Labour to lay her self.

I wou'd be very loth to give the least Umbrage of Offence by what I have here said, as I may do, if I should be thought to insinuate that these Circumstances of good Writing have been unknown to, or not observed by, the *Poets* of this Kingdom: I will do my Countrymen the Justice to say, they have written by the foregoing Rules with great Exactness, and so far, as hardly to come behind those of their Profession in *England*, in Perfection of low Writing. The *Sublime*, indeed, is not so common with us; but ample Amends is made for that Want, in great Abundance of the *Admirable* and *Amazing*, which appears in all our *Compositions*. Our very good Friend (the Knight aforesaid) speaking of the Force of *Poetry*, mentions *Rhyming to Death*, which (adds he) is said to be done in *Ireland*, and truly to our Honour, be it spoken, that Power, in a great Measure, continues with us to this Day.

I would now offer some poor Thoughts of mine for the Encouragement of *Poetry* in this Kingdom, if I could hope they would be agreeable. I have had many an aking Heart for the ill Plight of that noble Profession here, and it has been my late and early Study how to bring it into better Circumstances. And surely, considering what *Monstrous WITS* in the Poetick Way, do almost daily start up and surprize us in this Town; what prodigious Genius's we have here (of which I could give Instances without Number;) and withal of what great Benefit it might be to our Trade to encourage that Science here, (for it is plain our *Linen-Manufacture* is advanc'd by the great Waste of *Paper* made by our present Sett of *Poets*, not to mention other necessary Uses of the same to *Shopkeepers*, especially *Grocers*, *Apothecaries*, and *Pastry-Cooks*; and I might add, but for our *Writers*, the Nation would in a little time be utterly destitute of *Bum-Fodder*, and must of Necessity import
the

the same from *England* and *Holland*, where they have it in great Abundance, by the indefatigable Labour of their own Wits) I say, these Things consider'd, I am humbly of Opinion, it wou'd be worth the Care of our Governors to cherish Gentlemen of the *Quill*, and give them all proper Encouragements here. And since I am upon the Subject, I shall speak my Mind very *fresh*, and if I added, *sarcastically*, it is no more than my Birth-right as a *Briton*.

Seriously then, I have many Years lamented the want of a *Grub-street* in this our large and polite City, unless the whole may be called *one*. And this I have accounted an unpardonable Defect in our Constitution, ever since I had any Opinions I could call my own. Every one knows *Grub-street* is a Market for *Small-Ware* in WIT, and as necessary, considering the usual Purgings of *human Brain*, as the *Nose* is upon a Man's *Face*: And for the same Reasons we have here a *Court*, a *College*, a *Play-house*, and beautiful *Ladies*, and fine *Gentlemen*, and good *Claret*, and Abundance of *Pens*, *Ink* and *Paper*, (clear of Taxes) and every other Circumstance to provoke WIT; and yet those whose Province it is, have not yet thought fit to appoint a Place for *Evacuations* of it, which is a very hard Case, as may be judg'd by Comparisons.

And truly this Defect has been attended with unspeakable Inconveniencies; for not to mention the Prejudice done to the Common-wealth of Letters, I am of opinion we suffer in our Health by it: I believe our corrupted *Air*, and frequent thick *Fogs*, are in a great Measure owing to the common exposal of our *Wit*, and that with good Management, our poetical *Vapours* might be carry'd off in a *common Drain*, and fall into one Quarter of the Town, without infecting the whole, as the Case is at present, to the great Offence of our *Nobility* and *Gentry*, and others of nice *Noses*. When Writers of all Sizes, like Freemen of the City, are at liberty to throw out their *Filth* and *excrementious Productions*

ductions in every Street as they please, what can the Consequence be, but that the Town must be payson'd, and become such another *Jakes*, as by report of great Travellers, *EDINBURGH* is at Night, a Thing well to be consider'd in these pestilential Times.

I am not of the Society for Reformation of Manners, but, without that pragmatistical Title, I would be glad to see some Amendment in the Matter before us: Wherefore I humbly bespeak the Favour of the *Lord-Mayor*, the *Court of Aldermen*, and *Common-Council*, together with the whole Circle of Arts in this Town, and do recommend this Affair to their most political Consideration; and I persuade myself they will not be wanting in their best Endeavours, when they can serve two such good Ends at once, as both to keep the Town *sweet*, and encourage *Poetry* in it. Neither do I make any Exceptions as to *Satyrical Poets* and *Lampoon Writers*, in Consideration of their Office: For though, indeed, their Business is to rake into *Kennels*, and gather up the *Filth* of *Streets* and *Families*, (in which respect they may be, for ought I know, as necessary to the Town as *SCAVENGERS*, or *CHIMNEY SWEEPS*) yet I have observed they too have themselves at the same Time very foul Cloaths, and like dirty Persons, leave more *Filth* and *Nastiness* than they sweep away.

In a Word, What I would be at (for I love to be plain in Matters of Importance to my Country) is, That some *private Street*, or *blind Alley* of this Town may be fitted up at the Charge of the Publick, as an Apartment for the *Muses*, (like those at *Rome* and *Amsterdam*, for their Female Relations) and be wholly consign'd to the Uses of our *WITS*, furnish'd compleatly with all Appurtenances, such as *Authors*, *Supervisors*, *Presses*, *Printers*, *Hawkers*, *Shops*, and *Ware-Houses*, and abundance of *Garrets*, and every other Implement and Circumstance of *WIT*; the Benefit of which would obviously be this, *viz.* That we should then have a safe Repository for our *BEST Productions*, which at present are handed about in *Single Sheets* or *Manuscripts*, and may

may be altogether lost, (which were a Pity) or at best are subject, in that loose Dress, like handsome Women, to great Abuses.

Another Point, that has cost me some melancholy Reflections, is the present State of the *Play-house*, the Encouragement of which hath an immediate Influence upon the *Poetry* of the Kingdom: As a good Market improves the Tillage of the neighbouring Country, and enriches the Ploughman; neither do we of this Town seem enough to know or consider the vast Benefit of a *Play-House* to our City and Nation: That *Single House* is the Fountain of all our *Love, Wit, Dress, and Gallantry*. It is the School of *Wisdom*; for there we learn to know *What's what*; which, however, I cannot say is always in that Place found Knowledge. There our young Folks drop their *Childish Mistakes*, and come first to perceive their Mother's Cheat of the *Parsley-Bed*; there too they get rid of *Natural Prejudices*, especially those of *Religion and Modesty*, which are great Restraints to a *Free People*. The same is a Remedy for the *Spleen and Blushing*, and several Distempers occasion'd by the Stagnation of the Blood. It is likewise a School of *Common Swearing*; my young Master who at first but minc'd an Oath, is taught there to *mouth* it gracefully, and to Swear as he reads *French, ore rotundo*. Prophaneness was before to him in the Nature of his best Suit, or *Holiday-Cloaths*; but upon frequenting the *Play-House*, *Swearing, Cursing, and Lying*, become like his *Every-day Coat, Waistcoat, and Breeches*. Now I say, *common Swearing*, a Produce of this Country, as plentifully as our Corn, thus cultivated by the *Play-House*, might, with Management, be of wonderful Advantage to the Nation, as a Projector of the *Swearers Bank* has prov'd at large. *Lastly*, the *Stage* in great Measure supports the *Pulpit*; for I know not what our Divines cou'd have to say there against the Corruptions of the Age, but for the *Play-House*, which is the Seminary of them. From which it is plain, the

Pub.

Publick is a Gainer by the *Play-House*, and consequently ought to countenance it; and were I worthy to put in my Word, or prescribe to my Betters, I could say in what Manner.

I have heard that a certain Gentleman has great Designs to serve the Publick in the Way of their Diversions, with due Encouragement; that is, if he can obtain some *Concordatum-Money*, or *Yearly-Salary*, and handsome *Contributions*: And well he deserves the Favours of the Nation; for, to do him Justice, he has an uncommon Skill in Pastimes, having altogether apply'd his Studies that Way, and travell'd full many a League, by Sea and Land, for this his profound Knowledge. With that View alone he has visited all the Courts and Cities in *Europe*, and has been at more pains than I shall speak of, to take an exact Draught of the *Play-House* at the *Hague*, as a Model for a new one here. But what can a private Man do by himself in so publick an Undertaking? It is not to be doubted, but by his Care and Industry vast Improvements may be made, not only in our *Play-House*, (which is his immediate Province) but in our *Gaming-Ordinaries*, *Groom-Porter's*, *Lotteries*, *Bowling-Greens*, *Nine-pin-Allies*, *Bear-Gardens*, *Cock-pits*, *Prizes*, *Puppet* and *Raree-Shows*, and whatever else concerns the elegant Divertilements of this Town. He is truly an *Original Genius*, and I felicitate this our Capital City on his Residence here, where I wish him long to live and flourish for the Good of the Commonwealth.

Once more: If any farther Applications shall be made on t'other Side, to obtain a Charter for a *Bank* here, I presume to make a Request, that *Poetry* may be a Share in that Privilege, being a Fund as real, and to the full as well grounded as our Stocks; but I fear our Neighbours, who envy our *Wit*, as much as they do our *Wealth* or *Trade*, will give no Encouragement to either. I believe also, it might be proper to erect a *Corporation* of *Poets* in this City. I have been idle enough in my Time, to make a Computation of Wits here,

here, and do find we have three hundred performing Poets and upwards, in and about this Town, reckoning six Score to the Hundred, and allowing for *Demi's* like *Pint Bottles*; including also the several Denominations of *Imitators*, *Translators*, and *Familiar-Letter-Writers* &c. One of these last has lately entertained the Town with an original Piece, and such a one as, I dare say, the late *British Spectator*, in his *Decline*, would have call'd, *An excellent Specimen of the true Sublime*; or, *noble Poem*; or, *A fine Copy of Verses, on a Subject perfectly New*, (the Author himself) and had given it Place amongst his latest Lucubrations.

But, as I was saying, so many Poets, I am confident are sufficient to furnish out a CORPORATION in Point of Number. Then for the several Degrees of subordinate Members requisite to such a Body, there can be no Want; for although we have not one Masterly Poet, yet we abound with *Wardens* and *Beadles*, having a Multitude of *Poetafters*, *Poettito's*, *Parcel-Poets*, *Poet-Apes*, and *Philo-Poets*, and many of inferior Attainments in Wit, but strong Inclinations to it, which are by Odds more than all the rest. Nor shall I ever be at Ease, 'till this Project of mine (for which I am heartily thankful to myself) shall be reduced to Practice. I long to see the Day, when our Poets will be a regular and distinct Body, and wait upon our Lord Mayor on publick Days, like other good Citizens, in Gown turn'd up with Green instead of Laurels; and when myself, who make this Proposal, shall be free of their Company.

To conclude, What if our Government had a Poet Laureat *here, as in England*? What if our University had a Professor of Poetry *here, as in England*? What if our Lord Mayor had a City Bard *here, as in England*? And, to refine upon *England*, What if every Corporation, Parish, and Ward in this Town, had a Poet in Fee, *as they have Not in England*? Lastly, What if every one - *alify'd* were obliged to add one more than

usual

usual to the Number of his Domesticks, and besides a
Foot and a *Chaplain*, (which are often united in one
 Person) would retain a *Poet* in his Family; for perhaps,
 a *Rhimer* is as necessary amongst Servants of a House,
 as a *Dobben* with his Bells at the Head of a Team: But
 these Things I leave to the Wisdom of my Superiors.

While I have been directing your Pen, I should not
 forget to govern my own, which has already exceeded
 the Bounds of a Letter: I must therefore take my
 Leave abruptly, and desire you, without farther Cere-
 mony, to believe that I am, Sir,

Dec. 1. 1720.

Your most humble Servant.

A New PROJECT for the DE- STRUCTION of Printing and Bookselling; for the Benefit of the LEARNED WORLD.

Præbet iter liquidum labenti in pectore voci.

STRADA.

Qui non credit,

Let Him read it.

PROJECTORS are a Set of Men, with whose
 Conversation I have been always extremely de-
 lighted, notwithstanding the disadvantageous Opinion
 the World has generally conceived of them. It must
 be owned in their Favour, that if the Publick has not
 been much benefited by their Studies, it has sustained
 less Hurt from them, than the Persons themselves.
 Many of them have been undone, by fruitlessly endea-

vouring to serve their Fellow-Creatures; so that they are entitled to our good Will, even when their Labours have been most unsuccessful.

A general History of Projects, would be an Undertaking well deserving the Pains of any curious Person, who did not know how to employ his Time otherwise; and perhaps afford as many entertaining Speculations to the Learned World, as the celebrated Performance of PANCIROLLUS. I have seen a Treatise, entitled the ART OF GROWING RICH; and I fancy, this might, with much greater Propriety, be called the ART OF GROWING POOR; the experimental Philosophers of whom I am speaking, being remarkable for their Dexterity in the Dissipation of Treasure, and dissolving the strongest Ties, between a Usurer and his Bags.

The PHILOSOPHER'S STONE, and the PERPETUAL MOTION, could not miss being among the principal Embellishments of this Work, any more than the ART OF FLYING, which set so many of the Virtuoso's of the last Age upon their Tiptoes. But I do not remember a more hopeful Project, than one which was lately communicated to our Tribunal, in order to be recommended by us to the Publick. It is an Invention for the Improvement, or rather the Preservation of Letters, by BARRELING OF SOUNDS; by means whereof, the Author proposes to save vast Quantities of Human Speech, that are now irrecoverably lost, and make a Cask perform the Office of a Spokesman upon any Occasion, to the singular Benefit of Multitudes, whose Lungs are at present most immoderately wasted, through a too great Effusion of Words. He says, he cannot apprehend any greater Difficulty in preserving Sounds for the Ears than for the Eyes; especially since it seems the most natural Way, as will appear to any one, who considers how oddly it would have sounded (before the Art of Writing was invented) to have talk'd of speaking to the Eyes. And the Learned World would enjoy the same Benefit from a Vault of sound

Litera-

Literature, as they now do from a Library, and at a much smaller Expence. For it would require only a good Pair of Lungs at first, to tan up any Book now extant in a convenient Vessel; and afterwards it might be drawn off as there should be occasion for it, and all this without any Loss of the intellectual Fluid, provided the Tapiser would take due Care in drawing off one Cask, to have another ready to receive the Contents. And this Method of Reading would be attended with another Advantage, that, whenever a Tub of useful Knowledge were set a-going, great Numbers might drink it in at the same time, and a whole Parish peruse a Book at once, if it were poured in by a good Voice, and set a-broach in a proper Place.

Honest TOM VERGER, who is excellent at smelling out a Plot, especially if it threatens any Danger to the Church, immediately fell foul of this Project, as a very wicked and Heathenish Invention. He smothered his Resentment pretty well at first, but could hold no longer, when the Artist came to mention the Distribution of a Barrel of Knowledge among a Parish, as one of the Advantages of this Scheme. This he thought shewed plainly, that the Design had been hatched among the Sectaries, who had been so long accustomed to TUBS, that they could easily be induced to exchange one Vessel for another. The Clergy in particular ought to oppose it, as a cursed Contrivance, to render their Order useless and insignificant. For if the Project took place, a Parish would have nothing more to do, but to buy a Hogshcad of *Tillafson*, or *Barrow* and set it up in the Church, where the Sexton, or any other sorry Rascal, might run a Peg into it, and let it out among the People at his Pleasure, as well as an Archbishop. Besides, he was very much troubled to observe, that we had too many wooden Preachers already, to be under any Necessity of encreasing the Number; and concluded very bluntly, that if we offered to give the least Encouragement to it, he would make use of the Privi-

ledge of his Office, and *forbid* all our farther Proceedings in the Matter.

It was no very great Difficulty to persuade every one of my Colleagues, that we had no manner of Business to embark in this Project, and that there was no mighty Probability of its turning to account. However, tho I do not pretend to recommend the Thing itself, yet there being several Particulars in the Scheme, that are well worth the Readers Observation, it may not be amiss to give a Specimen of it, which I shall do in the Author's own Words.

It is an undoubted Truth, confirmed by a Multitude of Experiments, that the Air is a Body capable of being compressed, and confined within a narrower Space, than what it occupies, while it is floating unrestrained about the Surface of this Terraqueous Globe. It is likewise no less certain, that Sounds are nothing else but Air put in Motion, and striking the Organs of Hearing, which it happens to encounter in its Way before the Motion is spent. The Consideration hereof first made me inclinable to think, that Air in Motion might be compressed, and consequently preserved, as well as any Part of the stagnant Atmosphere. The only Difficulty seemed to be in finding out proper Vessels for retaining the sonorous Fluid, and afterward discharging it with such different Degrees of Velocity as might cause the same Undulations upon the second Emission, as at the first. This with much Study and Labour, I have at last happily discovered. And, tho I have at present unfortunately lost my Instruments, for performing this admirable Experiment; yet, if I had sufficient Encouragement from the Government, should not doubt bringing it, in a few Months, to the same Perfection as formerly. But as the Operation is attended with a very great Expence, and as I have already wasted my Fortune by my Studies, it is impossible for me to carry it on any further, without the Assistance of the Publick.

The many curious Experiments, that might by this Means be made upon all kinds of Sounds, but particularly Languages, may serve to shew the Advantages that would redound to the World from this wonderful Invention. The Quantity of Liquids in any Language, which contribute so much to the Grace and Smoothness of it, might hereby be determined with the utmost Exactness. For it is known, that nothing purifies and separates all Liquids better than a Cask. While I was engag'd in this Process, I made a great many OBSERVATIONS on the different Strength and Purity of most Languages that are in the World, by considering them merely in the nature of Fluids. Thus I have found the GREEK and LATIN, though they are called dead Languages, to make the finest of Liquors, and of such Strength, that they will keep for Ages, without being in the least impair'd: Whereas, most of the Modern Tongues run off very foul, have a prodigious Sediment of impure Particles, and are extremely apt to decay. Our own Language seems to be in a better Condition than many of them; and if duly purged, and carefully stopped, may amount to the Fineness and Strength of BRITISH BEER. The ITALIAN may be compared to FLORENCE Oyl, a Fluid incomparably fine and smooth, but without either Strength or Spirit. The SPANISH Tongue, like their Wines, is rich, and full, but extremely apt to ferment, which I look upon to be one principal Cause why the People of that Nation are so much addicted to the Rhodomontado. And in general, I have always found the Language of any Country, when barrell'd up, to bear a very great Analogy to the Liquors, which are either produced, or most in Vogue in it.

Divers surprizing Observations may likewise be made on the different Sounds in the same Language, which operate differently in a Vessel according to the several Passions, of which they are the Expressions. The same Cask, that will serve for the Preservation of Prose, will not do for Poetry. And all the different Species of

Poetry require so many different Sorts of Tannage Bumbast, whether in Verse, or Prose, I never could make any thing of in regard it always bursts whatever it is put into. Promises also participate much of the same Nature, especially if they be of the Brewery of Great Men. And I have so often made the same Remark on the Vows of Lovers, and the Resolutions of Patriots, that I almost begin to despair of preserving them one whole Season; though if I could once bring them to that, I imagine, they have such a natural Strength, and Spirit in them, that a Cellar of either might, like OLD HOEK, be transmitted from Generation to Generation. A Misfortune of a different kind attends all manner of Secrets; they are of such a penetrating Quality, that they are apt to weep thro' the Vessel, to which they are committed; and often times are entirely run out, before there appears the least Sign of a Leakage. And after all, they make a Liquor of so little Use, however intoxicated some People may be with the Love of it, that I scarce think it would be worth while to employ my Art in the Preservation of it.

What I have principally in View, is the barreling up of sound Literature, and all solid and rational Discourses, that are capable of bearing the TEST. *By means hereof, Learning would be rendered more diffusive, and be more cheaply acquired by the common People, than by the present Method of printed Books.* There might be Cellars of Erudition erected in every Parish in the Kingdom, and Word-Coopers employ'd to draw off a Pipe of Philosophy, Politicks, or even Divinity, as they should be wanted. For it would only require a good Pair of Lungs.

The remaining Part of this marvellous Piece, we think proper to suppress, on Account of the just Exception taken at it by Mr. *Verger*. For whatever others may do, whose Zeal has sometimes appear'd in a much greater Altitude than theirs, yet the *Tribunes* of the People never had the least Inclination to turn the Religion of their Country into a *Tale of a Tub*.

THE
BROKEN MUG.
A
T A L E.

HOW shall I now the *Nine* invoke;
Since all my Comfort's crack'd and broke
Then let my Sorrows have some Vent,
Proportion'd to my Discontent;
In all Affairs of Human Life,
So intermix'd with Joy and Strife.
My MUG still sweeten'd all my Care,
My Sorrows still were drowned there.
This, with an honest jolly Friend,
To anxious Thoughts could put an End.
Which still clos'd up the Tolls of Day,
And made the Minutes glide away.
But now I have no MUG to drink,
Nor scarce the Pow'r to write or think.

ASSIST ye Nymphs, with Wit and Skill
A Native of Parnassus Hill,
Who

Who now implores the *sacred Nine*
To raise his Thoughts in ev'ry Line.

Your Property is not to flint,
Or give a MUG with nothing in't.
Since Bards are subject to be dry,
We beg before our Skill we try,
A Draught of the *Castalian Spring*,
To clear our Pipes before we sing.

THIS MUG which I lament in Tears
Hath serv'd me well for many Years.
That useful Piece of Furniture
Is broke and shatter'd past all Cure.
Nor can it e'er be hoop'd with Tin
As other *broken Mugs* have been;
Whose Ruptures cur'd by Tinker's Trufs,
Are still of special Use to us.

BUT now alas! 'tis all in vain
To join thy Particles again.
What Cost would I, on Thee bestow
To have Thee now in *Statu quo*?
Thou MUG, the Subject of my Song,
Should'st not lie still, nor empty long.
In Silver Hoops thou should'st appear,
Well tipp'd, and frothing full of Beer;
Whose fragrant Bubbles gently fall,
Till by Degrees contracted small
They on thy Centre, form a Rose
So grateful to our Eyes and Nose;
Whose mantling Juice does far out-shine
The Sparkling of the choicest Wine.

IT was a *Family-old MUG*,
At which our Friends did often tugg;
'Twas bought when I was but a Youth,
And Granny says upon her Truth,
A finer MUG was never bought,
Although it cost her but a Groat,

The Potter surely play'd his Part,
 For 'twas a Master-Piece of Art.
 He form'd it of well temper'd Stuff,
 To make it durable and tough.
 The Concave and the Convex white,
 Appear'd most pleasing to the Sight.
 'Twould puzzle EUCLID or DESCART
 To take Dimensions of each Part.
 The Base whereon it stood was round,
 The rest with various Shapes abound;
 Not truly Spherical, nor Conick,
 Cylindrical, nor Parabolick.
 All from the Bottom to the Ear,
 Was like the *Frustrum* of a Sphere.
 The rest much like that of a Cone,
 To which was fix'd one Ear alone.
 Tho' one shou'd think another Lug,
 Might well become so large a Mug.

BUT be it known unto you, Sirs,
 Some modern wise Geometers
 Thought it a surer Way, and quicker,
 To fill the MUG with humming Liquor.
 Then handing it from North to South,
 They took the Gauge by Word of Mouth.
 For when it went full nine times round,
 By long Experience they found,
 It held two Quarts by Estimation,
 And some few Tenths by Calculation.
 Then to compleat what they begun,
 They inch'd it like a Brewer's-Tun;
 And in a Minute wou'd descry,
 Their several Inches wet or dry.
 They estimated near enough
 A Conick or Cylindrick Hoof.
 Whene'er the MUG was on a Stoop,
 They told the Ullage to a Sup.

It serv'd a double Prentice-ship,
 And never got a Crack or Slip,
 Untill by Chance the other Day,
 (To shew the Frailty of our Clay)
 It got a most unlucky Fall,
 Which may be Warning to us all.
 For let us live to NESTOR's Age,
 We must at last go off the Stage,
 'Twas made in ANNA's glorious Reign,
 And always kept both sweet and clean,
 Her Health was often drank thereout.
 In March or in October Stout.
 It went about just with the Sun,
 And in a Circle still did run;
 'Twould drain a Cellar e'er so deep,
 And from an Inundation keep,
 That Quarter of the Town, you know,
 Where high Spring-Tides do overflow;
 For in a Day it would exhale
 The Lord knows how much Beer or Ale.
 Nor could it lose it's Virtue quite
 Till it was nine or ten at Night.
 It was a Planet without doubt,
 For Day and Night it went about.
 And had its Periodick Times
 As regular as *Christ Church*-Chimes.
 Then by nocturnal Observation,
 We found its Virtue and Pulsion;
 (When like the Sea it ebb'd and flow'd)
 Its various Operations shew'd.
 And different Influence on Men,
 About the Hours of eight and ten.

'Twas on a Day, some Friends and I
 Were seated on *Parnassus* high.
 My Friends began to hem and cough,
 With Voices hoarse and very rough,
 By long debating *Pro* and *Con*
 Whether the Earth mov'd, or the Sun,

Who

Who writ the best Philosophy
 COPERNICUS or PTOLOMY,
 Whether they were not both out-done,
 By NEWTON's *Principles* alone.
 Tho' now the Mode, 'tis not my Way,
 To entertain my Friends with Tea.
 We Bards don't love our Drink too new,
 Nor can we spare the Time to brew.
 We use no Tea nor Coffee here,
 They're both insipid, and too dear,
 They never can clear up the Brain,
 Or put us in a merry Vein,
 To some they give ill-natur'd Fits,
 While base *Detractors* pass for Wits.
 From whose vile Censure who is free,
 All suffer by their rash Decree.
 I guess'd my Brother Bards were dry,
 Then begg'd a Nymph who lives hard by,
 To step to *Helicon* in haste,
 And bring the Mug full of the best.
 In haste as she tripp'd down the Stairs
 With graceful Air, but unawares,
 Precipitating on her Hoop,
 As she ran downwards made her stoop,
 Down fell the Nymph, the Mug and all,
 The Loss was great, and great the Fall.
 The Nymph return'd with nimble Foot,
 But got her Finger sorely cut.
 The Tydings told with panting Breath,
 How she escap'd a sudden Death.
 The shatter'd Limbs—Oh dire Mishap!
 She brought up gather'd in her Lap,
 With Fractures of the Mug so small,
 No Art could e'er cement them all.

THOU best of MUGS *Adieu, Adieu*
 Since I am doom'd to follow you,
 I am but Clay, and so wert Thou.
 When I go off, or where, or how.

I can

785 The WORKS of

I cannot tell; but still must strive
To keep this *Microcosm* alive.
To wet my Clay as it grows dry
Lest it should into *Atoms* fly.

ON
PADDY'S Character
OF THE
INTELLIGENCER.

AS a Thorn-bush, or Oaken-bough,
Stuck in an Irish Cabbin's Brow,
Above the Door, at Country-fair,
Betokens Entertainment there,
So Bays on Poets Brows have been
Set, for a Sign of Wit within.
And as ill Neighbours in the Night,
Pull down an Ale-house-Bush for Spite,
The Laurel so, by Poets worn,
Is by the Teeth of Envy torn,
Envy, a Canker-Worm which tears
Those Sacred Leaves that Lightning spares.
And now to exemplify this Moral,
Tom having earn'd a Twig of Laurel.
(Which measur'd on his Head, was found
Not long enough to reach half round,
But like a Girl's Cockade, was ty'd
A Trophy, on his Temple-side.)
PADDY, repin'd to see him wear,
This Badge of Honour in his Hair,

And

And thinking this *Cockade of Wit*
 Would his *own Temples* better fit,
 Forming his Muse by * *MEDLEY's Model*,
 Lets drive at TOM's devoted Noddle,
 Pelts him by Turns with *Verse and Prose*,
Humms, like a *Hornet* at his Nose,
 At length, presumes to vent his Satyr on
 The DEAN, TOM's *honour'd Friend and Patron*.
 The EAGLE in the Tale, ye know,
Teaz'd by a *Buzzing Wasb*, below,
 Took Wing to JOVE, and hop'd to rest
 Securely in the *Thunderer's Breast*,
 In vain; *even there* to spoil his Nod,
 The SPITEFUL INSECT *stung* the God.

* A Dean then in Ireland, and would be Poet, who
 hoped to arrive at Fame, by attacking that of other Writers
 Editions.

THE

STORM.

PALLAS, a Goddess, chaste and wise,
 Descending lately from the Skies;
 To Neptune went, and beg'd in Form,
 He'd give his Orders for a Storm:
 A Storm to drown that Rascal H—,
 And she would kindly thank him for't:
 The Wretch whom *Irish* Knaves (to spite her)
 Had lately honour'd with a Mitre. The

The God to favour her Request,
Assur'd her, he would do his best.

But *Venus* had been there before,
Pleaded the B———'s lov'd a W——re;
And had enlarg'd her Empire wide,
He own'd no Deity beside.

At Sea or Land if e'er you found him
Without a Mistress, hang or drown him,
Since B———'s Death, the Bishop's Bench,
'Till H——— arriv'd, ne'er kept a Wench;
If H——— must sink, she grieves to tell it,
She'll not have left one single Prelate:

And she must own, she did intend him
Elect for *Cyprus*, in *Commendam*.

And since her Birth the Ocean gave her,
She could not doubt her Uncle's Favour.

Then *Proteus* made the same Request,
But half in Earnest, half in Jest;

Said he, great Sov'reign of the Main,
To drown him, all Attempts are vain;
He can assume more Shapes, than I,

A Rake, or Bully, Pimp, or Spy:
Can run, or creep, or fly, or swim,
All Motions are alike to him.

Turn him adrift, and you shall find,
He knows to sail, with ev'ry Wind.
Or throw him over-board, he'll ride
As well against, as with the Tide.

And *Pallas*, your apply too late,
For 'tis decreed by *Jove*, and Fate,
That *Ireland* must be soon destroy'd,

Then who but H———, should be employ'd?
You need not therefore be so pert,
On sending *Boston*, to *Clonsfort*:

I find you did it by your Grinning,
Your Business is, to mind your Spinning,
And how you came to interpose

In making B———, no Man knows.

Or who regarded your Report ?
 For never were you seen at Court.
 But if you must have your Petition,
 Here's *Berkely*, in the same Condition ;
 Look how he stands, and 'tis but just,
 If *H——* : must drown the *Doctor* now :
 But if you leave us *B——* *Judas*,
 We'll give you *Berkely* for *Bermudas*.
 Or if 'twill gratify your Spite,
 To put him in a plaguy Fright,
 (Although 'twill hardly quit the Cost)
 You soon shall see him soundly tost ;
 You'll find, he'll swear, blaspheme, and damn,
 And every Moment take a *Dram* :
 His ghastly Visage with an Air
 Of Reprobation and Despair ;
 Or when some hiding Hole he seeks,
 For fear the rest should say he *speaks* ;
 Or as *Fitz-Patrick* did before,
 Resolv'd to perish with his *W——re* ;
 Or when he raves, or roars and swears,
 And but for shame would say his *Pray is* ;
 Or would you see his Spirits sink,
 Refluxing downwards in a Stink ;
 If such a Scene as this can please ye,
 Good Madam *Pallas*, pray be easy.
 Let *Neptune* speak, and I'll consent,
 But he'll come back, the Rogue he went.
 The Goddess who receiv'd a Hope,
 That *H——* was destin'd for a Rope,
 Believ'd it best to condescend,
 And spare a Rogue, to save a Friend ;
 Yet fearing *Berkely* might be scar'd,
 She left him *Virue*, for his Guard.

A R I D D L E.

By Dr. DELANY.

Inscribed to the Lady CARTERET.

I Reach all Things near me, and far off to boot,
 Without stretching a Finger, or stirring a Foot.
 I take them all in too, to add to your Wonder,
 Tho' many and various, and large and afunder.
 Without jostling or crowding they pass Side by Side,
 Thro' a wonderful Wicket, not half an Inch wide.
 Then I lodge them at Ease in a very large Store,
 Of no Breadth, or Length, with a thousand Things more.
 All this I can do without Witchcraft or Charm,
 Tho' sometimes they say I bewitch, and do Harm;
 Tho' cold I inflame, and tho' quiet invade,
 And nothing can shield from my Spell but a Shade.
 A Thief that has robb'd you, or done you Disgrace,
 In magical Mirrour I'll show you his Face:
 Nay, if you'll believe what the Poets have said,
 They'll tell you I kill, and can call back the Dead.
 Like Conjurers safe in my Circle I dwell,
 I love to look black too, it heightens my Spell;
 Tho' my Magick is mighty in every Hue,
 Who see all my Power must see it in You.

The Same Answer'd by Dr. S W I F T.

W I T H half an EYE
Your *Riddle* I spy.

I observe your Wicket
Hemm'd in by a Thicket,
And whatever passes,
Is strained thro' Glasses.
You're reported to dwell,
Like a *Monk* in a Cell,
You say it is quiet,
I flatly deny it:
It wanders about,
Without stirring out,
No Passion so weak
But gives it a Tweak,
Love, Joy, and Devotion
Set it always in Motion.
And as for the Tragick
Effects, of its Magick,
Which you say it can kill,
Or revive at its Will,
The Dead are all found
And revive above Ground.
After all you have writ,
It cannot be Wit.
Which plainly does follow,
Since it flies from *Apollo*,
Its Cowardise such,
It cries at a Touch,
'Tis a perfect Milkop,
Grows drunk with a Drop.
Another great Fault,
It cannot bear Salt;
And a Hair can disarm
It of every Charm.

A PETITION to his Grace the Duke of GRAFTON.

Non Domus Et Fundus.

HOR.

IT was, my Lord, the dextrous Shift
Of t'other *Jonathan*, viz. *Swift*,
But now *St. Patrick's*, saucy Dean,
With silver Verge, and Surplice clean,
Of *Oxford*, or of *Ormond's* Grace
In looser Rhyme to beg a Place.
A Place He got, yclep'd a Stall,
And eke a thousand Pounds withal;
And were he a less witty Writer
He might as well have got a Mitre.

THUS I the *Jonathan* of *Connor*
In humble Lays my Thanks to offer,
Approach your Grace with grateful Heart,
My Thanks and Verse devoid of Art,
Content with what your Bounty gave,
No larger Income do I crave:
Rejoycing that in *better Times*
GRAFTON requires my loyal Lines.
Proud! while my *Patron* is *polite*,
I likewise to the Patriot write.
Proud! that at once I can commend
King *George's* and the Muse's Friend,
Endear'd to *Britain* and to Thee,
(Disjoyn'd *Hibernia* by the Sea)
Endear'd by twice three anxious Years,
Employ'd in Guardian Toils and Cares;
By Love, by Wisdom, and by Skill,
For He has sav'd Thee against thy Will.

BUT where shall SMEDLY make his Nest
 And lay his wandering Head to Rest?
 Where shall he find a decent House
 To treat his Friends, and chear his Spouse?
 Oh! lack, my Lord, some pretty Cure,
 In wholesome Soil, and Æther pure;
 The Garden stor'd with artless Flowers,
 In either Angle shady Bowers.
 No gay *Parterre* with costly Green,
 Within the ambient Hedge be seen:
 Let Nature freely take her Course,
 Nor fear from one ungrateful Force;
 No Sheers shall check her sprouting Vigour,
 Nor shape the Yews to antick Figure:
 A limpid Brook shall *Trouts* supply
 In *May* to take the mimic Fly,
 Round a small Orchard may it run,
 Whose Apples redden to the Sun.
 Let all be snug, and warm, and neat,
 For *fifty* turn'd a safe Retreat.
 A little *Euston* may it be,
Euston I'll carve on ev'ry Tree.
 But then to keep it in Repair,
 My Lord—*Twice fifty Pounds* a Year
 Will barely do; but if your *Grace*
 Could make them *hundreds*—charming Place!
 Thou then would'st show another Face.

C——n! far North, my Lord, it lies,
 Midst snowy Hills, inclement Skies,
 One shivers with the *Artick* Wind,
 One hears the *Polar Axis* grind.
 Good *John* indeed with Beef and Claret,
 Makes the Place warm that one may bear it.
 He has a Purse to keep a Table,
 And eke a Soul as hospitable.
 My Heart is good; but *Assets* fail,
 To fight with Storms of Snow and Hail;

Besides the Country's thin of People,
 Who seldom meet; but at the Steeple:
 The strapping Dean that's gone to *Down*,
 Ne'er nam'd the Thing without a Frown,
 When much fatigu'd with Sermon-Study,
 He felt his Brain grow dull and muddy.
 No fit Companion cou'd be found
 To push the lazy Bottle round;
 Sure then for want of better Folks,
 To pledge, *his Clerk was Orthodox.*

AH! how unlike to *Gerard-Street*,
 Where Beaus and Belles in Parties meet,
 Where gilded Chairs and Coaches throng,
 And jostle as they trowl along;
 Where *Tea* and *Coffee* hourly flow,
 And *Gape-Seed* does in Plenty grow;
 And *Grix* (no Clock more certain) cries
 Exact at Seven, *Hot Mutton-Pies.*
 There Lady *Luna* in her Sphere
 Once shone, when *Paunceforth* was not near,
 But now she wains, and, as 'tis said,
 Keeps sober Hours, and goes to Bed.
 There——but 'tis endless to write down
 All the Amusements of the Town;
 And Spouse will think herself quite undone
 To trudge to *Connor* from sweet *London.*
 And care we must our Wives to please
 Or——else we shall be ill at ease.

Y o u see, my Lord, what 'tis I lack,
 'Tis only some convenient Tack,
 Some Parsonage House, with Garden sweet,
 To be my late, my last Retreat;
 A decent Church-Close by its Side,
 There preaching, praying, to reside;
 And as my Time securely rolls,
 To save my own, and others Souls.

His Grace's ANSWER.

— By Dean SWIFT.

DEAR Smed, I read thy brilliant Lines,
 Where Wit in all its Glory shines;
 Where Compliments with all their Pride
 Are by thy Numbers dignify'd:
 I hope to make you yet as clean,
 As that same, *viz. St. Patrick's Dean*.
 I'll give thee *Surplice, Verge, and Stall*,
 And may be something else withal.
 And were you not so good a Writer
 I should present you with a Mitre.
 Write worse then, *if you can*---Be wise-----
 Believe me, 'tis *the Way to rise*.
 Talk not of *making of thy Nest*,
Ab! never lay thy Head to rest!
That Head so well with Wisdom fraught!
That writes without the Toil of Thought.
 While others wrack their busy Brains,
 You are not in the least at Pains.
 Down to your *Deanery* repair,
 And build a *Castle in the Air*.
 I'm sure a Man of your fine Sense
 Can do it with a small Expence.
 There your *Dear Spouse*, and you together,
 May breathe your Bellies-full of *Aether*.
 When *Lady Luna* is your Neighbour,
 She'll help your *Wife* when she's in Labour.
 Well skill'd in Midwife Artifices,
 For she herself oft' falls in Pieces.

There you shall see a *rare Show*,
 Will make you scorn this *World below*,
 When you behold the milky Way,
 As white as Snow, as bright as Day,
 The glitt'ring Constellations roll
 About the grinding *Artick Pole*.
 The lovely tingling in your Ears,
 Wrought by the Musick of the Spheres—
 Your Spouse shall then no longer hector,
 You need not fear a Curtain Lecture;
 Nor shall she think that she is *undone*
 For quitting her beloved *London*.
 When she's exalted in the Skies
 She'll never think of Mutton-Pies,
 When you're advanc'd above *Dian*, viz
 You'll never think of Goody *Grix*.
 But ever, ever live at Ease,
 And strive, and strive *your Wife to please*,
 In her you'll center all your Joys,
 And get ten thousand *Girls and Boys*:
 Ten thousand Girls and Boys you'll get,
 And they like Stars shall *rise and set*.
 While *you and Spouse* transform'd, shall soon
 Be a *new Sun* and a *new Moon*:
 Nor shall you strive your Horns to hide,
 For then your Horns shall be your *Pride*.

An Excellent New SONG, being
the intended SPEECH of a fa-
mous Orator against Peace.

AN Orator *difmal* of Nottinghamshire,
Who has forty Years let out his Conscience to hire,
Out of Zeal for his Country, and want of a Place,
Is come up, *vi & armis*, to break the Queen's Peace.
He has vamp't an old Speech, and the Court to their
sorrow,
Shall hear him harrangue against PRIOR to Morrow.
When once he begins, he never will flinch,
But repeats the same Note a whole Day like a Finch.
I have heard all the Speech repeated by Hoppy,
And *Mistakes to prevent*, I have obtain'd a Copy.

The SPEECH.

WHearas, *Notwithstanding*, I am in great Pain,
To hear we are making a Peace without Spain;
But, *most noble Senators*, 'tis a great Shame
There should be a Peace, while I'm *Not in game*.
The Duke shew'd me all his fine House; and the
Dutchess
From her Closet brought out a full Purse in her Clutches,
I talk'd of a Peace, and they both gave a Start,
His Grace swore by God, and her Grace let a Fart:
My long old *fashion'd Pocket*, was presently cram'd;
And sooner than vote for a Peace I'll be damn'd.

But,

But, some will cry *Turn-Coat*, and rip up old Stories,
How I always pretended to be for the *Tories*:

I answer; the *Tories* were in my good Graces,
Till all my *Relations* were put into *Places*.
But still I'm in Principle ever the same,
And will quit my best Friends, while I'm *Not in game*.

When I and some others subscribed our Names
To a Plot for expelling my Master King *James*;
I withdrew my Subscription by help of a *Blot*,
And so might discover, or gain by the Plot:
I had my Advantage and stood at Defiance,
For *Daniel* was got from the Den of the Lions:
I came in without Danger; and was I to blame?
For rather than *hang*, I would be *Not in game*.

I swore to the *Queen* that the *Prince of Ha—er*
During her Sacred Life, should never come over:
I made use of a *Trope*; that an *Heir* to invite,
Was like keeping her Monument always in sight.
But when I thought proper, I alter'd my Note;
And in her own hearing I boldly did Vote,
That her Majesty stood in great need of a Tutor,
And must have an old or a young *Coadjutor*:
For why; I would fain have put all in a Flame,
Because, for some Reasons, I was *Not in game*.

Now my new *Benefactors* have brought me about,
And I'll vote against Peace, *with Spain*, or *without*:
Tho' the *Court* gives my Nephews, and Brothers, and
Cousins,

And all my whole Family, *Places* by Dozens;
Yet since I know where a full *Purse* may be found,
And hardly pay Eighteenpence Tax in the Pound:
Since the *Tories* have thus disappointed my Hopes,
And will neither regard my *Figures* nor *Tropes*;
I'll *Speech* against Peace while *Dismal's* my Name,
And be a true *Whig*, while I am *Not in game*.

Some Reasons humbly offer'd, why
Castration instead of Death may prove
to be the most effectual Method of
punishing Persons found guilty of
Robbery and Theft.

1. IF the following Reasons be approv'd of, a Law may be made to continue in Force for a short Time, or Term of Years till the Experiment be fully tried.

2^{dly}. The Laws of God to his People seem to be very tender of Life in those Cases, which may direct us to inflict some other Punishment instead of Death. We do not find by the Scriptures, that Castration of Mankind was plainly forbidden; and we read of Eunuchs to have been Men of great Esteem in Primitive Times; and some of them Ministers of State in the Eastern Courts.

3^{dly}. It is affirm'd, that in most of the *British* Plantations in *America*, the Planters begin to be tir'd of the Rogues that are transported thither, (especially from *Ireland*,) and are unwilling to receive any more of them, so that we are under a Necessity of contriving what is best to be done with them here, where they seem to encrease upon our Hands, and it is certain many of them return back again, and become as great Rogues as before, often putting us to the Expence of more than five Pounds apeece for their Transportation.

4th. By the Evidence at Trials, and the Confessions of Men at the Gallows, it appears that many of them were brought to that shameful End, chiefly by follow-

following lewd Women, and indulging their Lusts from which Men will be terrified hereafter, when they think of the dreadful Punishment of Castration.

5th. Since the Pleasures of Love, and Hopes of Issue are almost universal, no Punishment can be invented, that can have a deeper Impression upon the Mind; People will be more careful in the Education of their Children, and give them early Correction when they first begin to practice the Art of Thieving; Mothers, Nurses, and all Females, who have the greatest Influence on little Children (For certain Reasons) will be always plying them with good Advice and smart Whipping for every little pilfering Trick: By these Means, honest Principles will be so fix'd, that they will scarce ever wear out, and such Females as formerly entic'd Men to commit Robbery, and Theft, will then turn their most powerful Arguments against it, to persuade them to live honestly, rather than hazard a Loss that cannot be retriev'd, so from a careful Education of Youth, Honesty, Industry, Religion, and Virtue will be in greater Esteem among us.

6th. The Pains of Hanging are quickly over, and the Death and Name of the Party are soon Forgotten: Whereas, the Circumstances of Castration will remain as a living Monument of Shame and Disgrace, and will more effectually deter People from those Crimes, for which they suffer'd, than if they had been hung in Chains on a Gibbet, where the Body and Bones, continue but a short Time, and that only in one Place, while the gelded Thief will sometimes be obliged to travel from Town to Town where the Mob will follow him as a May-Game, or an outlandish Monster.

7th. In most civiliz'd Nations there is an Abhorrence of Robbery, and Theft, and the Punishment of Criminals is executed with greater Severity abroad than with us, so that we cannot be justly tax'd by our Neighbours for Cruelty, in making this Law instead of Death, since Disputes about Religion are out of the Case,

Case, for it is not the Intent of this Paper, that Clergymen or Preachers of any Religion, shou'd for any Offence be liable to this Punishment least it shou'd be made a Precedent to Turks, Pagans, or Infidels, by that Means to hinder the Progress of Christianity, in Countries where Castration is practis'd.

8th. There was once a Rebellion, and some Murders committed by the *Moors* in the Island of *Barbadoes*; where the Planters wisely consider'd that many of them would be Losers by putting all the Guilty to Death, whereupon, a great Number of the rebellious Slaves, were order'd (like some wild vicious Cattle) to suffer the Punishment of Castration, and although it was perform'd by some Surgeons of Ships, who never saw the like before, yet very few died of the Operation, this struck such a Terror in the Minds of the Blacks, that we never heard that they attempted any more Rebellions.

9th. It has been observ'd that Rapine, and Theft like Madness, very often runs in the Blood, and those Vices in some Families become Hereditary; if this Law happen to succeed (as there is great Hopes to believe it may from the Reasonableness thereof) it will be an Advantage to the Commonwealth by disabling a Set of vile People from leaving their pernicious Brood behind them; *Hector Boetius* affirms, that the antient *Scots* gelded such Men as labour'd under Madness or infectious Distempers, which they thought might be communicated to their Offspring.

10th. These Criminals will afterwards become dull, and heavy, and consequently timorous in venturing upon any bold, or dangerous Enterprize, but if they should happen to offend again, then let Hanging, or Transportation be their Fate: We have heard of many that have been often burnt in the Hand for Facts committed in different Countries, because the Mark of the burning Iron was worn out and no Record in Court against them; whereas if a Fellow be once castrated, he will

will be very remarkable in the Country while he lives, if he be cut when he is young, the Shrillness of his Voice, and the Want of a Beard will discover him, and the Sheriffs may provide a Castrator as readily as they now do a Hangman.

11th. Gentlemen upon Juries are often tender Hearted, and unwilling, even upon pretty good Proof, to take away the Life of a Prisoner, so that commonly they bring in their Verdict, Not Guilty, which would seldom happen, when the Punishment is only Castration: And very few would scruple giving their Voice for making Examples of some of our idle thievish Rakes, in order to have a peaceable, honest Country.

12th. If they be cut like Capons when they are young, they may become very useful to the Publick, as Musicians, and fine Singers, and save the Money at Home that is frequently given to *Italians* and other Foreigners, besides, young, and old, may become good Stewards, Labourers, and Servants, and may be entrusted in our Houses, with the Care of our Wives, Daughters, and Female Friends.

13th. Hanging, is reputed a mild and easy Death, so that discouraging upon this Subject, most People prefer it before the infamous Punishment of Castration, which plainly shews the Latter to be the most likely Method to succeed in preventing the abovementioned Crimes, which are likely to continue as they have done for some hundreds of Years past, unless some other Expedient be found out.

14th. It is observ'd, that Watching, and taking Care of our Goods at home and abroad to prevent Stealing, consumes a great Part of our Time, which might be apply'd in Trade and Labour; it would be then of great Service to our Country to gain so many Hands, and also that the Hands of all our idle Thieves and Robbers were brought into the Way of honest Business.

15th. It

15th. It is affirmed, that there are Companies of Thieves that deal chiefly in Horses, who have establish'd a Correspondence in many remote Parts of this Kingdom, and so trade from one to another, that it is very common to steal Horses, and ride them so far in one Night, that the Owner can scarce ever recover them; they find Horses are easier stolen than any other sort of Cattle; when they are far off, they commonly sell them in the publick Fairs, as the Law directs; by those Means, many honest Farmers and trading Persons are utterly ruin'd, and undone; and it is found by Experience, that the Laws already made against Horse-Stealing, are not sufficient to prevent it, therefore it is hoped, some of those galloping Jockies will have the honour of the first Experiment of this Law.

16th. As to the Female Felons it will be a severe Mortification to think that their Husbands, Lovers, or Friends may come under this Punishment, besides the old Ways of Hanging, Whipping, Transporting, or burning them in the Hand may continue till some other Expedient be found out, and if those that are order'd to be transported to *America*, were oblig'd to serve for a longer Term of Years, it wou'd make the Expence of Transportation more easy, and the Punishment, more dreadful.

17th. Some are of Opinion that this Experiment will be well apply'd in cooling the fiery Heat of those that are guilty of Rape, or Sodomy.

18th. It is computed that less than five hundred Examples of this Kind, which are about fifteen in every County, will have such Influence upon the Kingdom, that in a short Time our Judges, and Juries will have much less Business upon their Hands: but it is fear'd the Clerks of the Crown, the Sub-Sheriffs, and others about the Bar, who live chiefly by the Transgressions of the People, will be considerable Losers if this Project takes Effect, and that some of them will plead against the passing of this Law, because it is of our own
Manu-

Manufacture, and no Precedent for it from abroad, and there are many other Reasons to be offer'd on this Subject which are reserv'd for another Time.

FINIS.

